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The Mirror

OF

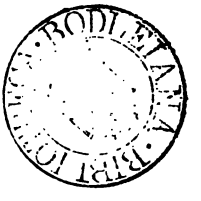
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION.

VOL. I.

JANUARY TO JUNE 1847.



London:
CHARLES OLLIER, 18 AND 19, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1847.

PREFACE.

In the commencement of the present year, we were induced to hope, that by renewed exertions and persevering endeavours to adapt our Magazine to the taste of the reading public, we should gain for it a more widely-extended circulation and a progressive degree of approval.

In that hope we have not been disappointed. Our Magazine penetrates into the very best circles of society, and has gained for itself the approbation of some of the most fastidious critics of the press.

We can look back, therefore, with much gratification to the result of our past labours, and are inspirited by it to more strenuous exertions for the future.

Our object is to present to the public, at a very moderate price, a periodical containing the greatest possible amount of amusement and instruction. And for this purpose we have enlisted the support of some of the ablest and best writers of the age. We shall, in the ensuing volume, endeavour to adapt our Magazine to a still wider class of readers, by combining in its pages the attractions of Romance, Poetry, Sketches, Articles upon the most stirring topics of the day, short Tales, and elegant Prose articles.

To one new feature we must more especially beg to direct our readers' attention. With slight exceptions, we intend, as far as possible, to confine each contribution to one number; that is to say, we shall endeavour to dispense with those numberless continuations from month to month, which constitute a sort of annoyance to new subscribers.

The principal exception we shall make to this rule is a new novel, to commence with the July number, entitled PAUL PEVENSEY; OR, THE MAN FROM BELOW. This work is from the pen of one of the first writers of the day, who has made fiction in some sort his study—who, from many published works, has given evidence of the greatest capability of producing what constitutes the principal merit of a book

of this kind—a most powerful interest in the fate and fortunes of the *dramatis personæ*. The story is one of great mystery, varied interest, and exciting narrative, love, adventure, romantic events, and escapes and perils.

It would, of course, have been much more for our interest could we have announced the name of the author of the above novel, since it is one which would of itself have created a deep interest in whatever proceeded from his pen. But we must, in compliance with the expressed wish of the writer, waive this consideration, and be satisfied to let the novel rest upon its own merits, which, since we are not speaking of our own productions, we may, without egotism, pronounce quite sufficient to ensure its success. The style will, perhaps, betray its authorship to many who are acquainted intimately with this writer's productions, and, speaking for ourselves, we trust it may.

We have also succeeded in making arrangements with a gentleman now resident in Paris, to supply us monthly with a letter, containing accounts of its amusements, places of public resort, inns, hotels, prices of provisions, fares, &c. This will, we trust, be invaluable to travellers about to proceed to the French capital, since, by consulting the letter of our correspondent, they may be made acquainted with particulars respecting it, which they would otherwise find difficulty in obtaining.

In conclusion, while expressing our sincere gratification at the manner in which our Magazine has each month been received with increased encouragement, we can only promise, in return, that our most earnest endeavours shall be exerted to render our pages as amusing and instructive as possible to our readers.

Regent's Park, June 1847.

The Mirror

OF

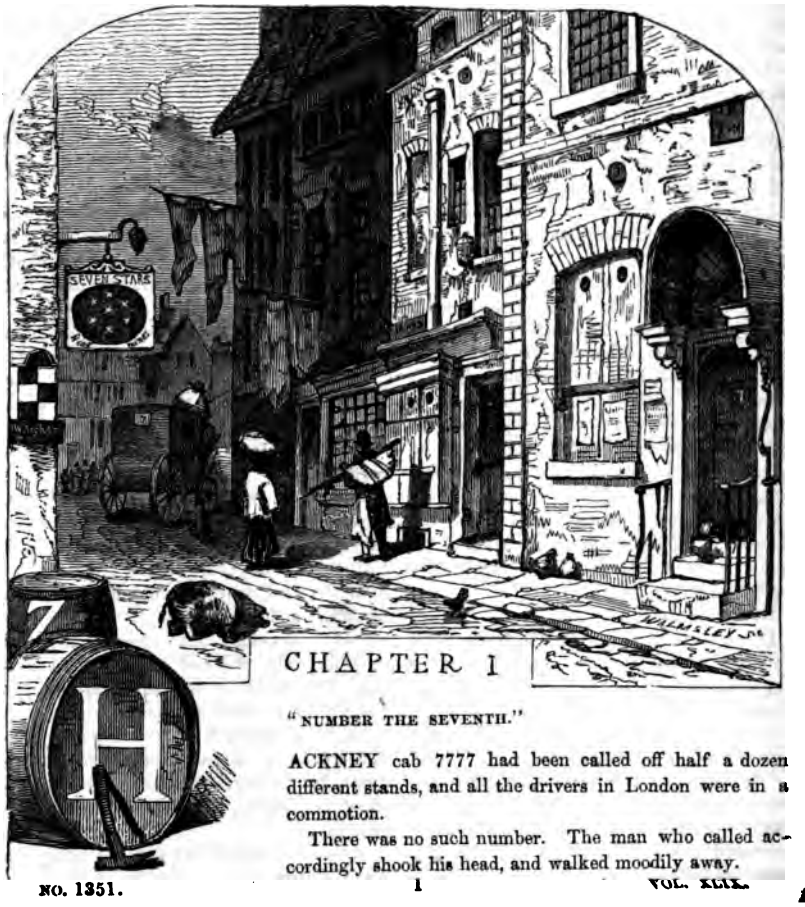
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 6.] JANUARY. [1847.

The Miser's Will; or, Love and Avarice.

ENGLISH TALE.

BY THE EDITOR.



"NUMBER THE SEVENTH."

ACKNEY cab 7777 had been called off half a dozen different stands, and all the drivers in London were in a commotion.

There was no such number. The man who called accordingly shook his head, and walked moodily away.

He was tall, thin, and gentlemanly in appearance, though his clothes, good in themselves, had seen some days of hard and reckless service, as if he had slept out in markets, in night coffee-houses, or some other of the haunts which London provides for vice and crime, and which sometimes are used by the unfortunate. His beard of about a week's growth, the sallowness of his linen, the unwashed and clammy state of his hands and face, with the remnants of so much that was refined and elegant about him, proclaimed that his present condition had not been of more than seven days' duration, but in that seven days much had been done.

He could not be poor.

A gold watch and appendages, a sparkling diamond ring, with other signs of one well to do in the world, marked that some sudden blow had plunged him into his present position; some affliction of mind, some grief, some burning sorrow. It was written in the bloodshot eye, in the haggard cheek, in the vacant stare, occasional, it is true, but existant, of a really intellectual countenance; in the premature stoop, in the glance of horror and fear with which his stolen looks crept round, and sought out each dark corner of street and bye-way. Either that man had done murder, or worse than murder had been done upon him.

We have said he was not poor.

He could scarcely have been, for an event had happened to him that showed him not to know temptation, where a poor man might have been excused for at least feeling it.

During his night-wanderings in search, it appeared, of absence from thought, rather than any abstract object, he had somehow or other reached the gate of St. John, Clerkenwell, that, on hospitable thoughts intent, incited all comers to enter within its colossal dimensions. Pausing to think whether he should go in or not, his foot kicked against something on the ground.

It was a purse.

He raised it to the light which streamed from the tavern window. It was a coarse and common article; but though not very heavy, full at both ends. A portion of its contents were evidently paper; and in the hope of finding an owner's name, he opened it. It contained two pounds, as many shillings, some half-pence, half a dozen pawnbrokers' duplicates, the sum of whose value amounted to a trifle more than the money contained in the purse.

All the tickets were dated that very day.

The man's brow contracted, and he thrust the whole angrily into his pocket, as if some disagreeable but necessary duty had been imposed upon him. This done, he leaned back against the wall, somewhat in the shade, as motionless and still as the ancient gate itself. His ordinary scowl became still blacker than it was wont, and he seemed impatiently to await the course of events.

Hundreds passed, and his eyes keenly fixed upon, studied their countenances, with an anxious though angry scrutiny, and yet moved he not.

The hours waned, the earlier shops begun to close their doors and shutters; the tide of population diminished, and all without became gradually as still, perhaps, as when in 1100 the priory whose ancient but desecrated gate he leaned against, had been founded by worthy Jordan Briset, and Muriel, his wife; and still he moved not.

It was night. All the shops were closed; the rioters even from the taproom and parlour had sallied forth in search of home and slumber, and admonitory lectures, shrilly administered; and still he moved not.

He seemed now in his element, for he was alone, and his brow gradually unbent. It was a dark and gloomy midnight, so that, despite the lamps, which brilliantly illumined some spots, leaving others more deeply and markedly in the shade, he stood within a black and unseen nook. Several drowsy watchmen passed, and marked him not, for they were upon other thoughts bent—upon the end of their allotted duty, and upon the hour when a warm and snug bed should reward their toil.

And night, what is it? Twelve hours, more or less, of veiled light on earth, fourteen days within the lunar sphere, five in Jupiter? No; it is a time when nature seeks for rest from the heat, turmoil, and bustle of life, in miniature and feigned death, and when men should do the same, but which is made the time for folly, sin, and iniquity, to have its run. During the day the busy hum of man is heard in his honester and more open walks of work; at night, forth comes another population, consisting in part of the same individuals, but in search of another sphere of occupation, pleasure, partly innocent, but oftener guilty.

Who comes now, silent and sad along the deserted streets?

It is a man and his wife. They are hand in hand; they clutch one another's fingers, as if in agony. Their steps are wavering an uncertain, and as they come beneath the arch their conversation is very distinctly heard.

"Oh, Harry!" said the woman, "if you would but scold me, reproach me, I should be glad. It was such a blow. Our babes starving at home."

"Hush, Editha," replied the man, pausing as if to obtain momentary shelter, and to gaze upon her face by the light of the public-house lamp.

"Yes, I will have you scold me. Your silent kindness goes to my heart, and I must have you angry. Our children starving at home, our goods threatened with seizure in the morning, you gave up the very tools—your brush, your easel, your canvas, to me to pledge. I pledged them, and while you are gone to seek work, in confidence that I am ministering to the wants of your babes at home, I lose all, and you return to find me vainly weeping by my children, whom hunger and cold had numbed to sleep. I could go mad."

"Editha, it was but your eagerness to rejoin our innocents."

"But how could I lose it, my God?"

"It is not lost," said the deep and hollow voice of the stranger, flinging the purse upon the ground at their feet. "Be more careful next time, for you have made me wait here six hours."

"Stay!" cried the husband.

But he was gone; in their confusion and joy, they scarce knew how.

"Come, come, Harry. God is good; let us hasten to our babes."

"But, child, this purse is full of gold."

"Full of gold?"

"Yes, Editha, as full as it can hold, and the tickets are gone."

"Some rich good man must have found them. But come, our babes are still a hungered."

And thanking heaven and their unknown benefactor, they hastened to an eating-house near a hackney stand; and in a few minutes more, in their humble lodging, surrounded by their children, who ate ravenously, the poor artist and his wife, full of thankfulness and joy, were eating the first food they had tasted for many hours, for they had starved themselves to feed their babes.

Next day they received, by a strange porter, the whole of the things they had pledged on the previous night.

* * * * *

It was the very next day after this singular adventure that in a certain region of the Borough, narrow, of secondary character, where good and bad houses, ancient mansions and hucksters' shops jostle each other with impudent familiarity; where, between a venerable but dilapidated building, full of associations of other days, and a half modern erection, there starts you forth a prim and cockney dwelling, with brass plate upon the door.

With this house, brass plate and all, it is that we now have business.

On the plate could be read in very distinct and legible characters, the words, "Mr. Theophilus Smith, auctioneer and house agent."

We will enter. In a small parlour, behind which was his office, we shall find Mr. Theophilus Smith indulging in the luxury of a late and bachelor breakfast, for Mr. Theophilus, though often thinking that he had reached a period when matrimony might be both convenient and desirable—he was fifty—had never ventured any further on the road than to indulge in this opinion.

His breakfast was ample and varied, while a morning-paper of twenty years ago seemed to take up the greater amount of his attention.

He was a small man, a very small man—perhaps this was the secret of his single blessedness—but if one might judge from the merry twinkle of his little eye, and the smirking smile that sat upon his face, he thought himself something exceedingly huge, something not to be measured by feet but a mental yard at once.

He was wrapped in the study of the journal, which in this country forms a necessary portion—and the most pleasant portion of a man's breakfast—when there came a knock at the door which made Mr. Theophilus Smith start.

It was not an ordinary knock, and Mr. Smith was puzzled, for he was knowing in knocks; could tell by their intonation whether to advance into the passage and greet the new arrival, or whether to remain halfway, or standing careless with his coat-tails raised behind. But this was not one so easily analysed, it was short, but it was imperious; it lasted not, but it was given in no mild

tones, making the very house shake beneath its influence.

"Open the door, John," he cried, "and see who it is."

He then listened.

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" said a dry and commanding voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Show me to him."

"This way, sir."

Mr. Theophilus remained seated at his breakfast-table, and as this was a hint the boy understood, he at once showed the stranger in.

It was the wanderer already introduced.

"In what can I serve you," said Mr. Smith rising, and slightly curling his lip as he viewed the other's costume.

"There is a house over the way to be let."

"There is, but—"

"No. 7."

"Exactly, but—"

"What is the rent?"

"£40 a-year, but—"

"When will it be ready?"

"Why that depends; it is rather out of repair—"

"No matter, I will take it as it is."

"Will you not go over it?"

"No. Enough, I take it."

"But your references or securities?"

"I have none."

"Then, sir, allow me to say—"

"I will allow you to say nothing, sir. There is seven years' rent," replied the other, throwing a roll of notes upon the table. "Give me a receipt."

This was a new fashion in house-taking, which Mr. Smith so highly approved of that he remained lost in astonishment.

"Are you satisfied?"

"Quite, but—"

"Then give me a receipt, and send me an agreement."

"With pleasure; what name?"

"It is no matter."

"No name, sir, how am I to give you a receipt?"

"Then, No. 7."

"No. 7, sir?"

"The key?"

Mr. Smith lost in a denser fog than ever fills London streets, mechanically made out the receipt, and handed it with the key to the stranger.

No. 7, as he called himself, then left the house, and, glancing his eye around, entered a grocer's or rather a general shop.

"I want some tea, sugar, coffee—"

"How much, sir?"

"How much?—how much would a man reasonably consume in seven years?"

The worthy shopkeeper, opening his eyes wide with astonishment, retreated slightly without replying.

"Do you decline serving me?" said the stranger, fixing his eyes angrily on the puzzled chapman.

"No, sir, but—"

"That is enough, make your calculation, and I will pay you at once."

The bewildered owner of the general store, as rapidly as his suddenly congealed faculties would allow him, made the required sum, and having approximated as nearly as possible to truth—in his state of moral petrifaction he never thought of giving him a fourteen years' supply—received the amount, with orders to send to No. 7, and then the stranger retreated.

In this manner were several excellent tradesmen in the neighbourhood startled from their propriety, but the quick, imperious manner, with the ample supply of means possessed by the stranger, soon brought them to their senses, and his orders were obeyed.

Furniture, grocery, crockery, everything which would not spoil by keeping, was ordered in and paid for, in ample profusion, for a man's consumption for seven years. The stranger then made his last visit.

Near at hand, in a lane, or rather court, upon which the back of No. 7 opened, the stranger, during his day's peregrinations, had noticed a poor, forlorn widow, whose gaunt and emaciated features proclaimed her utter poverty. This woman, left desolate and alone in her old-age, he secured as a servant, and paying her little debts in the house in which she lodged, at once transfered her to his new residence, where, well tutored by her new master, she received all and said nothing.

He then disappeared to return only late at night with a large cartful of books, shelves, and all the apparatus of a library. These also were thrust into the interior, after which the stranger entered, and locked the door behind him.

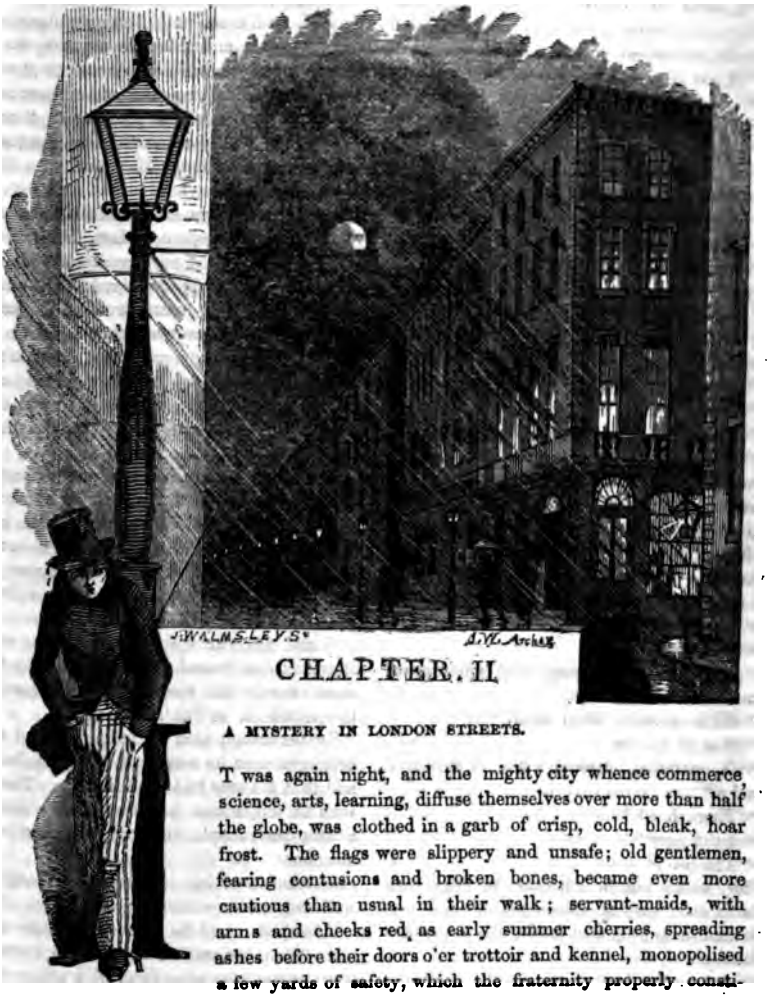
He was now fairly the lion of the neighbourhood, before which all other lions, aye and stars too, upon the public-house sign opposite, faded forthwith into nought; for many days nothing else was talked of but the sud-

den apparition and as sudden disappearance of the stranger.

For a few days this lasted, but then, after the bustle of arrangement was over inside, all relapsed into its usual train; the house, which had not been inhabited for half a century, remained blocked up the same as ever; a padlock still was seen upon the front entrance. The few tradesmen—a butcher, baker, and milk-girl—were all ever seen—alone ever knocked at the door, and these were opened to by the now contented old woman, who never said a word, but paid all bills, and then closed the door, giving vehement evidence of her determination to keep out all comers, by the loudness with which she made the operation of bolting and barring heard.

If perchance any wanderer passed up or down the street, at a late hour, he was sure to see the chamber of the recluse, with a light burning therein, and many said that they had noticed that on certain occasions more than one form could be recognised as passing to and fro between the candle and the blind.

But these were conjectures; for from the day above recorded, no man or woman was seen to leave or enter that house.



CHAPTER. II.

A MYSTERY IN LONDON STREETS.

T was again night, and the mighty city whence commerce, science, arts, learning, diffuse themselves over more than half the globe, was clothed in a garb of crisp, cold, bleak, hoar frost. The flags were slippery and unsafe; old gentlemen, fearing contusions and broken bones, became even more cautious than usual in their walk; servant-maids, with arms and cheeks red as early summer cherries, spreading ashes before their doors o'er trottoir and kennel, monopolised a few yards of safety, which the fraternity properly consti-

tuting Young England were equally bent in restoring to its pristine state, by means of a persevering system of sliding, under the very nose and authority of the watchman; cabmen vowed more knowingly than ever against macadamisation, expressing their decided opinion that the innovation was unconstitutional; great coats, boas, and comforters, stood at a premium far beyond India bonds and Bank stock; the ladies, like their eastern compeers, looked all eyes and noses; lips, chins, and foreheads, were rare articles amid the visible members; husbands were heard to express their high appreciation of fireside comforts; and wives, nestling their pretty feet amid the flossy and warm rug, were while dispensing their home luxuries, unusually agreeable; elder brothers, presuming upon the great English law of primogeniture, sent the juveniles first to bed, to catch the cold rough edge of the sheets; in fact, it was a bracing, healthy, delightful, cosy winter evening, in the only land—to be eminently patriotic—where winter evenings are cosy, delightful, healthy, or bracing.

The gas, that new luminary which, with its myriad jets, rules the London night, had long been lit, and, with the bright, tempting shop-windows, gave a glimmer only second to day in its clearness. In one street in particular, to which we beg to transport the indulgent reader, a street known by the name of a certain university, celebrated for the eccentricity of its doctrines, the clear atmosphere which generally accompanies a dry frost, combined with a brilliant moon and the long interminable line of lamps to give an artificial day. Few, however, took advantage of this to enjoy the luxury of a winter evening walk, when stepping rapidly along, as if to leave cold behind, one sees in every social comfort and domestic detail, that presently is to be ours, a source of delicious appreciation at no other time experienced. It was the hour when one moiety of the world is dressing for dinner, while another portion is in the enjoyment of the hissing urn's contents, buttered toast, or crumpets, and all those other little indigestions of which we English so highly approve. The homeless, the poor whose living is the streets, the seekers of pleasure, the play-goers, and all those vast hordes which make up the complicated machinery of London life, still, however, poured forth busy thousands, which sprinkled the highways, for London is never still. The good and the bad, those on the errand of mercy and the actor in crime and vice, equally make up the component parts of those masses which crowd the thousand thoroughfares.

At the corner of one of those turnings which lie between the Edgeware-road and Regent-street, a poor woman, meanly clad, and with a sickly baby in her arms, was singing, in a low and not unmusical voice, a song, which could scarcely have reached to the ears of those on the ground floor of the houses. Not a soul was listening to her, and yet on she walked, stilling the child's cries with the breast, and never once raising her eyes to discover if any effect were produced by the touching appeals she made in favour of the helpless innocent that greedily sucked, and then, as if finding no nourishment, stopped and cried, and yet again returned to its profitless employment. A mother alone, breathing the atmosphere that shrouded wealth and luxury, singing, to earn a morsel of food for her child, and not one living being to listen or offer aid.

Presently a young man turned from Oxford-street into the bye street, whistling an air from a popular opera; when, however, he caught sight of the poor mother, he became silent, and passed on quietly, his eyes studiously kept in an opposite direction to that of the woman; as, however, they came nearly abreast, moving different ways, a slight cry from the child caused him to turn his head, and he found a meek, submissive, young and wan face fixed on him half imploringly, half reproachfully. Colouring to the eyes, and mechanically feeling his pockets, he hurried on, as if afraid she should ask him for charity: her look was beseeching enough, and he felt that her voice must be even more so! Yet the poor woman went on singing; so habituated to it, what was one little disappointment to her?

About ten yards beyond, the young man stopped short, looked up the street, down the street, across the street, at the windows, at the numbers, at the name, and then, as if fully persuaded that he had convinced the beggar-woman he was waiting for somebody, and that his stay had no connection whatever with herself, leaned in deep meditation against a lamp-post, despite the cold state of the atmosphere. As this youth will play a very prominent part in our history, we may as well daguerrotype him at once.

About the middle height, certainly not more than one-and-twenty in age, his features were naturally handsome, though the

good effect of them was much marred, either by the effects of dissipation or of poor and unwholesome living. His eyes, in which lurked a hidden fire, were somewhat sunken, which with his hollow cheeks was almost proof sufficient of his poverty, if indeed his sudden interest in the beggar woman had not made the supposition almost a matter of certainty, for none sympathise with the poor so readily as those who feel the most. His hair was black, and fell in huge matted clusters over his shoulders, while a shabby hat, rejoicing in a rim with no particular bias up or down, but rising here and falling there according to fancy, was of very material assistance in rendering his naturally good looks of little moment. A blue Taglioni of antiquated fashion, in the pockets of which his gloveless hands were thrust, plaid trousers, boots with more holes than sole leather, completed his attire, save only a shirt collar of large dimensions and very yellow tinge, which fell over a black silk handkerchief that encircled his neck.

Such was Frederick Wilson, student-at-law, as he called himself, reporter as his friends denominated him, while penny-a-liner was the highest epithet which his enemies could ever allow him. Whatever his profession, however, he did but little credit to it; his whole appearance was that of one whose breakfast was rare, whose dinner was matter of irregular occurrence, and who, if he ever supped, did so at intervals of very great extent.

His reverie was broken short by the sound of footsteps, and, turning, he beheld, coming in the direction of the ballad-singer and himself, a girl and a man.

If in life we could always trace the mysterious workings of events, if we could follow out even the important consequences of a trifle, if we could see how clearly connected is the whole chain of circumstances which compose our individual existence, we should be less apt to give way to doubt and fear. Wilson had stopped in the wilderness of London streets to listen to a poor ballad-singer; not having a farthing in the world, he could not gain courage to pass on until he saw the woman receive a pittance from a hand more able to minister to her wants. The deed was simple and ordinary, and yet to the young man this quiet act was the hinge on which turned his whole future fortunes. The plot and intrigues of years were thus defeated.

The girl was about eighteen, pretty, neatly-clothed, with a laughing, merry eye; and as she trotted along, drawing her woollen shawl close about her, and bearing a small basket on her arm, looked the very impersonification of innocence and youthful beauty. Fair, and inclined to *embonpoint*, rosy, and cherry-lipped, the cold only heightened her beauty, which, though neither transcendant or rare, was quite remarkable enough to catch the notice of every passer. She trod the ground as if afraid of no lurking danger in the frosty surface of the flags, and rapidly approached, Wilson making the above observations as she neared him, on the same side of the way.

The man was on the opposite pavement, and was chiefly remarkable by the extreme pallor of his countenance, the heavy character of his form, a pair of green spectacles, and a superb cloak which shielded him from the cold.

The man and the girl passed Wilson, and on contrary sides came abreast of the poor woman, who, creeping rather than walking, was slowly advancing up the street. The girl stopped short, the man slackened his pace, and Wilson, curious to witness the result, turned towards him, and as he came in full view of the stranger, was startled by the actually demoniacal expression which for a moment flashed across his countenance, mingled with a look of unfeigned surprise. The man, however, gave him no time to make any further observations, as he hurried away, and Wilson was attracted once more to the girl, then in the act of presenting a few halfpence to the singer. Giving himself no time to think, the young man advanced closer.

"Young lady," said he, quickly, his face becoming crimson as he spoke, "excuse me, but really I thank you as much as if you had given it to myself."

The girl look curiously at the young man, without answering; for truth she was as confused as himself.

"The fact is, miss, I haven't a penny about me—no, not so much as a farthing, and I vowed I would not move until I saw this poor woman relieved."

"Sir," said the young girl, "I really do not know you;" and pouting her pretty lip, as much as to say, "you shabby, impertinent fellow, I will have nothing to say to you," made a slight inclination, and pursued her walk.

Wilson thrust his hands still deeper into his capacious pockets and followed.

"A pretty decent figure I cut," thought he, "to make an impression on a fair damsel. Humph! more fit for a scarecrow than a lover. Hang this London! it does wear out more clothes than three country towns. Here's a blue coat, not above two years old, as brown as a berry; a hat of Christmas twelvemonth, without nap or rim; boots as airy as my lodging; pantaloons which never fitted! Good God! I hope she didn't suppose me a pickpocket."

The girl had turned into Oxford-street, and was quietly pursuing her way in the direction of Regent-street, Wilson was following at a respectful distance, while across the road walked the man in the cloak, occasionally turning as if to see whether the youth still dogged the damsel's footsteps. Wilson could not help wondering at the pertinacity with which this individual kept pace with him, a little behind the girl and a little in front of himself, freely discovering his visage to the young man, but studiously avoiding the glances of the other. Our hero—we may as well at once introduce him—began to feel uncomfortable, and naturally. To be followed through London streets by a suspicious-looking man is not the most pleasant thing in the world; and when turning into a bye-way to avoid the steady tramp of pursuing footsteps, the matter becomes serious, as we hear the sounds still behind. We do not like it ourselves, and poor Wilson, who had reasons for not doing so, was really uncomfortable.

"He's too smart for a bailiff, or egad I'd cut it; still it does look awkward, and for the life of me I can't tell what he's after. Whough! I have it, a papa, or uncle, a jealous guardian, perhaps," and Wilson, as if quite relieved, stepped on briskly in the track of the fair one. It never struck him that it might be a jealous husband; so little apt are we to think that which would crush undefined and rising hopes; and the seedy, shabby youth already felt a lively interest in the young lady in the woollen shawl, who had given to a beggar-woman, when he could not.

The damsel crossed Regent-street and took the left-hand side of Oxford-street. Wilson did the same, and the man in the cloak dropped somewhat farther behind. Presently the young girl turned towards Soho, through one of the many dismal and shabby streets which lead into that locality; scarcely had she done so, when her progress was stopped by a trio of youths who, arm-in-arm, occupied the whole pavement. Under the influence of Bacchus, these high-bred juveniles were singing some verses strongly expressing their wish, and indeed determination, to enjoy no rest until dawn. At the sight of the girl they unanimously stopped short and closed round her—a manly practice as common as it is creditable.

"Where are you going, my dear, all alone and solitary?"

"Speak, damsel, and 'this horror will grow mild, this darkness light,'" exclaimed the centre personage of the group, a tall and ungainly youth.

"Gentlemen, let me go, this is some mistake."

"No mistake, I assure you, my pretty bird of evening, none. But what have we here—'spirit of hell or goblin damned?'"

As he spoke, Wilson dealt him a heavy blow that, inebriated as he was, sent him reeling against the wall; then seizing the girl's arm and passing it through his, hurried her from the scene of contest before the companions of the discomfited youth had recovered from their surprise. The whole was the work of an instant, but our hero had still time to see that the man in the cloak stood in the shadow of a house on the opposite side, watching the scene with apparently intense interest, and even, as he crossed over to avoid the pursuit of the trio of gentlemen, could hear him mutter a heavy curse. He at the time, however, paid no attention to this fact, being occupied in preference with his fair friend.

"Sir, I have very much to thank you," said the young girl, when at a short distance from the scene of action; and then recognising him as the youth who had spoken to her when giving money to the poor songster, she added, "But why have you followed me?"

"Really I — the fact is — I — live in this quarter."

"Oh," replied the damsel, "indeed. However, I am much obliged for your kindness, sir, in rescuing me from these foolish young men;" and, curtseying, she seemed about to leave him.

"But, miss, they might follow you — you might meet others; allow me just to walk by your side until you reach home. It will be a pleasure to me."

The young girl hesitated, and then timidly accepting his proffered arm, said, "It would

be ungrateful to deny you, sir, what you request so earnestly, since you have earned a right to ask me something, and as for a few minutes we proceed the same way, explain to me about that ballad-singer — why were you so interested in her?"

"I really cannot tell, miss; all I know is, that her voice touched me, and not having any change, I felt anxious to see that she obtained some relief. But, as you have asked me a question, miss, allow me to inquire if you are aware that I have not been your only follower?"

"So you were following me, sir," observed she, looking up at him with a grave smile.

"Excuse me, miss; I meant to say—going the same way."

Our hero's new friend could not restrain a laugh, and then she continued more demurely, "But this person, who also was going the same way, what was he like?"

Wilson, who at once saw how innocent and artless a creature he had charge of, was only more respectful from the fact of the damsel's openness of manner; it was a tacit compliment, a reliance on him, which he appreciated highly, and he answered, "Why, miss, the man was stout, very pale—"

The girl started, and looked hastily round; nothing remarkable appearing to strike her, she continued her walk in a listening attitude.

"— With green spectacles, and a very handsome cloak."

"He never wears either spectacles or cloak," muttered rather than said the fair one, "and yet he is stout and pale."

"Who?" was on the verge of our hero's tongue, but politeness overcame curiosity, and he continued his remarks on what he had noticed, his young friend listening in silence, until both stopped before a house making the corner of a street in the neighbourhood of Newport Market. The ground-floor was an apothecary's, and the rest evidently occupied by lodgers. The large amount of bell-handles gave satisfactory evidence on this point.

The young girl was about to bow our hero off, when as he turned his face towards the shop she for the first time appeared to remark the haggard pallor which distinguished his countenance. Combining his poor habiliments with his want of means to assist the poor beggar-woman, and then glancing from his figure to his face, the damsel at once concluded him hungry. Now to tender him assistance would of course have been out of the question; a queen in the days of chivalry would as soon have offered some Christian knight, whose valour had released her from dragon or pagan, a pecuniary alms, as she a shilling to the youth who had rescued her from insult. Women are quick in their sensibilities, and equally quick in finding expedients.

"If mother be at home, sir, she will be glad to thank you for the service you have rendered me. Excuse me one moment;" and opening the door with a latch-key, the girl disappeared.

Chapter III.

Shadows of Evil.

TWO years and four months previous to the date of the event depicted in our last chapter, the shades of evening were falling over a scene which had so much influence upon the fortunes of all the actors in this history, that we at once record it, premising that it will, if possible, be the only retrospective chapter in which we shall indulge. The dislike which readers generally entertain for explanation arises from a very natural cause; man likes not to look back; his views are ever to the present or to the future; and impatient of all thought of the past, consigns it too readily to an oblivion which it rarely deserves, since what is gone by is sometimes more valuable than what is to come on earth.

Not many miles from a market town, itself at no great distance from London, stands a house which, though neither vast in its dimensions, nor in its existence giving any signs of any very great wealth, had still about it an air of quiet and English happiness, of seclusion and rural beauty, amply sufficient to arrest the attention and command the sympathies of every lover of nature. The house was neat, fanciful, and appeared the abode of ease. Near the high road, its proprietor had shown his taste for retirement by presenting to the dusty public way what, by a species of hyperbole, may be called a side front. The elegant portico which admitted visitors to the interior of the villa, was here; but not one window, though several faint indications of that useful aperture were so displayed as to remove the appearance of a dead wall.

Within, all was grace, elegance, and luxurious ease. Passing through a somewhat lofty and spacious corridor, and opening a massive and heavily carved door, you entered a chamber, half library, half drawing-room, with all the chaste classicality of the one, combining the more ephemeral and feminine beauty of the other. Perhaps in no country in a woman's retreat do we find an equal air of comfort and elegance as in an Englishwoman's boudoir; and the same is true of every part of the domesticity over which her hand presides.

But the exigencies of our narrative call us imperatively to action rather than reflection.

Beneath a perfectly Italian piazza, which looked out upon the extensive garden and grounds, sat two men, concealed from the view of any one in the garden by a line of railings covered with the thick growth of numerous odoriferous creepers. Both sat, evidently wishing to be out of view, in one corner, on a seat of rude fashioning, which, among other rural articles, served to ornament the place. In the position which they occupied, both could see what passed in the garden.

The grounds were surrounded by a high wall, and were divided into shrubbery, fruit, and kitchen garden—the two former portions being alone visible from the hiding-place. A lawn of deep green hue, speckled with the russet tinge of the autumnal falling leaves, sloped gently down to the very border of the little wood that on the right divided the grass-plot from the vegetable beds, while on the left the fruits of our happy clime were abundant, ripe, and tempting. The oran tinged apple, the dark green pear, the de blushing peach, the glowing and tempti plum, were exhaling a perfume only seco to that of the pinky rose, and all that flowe and odoriferous galaxy which teems from tl fertile bosom of a soil rarely equalled, ar never surpassed in the world.

A gravel walk, well swept, rising midwa to cast off the wet, and bordered by dotte turf and fancifully placed fragments of roc divided the bosquet from the orchard, whil at the edge of the lawn and the wood anothe path led to a small door, serving the purpos of what, in Spencerian parlance, would b called a postern-gate. It is perhaps a mis fortune that we have become so very matte of-fact in these days, but we do certainl prove ourselves as far removed as possibl from aught poetical.

"This suspense is damnable," said one c the men concealed in the piazza, in whos open countenance, manly form, and fine in tellectual head, was pictured one of the nc blest products of our land—a perfect Englis gentleman. He was not very handsome, c very young; but though passed forty, an neither an Apollo Belvidere nor an Adoni had a certain something in his appearanc which at once won confidence and admiratio from all. He was dark in countenance, an curly locks of glossy black fell over his brov

The second actor in the scene was stou pale, and somewhat repulsive in expressio

"It wants five minutes of six, my dea Henry, and the letter says five minutes after

"Yes! yes! read me that villainous scrav over again. My God! there must be som mistake; it cannot be, it shall not be."

"I said, Henry, it was a calumny from th first, and a few moments will satisfy yo But this is what the ill-written missive says, and the stout man read from a paper in h hand.

"Honered Sir: Missus is in habit of meeti anover than master every even in back gar den. This night at five minutes ater six h will be at the little gate as is seen from patz

"A FRIEND."

"Habakkuk," exclaimed the man addresse as Henry, "is not this most horrible. Yo know how I have loved my wife during six teen long years; and now, with a daughte needing her care, with our only remaining child verging on to womanhood, she mus e'en play me false, and make assignation with her paramour in my very garden."

"But, Henry, my dear friend, nothing is proved; this letter—"

"Well, Habakkuk," said Henry, seeing that the other paused.

"Why, you know, it might, there is just a possibility of the fact—be a foul lie."

"Who, Habakkuk, would have done so foul a deed? Is there in this world a being so contemptible, so lost, so utterly fearless of the wrath of God and man as to put on paper an accusation so foul, and it not true. No! No! Habakkuk, if I thought nature had produced so vile a monstrosity, I would forswear her."

Habakkuk, while Henry spoke, watched the gate intensely, now glancing at the timepiece in his hand, and now at the green and motionless door. A slight tremour, a faint colour alone betrayed the slightest emotion.

"Habakkuk! you are silent. you are convinced; and yet," exclaimed the wretched man, "have you nothing to say in her favour. Remember, she is my wife, the mother of my child. I have loved her long, Habakkuk, very long, and she has been a good wife, a kind wife, a fond wife—and such a mother. Habakkuk, God! God! can it be that all this life of love and joy has but concealed such base hypocrisy."

"Calm yourself, Henry; all will yet be well, I have no doubt; be calm—the hour has struck, and a few seconds will decide all."

"Be calm, you say, Habakkuk; be calm, with all the fires of hell within me; hate, jealousy, despair, wounded honour—all hope gone, life a blank; and you say be calm. My life upon a hazard of a moment; the fibres of my heart wrung to a tension which will break it or sink it in apathy for ever; go to! Habakkuk, you have no soul within you, or you would not say, be calm."

"Henry! Henry! you are unjust, very unjust; if I feel myself so strongly that I talk at random, is it to be imputed to me for soullessness?"

"Forgive me, my friend, my only friend, my best friend, forgive me."

"Say not a word, Henry; it will soon be over, and you will find you have other friends save me."

"Hush!" whispered Henry, turning deadly pale, and pointing to the extremity of the gravel walk, "Hush! hush! Habakkuk, what is the time?"

"Three minutes past six," replied Habakkuk, in a husky and constrained voice.

"She keeps strictly to her hour," replied Henry, clenching his teeth and laughing silently, a laugh which told more misery than twenty sighs, "if the lover be only as punctual, we shall have rare sport anon."

"Compose yourself; one moment, and all will be over. See, she has Mary with her—bah! Henry, women don't take their daughters to keep assignations."

"Habakkuk, you give me hope!" replied the miserable man, wringing his friend's hand violently.

When the anxious and agonised husband first bade Habakkuk look towards the gravel walk, two females had just appeared at the further extremity, the one an elegant and beautiful woman of about six and thirty, the other a lovely girl of fifteen. Both were evidently returned from a walk, and as they advanced up the path, hand in hand, their parasols negligently resting on their shoulders, their veils thrown up, and giving their rosy faces to the cool evening breeze, laughing, joking, talking in full love and confidence, they appeared rather two sisters, the eldest and youngest of the flock, than mother and daughter.

"Habakkuk, is she not beautiful—and my child—ah, God be thanked, 'tis a foul calumny."

"I hope so, my friend," replied the other calmly and laconically.

The foot of the lawn was now reached, when the mother suddenly stopped and looked at her watch.

"Just five minutes past six, I declare. Run into the house, child, and dress for dinner, don't go through the study, you will disturb your papa, I will follow you directly."

"Yes, ma!" and the lovely young creature bounded over the grass like a fawn, ran round the corner of the house, and entered it by another door.

Had a serpent stung the unfortunate man, the effect upon him could not have been more fearful than was produced by these words from the lips of his wife. His eyes appeared ready to start from his head, his cheeks grew even more deadly pale than before, his teeth were clenched, he clutched the arm of his friend convulsively as he hissed rather than whispered in his ear; "You heard that; the caution, too, not to disturb me; hell and furies, what revenge is direst?"

The wife here advanced towards the door, unbolted it, looked out, and motioned to some one in the road.

"Let me go, Habakkuk; let me go," cried the husband. "I have seen enough."

"Stay!" said the other, holding with the power of a vice; "see it out. Let her infamy be evident, clear, undoubted; leave no room for after-doubt, for fear of wrong-doing, for remorse. Henry, you must go through with this."

"I will! I will!" replied Henry, wiping the heavy drops of cold perspiration from his brow. "Oh, this is most damnable. Sixteen years of love, to be thus rewarded. Cockatrice, I disown you; I disavow my child—what proof is there 'tis mine?"

A man here entered, and closed the doo after him. He was a foreigner, plainly but decently clad; his countenance was handsome, though a trifle careworn; and a heavy moustache gave a salient outline to features sufficiently marked of themselves. Bowing profoundly to his fair companion, who, glancing uneasily up at the piazza, hurried him away:

"My husband, monsieur le comte," said she, and the remaining part of the sentence was lost, as they passed down the g walk.

"Enough," said Henry, trembling in every limb, "enough, enough! Habakkuk, this is horrible, very horrible: but I will be calm, very calm. Wait you here, Habakkuk; move not, stir not, but tell me what passes;" and giving his friend no time to reply, he hurried into the house, muttering, "A foreigner too! under my very nose! she that knows how I hate them, how I detest their smooth knavery. A Pole, too—the nation of rascals! My God! My God!"

Habakkuk leaned back on the seat and shut his eyes. He was pale, very pale; it was clear that his excitement was scarcely less than that of his friend. He thrust his hands into his pockets, took them out again, folded his arms, and rising, leaned over the balustrade, just as a voice over head in richly musical tones sang out: "'The last rose of summer is faded and gone.' Ah me! why do I feel so very sad this evening?"

"Shadows of evil," muttered Habakkuk, "are wrapping around her also."

"Habakkuk, are they still there?" said Henry, returning with a pistol in each hand, and still more ghastly in his pallor than before.

"They have not passed," replied that personage, somewhat alarmed at the sight of the pistols; "but what are you about to do? are you mad?"

"No, not mad, but wise, very wise — I mean to shoot them both!" replied I with a grin so demoniacal that Hab started back in alarm.

"Good God, Henry, you are losing senses; rally, man alive."

"Well, Habakkuk, my head is in a but it will soon be over. Is that sou noise of their footsteps?"

"Who is that talking under my wi Is it you, papa?" inquired the daughte ing her pretty head out of window.

No answer was given, and she retire the casement.

"They are coming up the walk, H said the other in a whisper, "now be and having seen what you have seen, p to act like one. Retire into the hou when you are a little cooler, we wil over what is to be done."

"To be done! why, Habakkuk, I wi them out of doors, mother and daug the dam and her offspring, cut them o every farthing, and leave my property nephew."

Habakkuk turned away his head, li dumb-founded.

"His nephew," muttered he; "that struck me before." And then he "Hush, man, they come."

As he spoke, the lady and the Polish came upon the lawn; the stranger bow veral times, then raising the young hand to his lips, kissed it respectful turned to go.

The report of two pistols were he multaneously.

"My husband!" cried the young falling either wounded or terrified ground, while the Pole stood speechle astonishment, uncertain how to act.

Habakkuk seized the arm of his and led him from the scene perfectl less. For the moment his mind w nerved; the act of firing the pistol over, he was as a child in the hands Tempter."

Chapter IV.

IN WHICH TWO PRINCIPAL CHARACTE DESCRIBED.

The hero of our tale, left to himself his hands deeply into the pockets of h lioni, shook his head, gazed by the li gas-lamp at his boots, his pants, whole material of his outer man, an

nation which appeared to produce no very favourable result.

"An adventure in London," cried Frederick, "but would to God these habiliments were more juvenile, I should carry my head a trifle higher."

At this moment, the man in the cloak rounded the corner, and came face to face with Wilson, but no sooner did he perceive our hero, than muttering something quite unintelligible, he hurried away. The young man began to feel somewhat uneasy, he could not tell why, but an undefined sentiment of dread seemed to take possession of him, and he watched the retreating figure until it was lost in the distance, with a certain anxiety, which afterwards appeared even more inexplicable.

"The fellow has certainly something to do with the girl; that is a matter as plain as the palm of my hand or the rule of three, but what? Aye, 'there is the rub,' as my friend Walters says."

The fair companion of our hero now returned, and invited her defender to enter, as her mamma was at home, and would be happy to see him, a statement which Wilson regarded as a mere *politesse*, of which, however, he was very ready to avail himself. The unfortunate are too apt to misjudge the motives of those with whom they come in contact. But little used to active sympathy, and less to really disinterested kindness, they almost always regard an act, which perhaps originated in true benevolence, and a keen sense of your misfortunes, as an act of mere pity—and none forgive those who lower them by pity, when the sensitive soul seeks for feelings more in unison with its own real wants. Wilson was fully satisfied that his charmer's mamma thought him a bore, but then she was his charmer's mamma, and he was resolved not to lose so excellent an opportunity of obtaining a footing in the family. The threshold passed, Mr. Frederick became nervous, for the passage was elegantly fitted up, the stairs leading to the upper apartments were heavily carpetted, and the youth felt somewhat uneasy beneath the light of a swinging lamp, when, turning toward the descending flight, his guide marvellously relieved his mind by leading him towards the kitchen, and, in another moment, introduced him to her mother as Mrs. Cartwright.

That lady was between thirty and forty years of age, and though plainly dressed, had still about her an air of high-breeding and elegance which, once attained, is never lost, save in moral degradation. Very pale, and slightly inclined to *embonpoint*, her black and glossy hair was parted over a brow of singular whiteness. Her face was more than handsome, it was beautiful, but there was a dreamy apathy of expression, a settled, dogged, persevering melancholy in her eyes, an impossibility of smiling in her glance, which filled the mind with painful thoughts. She was not long for this world, she was, as it has been happily expressed, "going"; neither fully awake to life, nor actually near death, she hovered between the two.

Mrs. Cartwright received the young man with cordiality, thanking him very earnestly for the service rendered to her dear Mary, "for indeed," said she, "young men in London are too apt rather to insult an unprotected female, than to aid in preserving her from injury."

"My dear madam, no thanks, I beg," said Wilson, allowing Mary to take his hat, hand him a chair, and perform sundry offices which, but for his confusion, he would have himself done. "I am too proud, too happy, that I have been able in the slightest degree to make myself useful. I am afraid I generally do more harm than good, and this will atone, perhaps, for some indiscretion as slight as the service."

Wilson, who was rarely in the society of ladies of any degree, was astonished at the length of his own speech.

"Those who own their faults, Mr. Wilson," said the mother, "go half-way to mend them. The worst are those who do evil with good upon their lips; such men are demons upon earth."

Mrs. Cartwright spoke with deep feeling, and was silent for a moment, giving our hero leisure to remark that he was in a neatly furnished front kitchen, evidently serving the purpose of both sitting and sleeping apartment to his new friends. A blazing fire, various little cheap luxuries, a couple of mould candles, by which the mother had been sewing, were indications that extreme poverty was not the lot of the two females, but the situation of their apartment sufficiently denoted that they occupied no very elevated sphere in society. The suggestions of his own vanity, and something in the manners of both mother and daughter, satisfied Wilson that they had descended from a loftier position.

It required no great exertion of eloquence

to induce our hero to join his new friends in a meal, half tea half supper, during the course of which he learned that Mary when he met her was returning from a day's work in the house of a lady, who gave her regular employment with the needle, that her hour for leaving was usually six, and that Mrs. Cartwright, owing to weakness in her feet, was obliged on all occasions to allow her to return alone.

All this was not learnt in a moment, but, during the progress of a meal, which to Wilson was like the manna in the wilderness to the Jews. Eating is certainly the least intellectual of human enjoyments, and yet, from many causes, it is one of the most agreeable. A generous and ample diet is certainly productive of benefit even to the mind, which while the body is pinched and starved, must acquire a little of the same character from constant association. Unfortunately, though mind and body be so different, the one all material, and the other all spirituality, yet are they so intimately connected that they cannot at will dissolve partnership; when the corporeal nature of man suffereth and yearneth after the flesh-pots of Egypt, the mind cannot take a flight and avoid the potent influence of the gastric juices. No! it must remain and endure the inconveniences of the union. There is but one divorce between the body of the soul, a divorce never sued for but by the coward, who can no longer brace his nerves to face the ills, which every being of woman born is heir to.

On the other hand, the mind is keenly alive to the enjoyment of a good dinner. Few men are surly after hearty and wholesome refection. It is your over-feeders, your gourmands, who, *post prandici*, become testy and out of sorts. They have over-done the thing. With no bridle on the bit of appetite, they ride their stomachs to the goal of gout and indigestion, and generally reach it. The plate is one which can be won at a canter. It is as easy as romancing, as sure as a British bank-note. But keep a tight rein, use the gifts of Providence in moderation, and when a man has dined under these influences he certainly is rarely disagreeable.

Now, Wilson had not sat down to so regular and wholesome a meal for many a long day. His *ménage* was a bachelor one, and consequently his meals were at any time and composed of anything. On the present occasion, after a fast of some duration, he really enjoyed his tea. His pallor fled, the dim eyes regained their lustre, his very cheek seemed puffed out; his tongue had not been so leisome for many a day, and his good humour and happy state of feeling was such that, had he not been restrained by notion of propriety, and by the promptings of his better angel, he could, on the spot, have embraced both mother and daughter; in both instances he would have shown his taste. The daughter was eighteen, a sweet and lovely child; the mother, a beautiful woman of a little more than twice that age.

The better to comprehend the feelings which roused so much happiness and enjoyment within our hero's bosom, it may here be remarked that he was an orphan, without one friend or known relative in the world to depend on, or from whom to receive advice or assistance in any emergency.

By the interest of a guardian, since dead he had been attached, as occasional reporter to the corps of a weekly journal. On this precarious means, and paragraphs and police reports furnished to the daily papers, Wilson's sole subsistence depended. Alone, friendless, it was but natural that economy and provision were the last virtues practised by the young man, who, therefore, despite some success in his peculiar walk, was scarcely ever any other than shabby and penniless.

Almost his sole experience, therefore, of the female sex was in the landlady line, about the last division of the species to give an irregular single man lodger a favourable opinion of the race. Hence had arisen in his mind a kind of natural connection between ladies and latch-keys, dames and dunning, women and a week's warning, which was far from conducing to a very exalted opinion of the fair moiety of the universe.

"Mr. Wilson, if I don't see that little account settled afore Saturday, I am werry sorry, but I have a large family a looking to me, and you must go."

"Mr. Wilson, you promised me them five shillings, but I never seed them as yet."

"I'm blessed Mr. Wilsun if I stands this here nonsense any longer. Here have you been a promising, and a promising, and a promising, and I never sees nuffin but promises. It don't stand to reason, Mr. Wilson, that I'm a-going to furnish my apartments (a garret with a truckle-bed) and pay king's taxes, water-rates, gas-companies, to say nuffin of my rent, which is due only to-day, for a parcel of good-for-nuffin lodgers, what arn't got no more feeling in their bosoms, that

never a tax-gatherer of 'em all. No, Mr. Wilson, it don't stand to reason, and you, if you can't pay rent, I'd advise you, as a friend, not to take lodgings."

It has been said that we must eat a peck of dirt in our lives, but woe be to the defaulter of rent; he must eat it at one meal. The legal claim of the proprietor of a house, the timid nature of a debtor, who feels himself within the clutches of the law, emboldens the one to shower taunt and sarcasm and abuse on the unfortunate back of the owing wight. No one understood the whole physiology of debt better than Wilson, and, as we have above remarked, his ideas of the sex being confined almost wholly to landladies he was quite beside himself at finding ladies so delightful as his new friends proved to be.

"But, mamma," said Mary, after supper had been some time concluded, and the three new friends had been in conversation during a short period, "I cannot keep the secret any longer; I must tell you; and this gentleman will excuse my entering on family details."

"Don't pay any attention to me," said young Wilson, with a smile. "I beg you will speak, as if I were nobody."

"Speak, child, what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Cartwright: "it is something good, I am sure, by the eagerness you show to tell it."

"Well, you must know then, mamma," continued the fair and eager Mary, "that Mrs. Jameson has added two shillings per week to my salary, in consequence of my great improvement, as she is pleased to call it."

"It is little, child, but thankful have we to be for what we have. Though, Mr. Wilson, the day was when we seldom thought much of ten pounds more or less in our week's expenditure."

"I thought so, Mrs. Cartwright," replied our hero, "indeed I was quite sure of it;" he would gladly have added some question in relation to the cause of the change, but his joint timidity and good sense, governing his impulses, he forbore.

Mary smiled, however, at his observation, but neither she nor her mother attempted any explanation, and shortly afterwards the young man took his leave, having first obtained permission to renew his visit.

CHAPTER V

NIGHT HAUNTS.

The door of the mansion, which yet, however, contained the better part of our hero, once closed against him, he turned round, and taking good cognisance of the premises, and the locality in which they were situated, was about to turn his steps in the direction of home, with his pockets as empty as ever, but with his heart light and cheerful, when a heavy hand laid upon his shoulder startled him from his pleasant reverie.

Wilson turned round and confronted the man in the cloak.

"Very happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said the stranger, coolly; "I have to thank you for your gallantry in defending my friend, Miss Cartwright. Excellent worthy people the Cartwrights?"

"Sir," replied Frederick Wilson, scarcely recovered from his surprise, and bowing with a very bad grace, "I really did not think—"

"My dear sir," continued the stranger, taking our hero's unresisting hand, "no ceremony between us, I beg. I was accidentally passing, and I saw at once, by your action, that you were a lad of spirit. I honour you for it. Shall we drink a bottle to the health of the lady, and to our better acquaintance."

Wilson began to think that refection of the inner man was plentiful that particular evening, and, though he had just taken tea, did not consider it at all wise to decline the invitation, the more especially, as he hoped, while imbibing, not the

"cup of rich Canary wine,"

but something equally exhilirating, to learn something in connection with his new friends.

"Really, sir, your offer is so very polite," our hero replied, "that I cannot think of refusing—at the same time—"

"No apology—where shall we adjourn, Mr. Wilson," observed the apothecary, for such he explained himself to be, "I do not generally frequent or patronise taverns, and in my own back-room, why, you know, Mr. Wilson, one is not at one's ease. I have two assistants—"

"Exactly," continued Wilson, with a wink, relapsing into his usual manner, which the presence of the ladies had previously controlled, "you don't wish to set a bad example to the juveniles. Bnt I have it; a friend of mine, that is to say, a person I know something of, will be very happy to accom-

modate us. I would take you to my own lodgings, but really, Mr. Smith, you know we bachelors are so careless about appearances—"

"I know—exactly—just so; we live in any place we first happen upon; I am a bachelor myself, and can comprehend these little eccentricities."

"But, as I said, sir," added Wilson, who was now locked arm in arm with his new acquaintance, "I have a place of resort, a kind of house of call, not a friend's, exactly, but still a mansion, kept by a very accommodating kind of individual, whither we can repair."

Mr. H. Smith smiled, a kind of a queer smile, too, it was—half of amusement, half of satisfaction; he seemed, indeed, singularly pleased with his acquisition, and looked as if he could really lend him a good round sum, on excellent security.

In the somewhat free interchange of thought, especially on the part of Frederick Wilson, whose spirits were far above their usual ratio, the short time required to reach the locality designated, but not specified by our hero, passed away; and in the midst of a dissertation on the merits of the last ballet, their critical observations were suddenly brought to a close, by Wilson's pausing, in a very seedy street, before a dismal, dark-looking tobacconist's.

"Why, where are we?" said H. Smith, looking around him with much astonishment, and something of a suspicious glance.

"Do not ask questions, my dear sir," replied Wilson, who was evidently getting up a devil-may-care look and manner ere they entered the shop; "St. Giles is the general term, but the street, we never mention it; suffice it, that a certain Duke, who wasn't Charles the Second's Queen's son, may have had some hand in nomenclature."

Mr. Smith smiled, and motioning Wilson to lead the way, they entered.

"Well, Jerry, anybody inside?"

"Well, your honour," exclaimed the party addressed, without replying to the latter question.

The person whom Wilson called by the name of Jerry, was a little shrivelled man, of about five-and-fifty, who stood behind the counter serving half an ounce of tobacco to a mechanic.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW YEAR'S OMEN.

"We will never meet again," said the vete "this is new year's night, and there are thirtee the room."— *Count De Thérenes's Recollectio La Grande Armée.*

Comrades, the wine our vineyards poured
Is mantling high and bright;
With song and dance, and banquet board,
We greet the year's first night;
And many a year our feast hath hailed,
With all the hopes it wore;
But the gathered number fate hath sealed,
For, friends, we meet no more.

I know not if the parting powers
Be fortune, war, or wane;
I mark not whom these festal hours
Are beckoning to the grave;
The young are here, whose souls have part
Yet in the world of hope;
The tireless and the strong of heart,
With time and toil to cope.

And there are those, like trees, that stand
With autumn's steps impressed,
Who yet may see the fearless hand
And fiery heart at rest;
But on my soul what shadows fall,
From the dark faith of yore;
Long years may come to some, to all,
But, friends, we meet no more.

The faces round, we love them yet;
The hearts, we know them true;
And some, oh, how will they forget
The friends their winters knew?
They who have shared their upward path,
When clouds grew dark and large;
Who braved with them the tempest's wrath
Or led the battle's charge.

We deem not that such lords as these
Could fade like summer blooms;
But there are thoughts that come like seas,
And words that part like tombs;
They will "divide and conquer" too.
Alas for memory's store,
If it must hold such wrecks. Adieu,
Dear friends, we meet no more.

Yet oh, the bright hours we have pass'd
O'er the dim years that part,
What radient memories will it cast,
This sunset of the heart,
To wake, in spite of change and strife,
The old love's buried claims;
When those who may not meet in life,
Will meet each others' names.

But from the bright wine of our land,
Free to the dawning year,
The last hour of so blythe a hand
Wanes not in gloom and fear;
Drink to the hope, the love, the fame;
The graves that lie before;
And drink to many a brave heart's dream,
For, friends, we meet no more.

Stranorlar, 1847. FRANCES BRO

Stout Hereward and the Lady Artfrud.*

BY ACLETOS.

It was the Lady Artfrud,
And at the feast sat she,
And round the board were marshalled
The guests in their degree;
Oh, lovely was the lady!
Her sweet but noble face,
And her deportment stately,
Well suited with her place.

The noble Wilfred's heiress,
An orphan she was left,
Before unhappy England
Of freedom was bereft;
To every hapless exile
She was a ready aid,
And Normans e'en respected
The unprotected maid.

She turned her to the stranger,
Who sat at her right hand,
And said, "Most valiant Hereward,
Stay of our hapless land,
Though every loyal Saxon
Thy matchless valour knows,
And every Saxon bosom
At thy achievements glows,

"Though every Saxon harper,
In thy deserved praise,
In every Saxon dwelling,
Attunes his rhymed lays,
Since thou hast condescended
To taste our Croyland cheer,
From thine own lips thy story
Most gladly would I hear."

"Lady," replied the warrior,
"Small cause have I to boast;
The Norman rides triumphant
Along our sea-girt coast;
Beneath his horse-hoofs trampled
The once free Saxons lie;
They'd rather live his bond-slaves,
Than in staunch battle die!

"Alas, for noble Harold,
And the true hearts that bled
Upon the deadly meadow,
With richest carnage fed;
Yet more, alas, the fortune
That held me far away,
Beyond the seas in Flanders,
Upon that heavy day!"

"Nay, grieve not," said the lady,
"That one brave man was spared;
Had Hereward that day fallen,
How had his country fared?"
The warrior, smiling, answered,
"With Lady Artfrud near,
Craven must be the dastard
Who could be sad of cheer.

"'Twas when the sainted Edward
Enjoyed his tranquil reign,
My father Cedric sent me
Beyond the billowy main,
By martial deeds in Flanders
My training to complete;
How little then thought either
We never more should meet.

"From banished men I heard it,
The tale of shame and woe;
My father slain, my mother
Left homeless by the foe,
Whom the spoils exulting
Made Cedric's ancient halls,
By sweetest memories hallowed,
Scene for his drunken brawls!

"I came to England; need I tell thee
How my angry spirit burned,
To behold the once free Saxon
By the haughty Bastard spurned?
But some gallant hearts were beating,
Ready still some fearless hands;
My friends and kinsmen straight I gathered,
And won back my father's lands.

"Now no peace gave the marauders,
Yet I stood the assailing tide,
Till worn out with grief and trouble,
Noble Edelgiva died;
By her husband's side I laid her,
In the silence of the night,
Lest the horrid clang of battle
Should her gentle spirit blight.

"To the last abode of Saxons,
Ely's island, then I sped;
Gallant hearts gave earnest welcome;
Lady, I became their head;
And so much the craven foemen
With our raids we did annoy,
That the loons believed that Satan
Was himself in our employ!

"And the wooden-paled Taille-bois,
Angry at his ill-success,
In a tower before his army
Placed an ugly sorceress,
Who with grizzly head protruding,
Mumbled o'er her filthy charms;
From our refuge-camp we sallied,
And gave her to her Satan's arms!

"Oh, a gallant bonfire made it,
When the wooden tower blazed high,
And to heart-dismayed Taille-bois
Came the dying wretch's cry!
Then in wrath uprose the Bastard,
He himself would take the field,
He would show his puny generals
How to make the Saxons yield.

"And he did, for treason helped him;
Else——but what avails to say
What we would have done, oh Lady?
How could holy men betray?*
How could those who have forsaken
Sensual pleasures here below,
For the sake of fleshly dainties
Sell their country to the foe?

For the general facts of this story, see Keightley's "History of England," vol. i. p. 71.

* When the siege began to press sore, and commons grew very short, the monks, weary of privation, admitted the Normans into the island.

" Shame upon them, now and ever!
No sons of Holy Christ are they,
Children rather of Iscariot,
Born to gorge and to betray!
Haughty William, as they tell me,
When they came his state to meet,
Turned with loathing from the cravens,
Well nigh spurned them from his feet."

" Truly," quoth the Lady Artfrud,
" William scorns such dastard deeds,
And deplores a friend destroyed,
When a noble Saxon bleeds.
But now tell us, gallant Hereward,
In the full what chanced to thee;
How, in such a fearful tempest,
Stood unscathed the tallest tree."

" Lady, in my tent reposing
From the troubles of the day,
In secure and dreamless slumber,
On that fatal night I lay;
When a hand was on my shoulder,
And a voice hissed in my ear,
'Rouse thee, rouse thee, noble Hereward,
We're betrayed, and William's here.'

" 'Twas my kinsman, gallant Wulfstane;
I in startled haste arose,
Soon the bravest gathered round us,
And we went to meet the foes.
Vain our efforts; in each quarter
Countless hosts our path beset;
Where'er we went, the ready Norman
Our despairing efforts met.

" Then for a little moment
In deep dismay we stood;
While round us hummed the hornets,
All thirsting for our blood;
Till by our stillness heartened,
They ventured an attack;
Aroused, we leapt among them,
And straightway drove them back.

" Then 'Onward!' shouted Wulfstane,
Cleave we this rabble route;
Yet once again for England
Raise we the battle-shout!
Then onward through the concourse
In thick array we prest,
And oft our brands were sheathed
In the false Norman's breast.

" Where'er we came, the cravens
Gave way to right and left:
On every side our broadswords
A ready passage cleft!
Oh glorious clang of battle,
How leaps the heart in fight!
How strain the eager muscles,
'Mid flashing falchions bright!

" But it is over, lady,
No refuge now have we,
But we must seek for freedom
Beyond the azure sea;
There in some grassy valley
I'll lay my weary head,
Where never foot of Norman
Upon my tomb shall tread."

" Nay, nay," the lady answered,
Her brow disturbed with care,
" Let not our dauntless Hereward
Be conquered by despair.
In England still there breatheth
Full many a Saxon true;
And where shall be their safety,
If Hereward leaves them too?"

" Alas, sweet lady, vainly
Thou kindly dost essay,
With gentle art, my exile
From England to delay.
With few and scattered followers,
What, lady, could I do?
Would'st have me for indulgence
The haughty Bastard sue?"

" William," quoth Lady Artfrud,
" With sorrow I confess,
By heaven's high permission,
Our country doth oppress;
Yet is he noble, Hereward,
A little more should'st bend
To will of highest Heaven,
And deign to be his friend!

" Nay, frown not, noble warrior,
Nor yet despise a maid,
If she should play the wooer;
For I have heard it said
That a well-nurtured freeman,
Whatever be his fate,
May with unstained honour
With any lady mate.

" My lands are broad, and yearly
Revenue large afford;
My serfs are many, but, alas,
They long have had no lord;
And for myself, sweet Mary,
It cannot be a crime
That I desire a guardian
In such a troubled time."

The warrior in amazement
The blushing maiden eyed,
And answered, " Lovely lady,
Since Edelgiva died,
My fainting heart has never
The love of woman known;
And when I came to Croyland,
Unfollowed and unknown,

" I only hoped a moment,
Before I took my flight,
By gazing on thy beauty
My spirit to delight;
But what avails it talking?
Sweet lady, take this hand;
Though rough be its caresses,
It wields a well-tried brand.

" While in his native country
There lives so fair a wife
Of Saxon blood, need Hereward
Be weary of his life?
And if the Lady Artfrud
Takes pity on his pain,
What tongue shall dare to whisper
That he has lived in vain?"

Education.

TION IN ANCIENT GREECE.

:t of education is one of such nportance, and one upon which ow thought, and in regard to :t a variety of opinions exist, wn is most decided, that we .iminary to a full examination in the present day, to give insight into the history of the ee what in ancient times was done, what in later ages was

With regard to antiquity, ıe, and Persia will alone be ı; we shall then inquire into :ate of education in the various tes, and America, and then come ortant question, of what is to ıgland, where the deficiency is

With this view, between the ınd the few months which must e we reach our final article, ry item of information on the shall notice with pleasure all c., forwarded to us.

to Ancient Greece, did we lves to the careful study of we should simply go over the len by Mr. James Augustus his elaborate work* on the l customs of that country; refore avail ourselves of the the words of Mr. St. John. it is remarked, that whether ı the Greeks thought more ot than we do, they certainly l the subject from an elevated w, and therefore commenc- ıs from the very moment of particularly careful in the eachers, a matter in which in s we have not been so solici- pete with antiquity as we Ve are told—

e, as everywhere else, educa- nced in the nursery; and has very much obscured all aces of the instruction the e received, we are not left on olly without information. From of his birth man begins to be y those causes that furnish his as. As his intelligence acquires ive sluices which let in all that ledge which afterwards over- d, appear to be enlarged, and first, and for some time, con- ing over the nature and quality conveyed inward by those is difficult to say when ac-

tual instruction commenced: but among the earliest formal attempts at impressing traditonary knowledge on the infant mind was the repetition by mothers and nurses of fables and stories, not always, if Plato, may be credited, constructed with a religious or ethical purpose."

At the age of seven, the boys left their mothers' care for that of the schoolmaster to whom they were taken daily by a governor, and mischievous no doubt the boys of Hellas were, as boys will everywhere be, "and many pranks would they play in spite of the crabbed old slaves set over them by their parents;" on which account, probably, it is that Plato considers boys of all wild beasts the most audacious, plotting, fierce, and intractable. But the urchins now found that it was one thing to nestle under mamma's wing at home, and another to delve under the direction of a didaskalos, and at school-hours, after the bitter roots of knowledge. For the schoolboys of Greece tasted very little of the sweets of bed after dawn. "They rose with the light," says Lucian, "and with pure water washed away the remains of sleep which lingered on their eye-lids." Having breakfasted on bread and fruit, to which through the allurements of their pedagogues they sometimes added wine, they sallied forth to the didaskaleion, or schoolmaster's lair, as the comic poet jocularly termed it, summer and winter, whether the morning smelt of balm, or was deformed by sleet or snow, drifting like meal from a sieve down the rocks of the Acropolis."

The Athenian idea of education was that boys should be kept in one constant abstinence from evil thoughts and habits, for which reason there were no vacations, while the schoolmaster was armed with the savage power of the lash. In one particular we might wisely follow the Athenian principle, in appointing a governor, whose "principal duty consisted in leading the lad to and from school, in attending him to the theatre, to the public games, to the forum, and wherever else it was thought fit he should go."

With regard to the schools themselves, the following is a very interesting and pleasing account:—

"It has sometimes been imagined that in Greece separate edifices were not erected as with us expressly for schoolhouses, but that both the didaskalos and the philosopher taught their pupils in fields, gardens, or shady groves. But this was not the common practice, though many schoolmasters appear to have had no other place wherein to assemble their pupils than the porch of a temple or some sheltered corner in the street, where in spite of the din of business and the throng of pas-

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ınd Customs of Ancient Greece," by St. John, 3 vols., Bentley.

sengers the worship of learning was publicly performed. Here, too, the music-masters frequently gave their lessons, whether in singing or on the lyre, which practice explains the anecdote of the musician, who hearing the crowd applaud his scholars, gave him a box on the ear, observing, "Had you played well these blockheads would not have praised you." A custom very similar prevails in the east, where, in recesses open to the street, we often see the turbanded schoolmaster with a crowd of little Moslems about him, tracing letters on their large wooden tablets or engaged in the recitations of the Koran.

"But these were the schools of the humbler classes. For the children of the noble and the opulent spacious structures were raised, and furnished with tables, desks, forms, and whatsoever else their studies required. Mention is made of a school at Chios which contained one hundred and twenty boys, all of whom save one were killed by the falling in of the roof. From another tragical story we learn that in Astypalæa, one of the Cyclades, there was a school which contained sixty boys. The incidents connected with their death are narrated in the romantic style of the ancients. Cleomedes, a native of this island, having in boxing slain Iccos the Epidaurian, was accused of unfairness and refused the prize, upon which he became mad and returned to his own country. There, entering into the public school, he approached the pillar that supported the roof, and like another Sampson seized it in an access of frenzy, and wresting it from its basis brought down the whole building upon the children. He himself however escaped, but, being pursued with stones by the inhabitants. took sanctuary in the temple of Athena, where he concealed himself in the sacred chest. The people paying no respect to the holy place still pursued him and attempted to force open the lid, which he held down with gigantic strength. At length when the coffer was broken in pieces Cleomedes was nowhere to be found, dead or alive. Terrified at this prodigy they sent to consult the oracle of Delphi, by which they were commanded to pay divine honours to the athlete as the last of the heroes.

"In the interior of the schools there was commonly an oratory adorned with statues of the Muses, where probably in a kind of front was kept a supply of pure water for the boys. Pretending often, when they were not, to be thirsty, they would steal in knots to this oratory, and there amuse themselves by splashing the water over each other; on which account legislators ordained that strict watch should be kept over it. Every morning the forms were spunged, the schoolroom was cleanly swept, the ink ground ready for use, and all things were put in order for the business of the day.

"The apparatus of an ancient school was somewhat complicated: there were mtahematical instruments, globes, maps, and charts of the heavens, together with boards whereon to trace geometrical figures, tablets, large and small, of box-wood, fir, or ivory triangular in form, some folding with many leaves; books too and paper, skins of parchment, wax for covering tablets which if we may believe Aristophanes people sometimes ate when they were hungry.

"To the above were added rulers, reed pens, pen-cases, pen-knives, pencils, and last, though not least, the rod which kept them to the steady use of all these things.

At Athens these schools were not provided by the state. They were private speculations,and each master was regulated in his charges by the reputation he had acquired and the fortunes of his pupils Some appear to have been extremely moderate in their demands.

"There was for example a school-master named Hippomachos, upon entering whose establishment boys were required to pay down one mina, after which they might remain as long as they pleased. Didaskaloi were not however held in sufficient respect, though as their scholars were sometimes very numerous, as many for example as a hundred and twenty, it must often have happened that they became wealthy. From the life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus, we glean some few particulars respecting the conditou of schoolmaster in remoter ages."

The first thing taught was the Greek alphabet, to spell and then to read. Hermodes, the sophist, experienced much vexation from the stupidity exhibited in achieving this enterprise by his son Allicus whose memory was so sluggish, that he could not even recollect the Christ-Cross Row. To overcome this extraordinary dullness, he educated along with him twenty-four little slaves of his own age, upon whom he bestowed the names of the letters so that young Allicus might be compelled to learn his alphabet as he played with his companions, now calling out for Omicron now for Psi. Writing and various other things calculated to improve the mind such as learning poetry followed, or the came gymnastics. Arithmetic was an early and according to Plato, an important branch of study, as also astronomy in relation to its practical bearing, husbandry navigation, and military affairs. Music was with the Greeks, an important feature in education.*

* On this point consult Mr. St. John, p. 184.

Gymnastics too occupied a considerable portion of their time, to counteract the pale faces and emaciated frames too often the lot of the student; horsemanship, swimming, &c., were simultaneously taught, with dancing, the use of arms, wrestling, and every athletic habit of the gymnasia, from whence they went forth to the schools of the philosophers. There were the finishing academies of Greece, and here history, philosophy, the fine arts were taught. We pause to give Mr. St. John's view of education in monarchies, regarchies, and free states:—

"In monarchies a spirit of exclusion, something like that on which the system of castes is built, must pervade the whole business of education. The nobility must have schools to themselves, or, if wealthy plebeians be suffered to mingle with them, superior honour and consideration must be yielded to the former. The masters must look up to them and their families, and not to the people for preferment and advancement; and the plebeians though superior in number, must be weak in influence, and be taught to borrow their tone from the privileged students.

"In an oligarchy, properly so called, there should be no mingling of the classes at all. Schools must be established expressly for the governors, and others for the governed. The basis of education should be the notion that some men were born for rule and others for subjection; that the happiness of individuals depends on unrequiring submission to authority; that their rulers are wise and they unwise; that all they have to do with the laws is to obey them; and all teachers must be made to feel that their admission among the great depends on the faithful advocacy of such notions.

"In free states again, the contrary course will best promote the ends of government; the schools must be strictly public, and not merely theoretically but practically open to all. There should be no compulsion to attend them, but ignorance of the things there taught should involve a forfeiture of civil rights as much as being of unsound mind; for in truth, an ignorant man is not of sound mind, any more than one unable to use all his limbs is of sound body. Here the discipline must be very severe. A spirit rigidly puritanical must pervade the studies and preside over the amusements. Every tendency irreligious, immoral, ungentlemanly, as unworthy the dignity of freedom should be nipped in the bud. The students must be taught to despise all other distinctions but those of virtue and genius, in other words the power to serve the community. They should be taught to contemplate humanity as in other respects wholly on the same level, with nothing above it but the laws. The teachers must be dependent on the people alone, and owe their success to their own abilities and popular manners. And this last in a great measure was the spirit of Athenian education.

"The best proof that could be furnished of the excellence of a system of education would be its rendering a people almost independent of a government, that is swayed more by their habits than by the laws. This was preeminently the case with the Athenians. They required to be very little meddled with by their rulers. Instructed in their duties and the reason which rendered them duties, accustomed from childhood to perform them, they lived as moral and educated men live still, independent of the laws."

With regard to philosophy, history, rhetoric, the fine-arts, such as painting, statuary, and all the preliminaries of the liberal professions, the Greeks provided ample teachers, and these branches fully learned, the young men went forth into the world to fulfil their several destinies. Whether or not, education should be national or not, is now so vexed a question, that without giving our own opinion as yet, we quote that of Mr. James Augustus St. John:—

"The question which demands so much attention in modern states, viz., whether education should be national and uniform, likewise much occupied the thoughts of ancient statesmen, and it is known that in most cases they decided in the affirmative. It may however be laid down as an axiom, that among a phlegmatic and passive people, where the government has not yet acquired its proper form and development, the establishment of a national system of education, complete in all its parts and extending to the whole body of the citizens, must be infallibly pernicious. For such as the government is at the commencement such very nearly will it continue, as was proved by the example of Crete and Sparta. For the Cretan legislators, arresting the progress of society at a certain point by the establishment of an iron system of education, before the popular mind had acquired its full growth and expansion, dwarfed the Cretan people completely, and by preventing their keeping pace with their countrymen, rendered them in historical times inferior to all their neighbours. In Sparta, again, the form of polity given to the state by Lycurgus, wonderful for the age in which it was framed, obtained perpetuity solely by the operation of his pædonomical institutions. The imperfection, however, of the system arose from this circumstance, that the Spartan government was framed too early in the career of civilisation. Had its lawgiver lived a century or two later,

he would have established his institutions on a broader and more elevated basis, so that they would have remained longer nearly on a level with the progressive institutions of the neighbouring states. But he fixed the form of the Spartan commonwealth when the general mind of Greece had scarcely emerged from barbarism; and as the rigid and unyielding nature of his laws forbade any great improvement, Sparta continued to bear about her in the most refined ages of Greece innumerable marks of the rude period in which she had risen. From this circumstance flowed many of her crimes and misfortunes. Forbidden to keep pace with her neighbours in knowledge and refinement, which by rendering them inventive, enterprising, and experienced, elevated them to power, she was compelled, in order to maintain her ground, to have recourse to astuteness, strategem, and often to perfidy.

"The Spartan system, it is well known, made at first, and for some ages, little or no use of books. But this at certain stages of society was scarcely an evil; for knowledge can be imparted, virtues implanted and cherished, and great minds ripened to maturity without their aid. The teacher, in this case, rendered wise by meditation and experience, takes the place of a book, and by oral communication, by precept, and by example, instructs, and disciplines, and moulds his pupil into what he would have him be. By this progress both are benefited. The preceptor's mind, kept in constant activity, acquires daily new force and expansion; and the pupil's in like manner. In a state therefore like that of Sparta, in the age of Lycurgus, it was possible to acquire all necessary knowledge without books, of which indeed very few existed. But afterwards, when the Ionian republics began to be refined and elevated by philosophy and literature, Sparta, unable to accompany them, fell into the background; still preserving, however, her warlike habits, she was enabled on many occasions to overawe and subdue them. Among the Athenians, though knowledge was universally diffused, there existed, properly speaking, no system of national education. The people, like their state, were in perpetual progress, aiming at perfection, and sometimes approaching it; but precipitated by the excess of their intellectual and physical energies into numerous and constantly recurring errors. While Sparta, as we have seen, remained content with the wisdom indigenous to her soil, scanty and imperfect as it was, Athens converted herself into one vast mart, whither every man who had anything new to communicate hastened eagerly, and found the sure reward of his ingenuity. Philosophers, sophists, geometricians, astronomers, artists, musicians, actors, from all parts of Greece and her most distant colonies, flocked to Athens to obtain from its quick-sighted, versatile, impartial, and most generous people, that approbation which in the ancient world constituted fame. Therefore, although the laws regulated the material circumstances of the schools and gymnasia, prescribed the hours at which they should be opened and closed, and watched earnestly over the morals both of preceptors and pupils, there was a constant indraught of fresh science, a perpetually increasing experience and knowledge of the world, and, consequent thereupon, a deep-rooted conviction of their superiority over their neighbours, an impatience of antiquated forms, and an audacious reliance on their own powers and resources which brought them into the most hazardous schemes of ambition. But, by pushing their literary and philosophical studies, the Athenians were induced at length to neglect the cultivation of the arts of war which they appeared to regard as a low and servile drudgery. And this capital error, in spite of all their acquirements and achievements in eloquence and philosophy —in spite of their lofty speculation and "style of gods," brought their state to a premature dissolution; while Sparta, with inferior institutions, and ignorance, which even the children of Athens would have laughed at, was enabled much longer to preserve its existence, from its impassioned application to the use of arms, aided, perhaps, by a stronger and more secluded position. From this it appears that of all sciences that of war is the chiefest, since, where this is cultivated, a nation may maintain its independence without the aid of any other; whereas the most knowing, refined, and cultivated men, if they neglect the use of arms, will not be able to stand their ground against a handful even of barbarians. The mistake, too, who look upon literature and the sciences as a kind of palladium against barbarism, for a whole nation may read and write, like the inhabitants of the Birman empire, without being either civilised or wise; and may possess the best books and the power to read them, without being able to profit by the lessons of wisdom they contain, as is proved by the example of the Greeks and Romans, who perished rather from a surfeit of knowledge than from any lack of instruction."

But for a full and perfect account of every branch of this, as of every other subject connected with Ancient Greece, we must now leave the reader to the work itself.

The Prophecy;

A Tale of Cracow.

[The following Ode or Masque for music is extracted and arranged, with additional incident, from a Drama, still in manuscript, written in the year 1837, entitled "Poland, or the Expulsion of Constantine." It was intended for representation (set to music) for the sole benefit of the Polish exiles in England, under the patronage of that disinterested patroness of the Polish cause, her grace the Duchess of Hamilton. The late highly scientific professor Ernest Augustus Kellner, enthusiastic in his attachment to the Poles, volunteered to supply the music. Half the work was composed, and pronounced by Mr. Bennet, and other accomplished professors and amateurs, as containing music of first-rate order—sublime and pathetic. In the midst of his task, he ruptured a blood-vessel, that finally led to that rapid consumption which, on the 18th of July, 1839, deprived us for ever of his talents and manly virtues.

The Prophet.—The extraordinary events which attended the career of Sobieski during his battles, gave to his exploits almost a supernatural character; and, as recorded, every pulpit throughout Europe resounded with his great name. The clergy "emulated each other in immortalising 'The Man sent from God,' and the miracles which have descended to him from heaven." He had "conquered for religion and for all civilised nations," who, with one accord, decreed to him the title of "The Saviour of Christianity." This sacredness of character—the singular intervention of the elements in favouring his warlike operations—combined with the extraordinary coincidence of his birth—his elevation to the throne, and his death, being all on that day so revered throughout Catholic countries as the most holy of their fêtes—offered a powerful and mysterious picture to the imagination of a being inspired by heaven with supernatural power. I was thus induced to make this hero my Prophet; and his shrine, for the invocations of the spectres, and for the supplications of the patriots as to the future destinies of Poland.

Scene—The Interior of the Cathedral of Cracow. Time—Midnight. Holy Hermit and Sworn Patriots.

HERMIT (as entering)

Hist, brothers, hist! some footsteps near?

FIRST PATRIOT.

None, holy father, none are here
Save those around their country's bier,
Who at thy sacred side now stand,
To wake to life their murder'd land.

[Chimes suddenly sound.

Hark! self-moved, the chimes now sound,
Through the midnight darkness round.

[The organ suddenly plays solemn strain.

And now the mystic midnight hymn,
Through the lone aisles all still and dim;
Where sleep, beneath the holy gloom,
The dead who sanctify the tomb. (1)
Though dead, in immortality
And each beneath his effigy—
Twin images to tell life's tale,
As cold, as moveless, and as pale.
Here rest we till again the chime
Shall lead us to the hallowed shrine,
With silent step, and silent rhyme!
There, imaged, sleeps the saint divine.
The diadem that clasps its brow
Bespeaks the shrouded king below.
So calm the visage 'neath the crown,
That the soul seems to speak in stone;
And lifted, as in pious rest,
The praying hands upon its breast,
There night by night the spirit dwells
In prophecies and mighty spells.

[The chimes sound, and a sudden pale mystic light illumines the cathedral, and at the same moment the organ accompanies the following chorus of spirits—the spectres of Praga.

CHORUS IN REPOSE DIRGE.

THE SPECTRES OF PRAGA.

From Praga's blood-stained plain
We come, the slaughter'd train;
But to no trophied tomb our shades belong!
Unshrouded comes each sprite,
From his dark and dismal night
A pale and shadowy throng.
'Neath slaughter's crimson wings
Our bones unburied lie,
Where the foul raven sings,
And night-blasts cry.
Howl of wolf and vulture's scream,
Our only funeral song, our only requiem!

We come, O Saviour King! to thee,
To mix our souls amidst the coming fray.
We cry for vengeance and for liberty.

[The organ sounds boldly with martial strains and the light plays.

HOLY HERMIT.

Hail'd in anthem, clad in light,
What glorious vision bursts upon my sight?
In that awful brow sublime
I see the saviour of our clime!
Pallid spectres round him throng,
Valour in their funeral song.
See, the light beckons from the shrine,
And leads us to the shade divine;
There to kneel before the tomb,
And wake the Prophet of our doom.

[A solemn organ music continues while the scene changes to the shrine of Sobieski, which is illumined—at which the Hermit is kneeling.]

HERMIT.

Oh thou, all sainted in thy hallowed shrine!
Whose warrior hand divine
Drowned the pale crescent in barbarian blood,
Never more to rise! (2)
Oh thou, whose saviour hands divine
Bade ev'ry altar shine! (3)

And fixt th' immortal cross for man's immortal good;
Oh hear thy nation's cries!
Thou, whom the God-feast hailëd at thy birth
A future king on earth! (4)
Thou, whom the God-feast hail'd when thou wert crown'd,
To spread thy glory round!
And thou, the God-feast mourn'd—yet hail'd in death,
When soar'd from earth to heaven thy parting breath;
When Nature, like a mother in despair,'
Who sits in ashes, and who rends her hair,
In sudden darkness veil'd the skies,
And bade the tempest rise!
Wak'd the loud forest, and the louder sea,
As if in madd'ning melody to thee!
The mountain-oaks and pines, and ocean's roar,
Like lamentations wild, that breath'd thou wert no more!

Holy warrior! thee I call
From beneath thy fun'ral pall!
Arise! arise! and round us bring
The shrouded heroes while we sing;
Hear thy bleeding country's pray'r!
Lift us! lift us from despair!
Let thy holy spirit tell
Where our future hopes shall dwell.

[Celestial music sounds from the tomb---which precedes, and occasionally accompanies, the speech of the Prophet.]

PROPHET.

Battles lost and battles won,
To end in woe what hope begun—
Oft must be the mortal's fate
Who struggles 'gainst a giant's hate!
But shall the brave despair?
Who perseveres shall conquest win!
Gird on thy sword, and swear—
Swear that thy sword shall never sheathed be
Until thy fettered land is free.

HERMIT AND PATRIOTS.

Before thy shrine, beneath thy care,
Hear us! Oh, mighty spirit, hear!
We swear! we swear! we swear!

PROPHET.

Oh! I have seen——

[Music expressive of grief.---Pause.]

—— 'tis now before mine eyes—
Oh! grave it in your memories!—
Our ancient nobles bound in chains,
In deadly mines—or frozen plains!
Seen the slow death the hero dies,
With not a friend to close his eyes! (5)
And they---beneath the tyrant's knife
Bleeding---scarce monuments of life--- (6)
Heard, too, the voice that speaks a tyrant's truth,
In fragments reeking from the cannon's mouth! (7)
Seen---lisping children, drown'd in tears,
Torn clinging from their frantic mother's knees,
Till, pale with horror, each, the other hears,
While each, the other, then, no longer sees,
And brutal stripes to still a mother's agonies! (8)
All these have been,
And still again may be.
But, shall the brave despair?
Who perseveres shall conquest win!
Gird on thy sword and swear---
Swear that thy blade shall never sheathed be,
Until thy fettered land is free.

HOLY HERMIT AND PATRIOTS.

Before thy shrine, beneath thy care,
Hear us! oh mighty spirit, hear!
We swear! we swear! we swear!

PROPHET.

We brand the robber for one little theft—
We slay the murd'rer for one little life—
Then what thy due, oh tyrant! that, bereft
Of mercy, pity, justice---all but strife---
Doth rob and murder millions whose sole crime,
The love of all that's dear within their clime.
Though storm may bluster, and may rend the tree,
Yet the seed mounts upon his furious wing;
Spite of his rage, the FRUITFUL still shall be!
Where each seed falls, a glorious plant shall spring!
---'Tis thus blind tyrants sow their destiny,
And where they'd crush, they make but liberty!

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Though ye have wept, and years have slept,
Still burns th' immortal ray
That feeds the flame of Poland's name,
And points to brighter day!

[Symphony, sacred music, occasionally accompanying the speech.]

PROPHET.

O Thou, whose mighty hand hath launched on high
The glowing worlds that burn along the sky,
Say, didst thou beauteous make the human soul
To yield it to some tyrant's base control?
Oh, could that wisdom, stampt through nature's frame,
Where ev'ry star doth write thy glorious name,
Doom living millions, breathing through each land,
To sink, like brutes, beneath th' oppressor's hand?
Could'st Thou, who shield'st each little seedling's birth,
Behold, unmoved, the SCOURGES of the earth?
No! O'er each clime thine eye protective reigns,
And nations at Thy MANDATE break their chains.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS (celestial music).

Almighty freedom! charter from our God!
By His hand giv'n to Nature at our birth!
From the green vaulter chirping o'er the sod,
To all of sea or air—to all of earth!
Oh, then shall Poland kiss th' oppressor's rod,
And smoking ruins cover all her worth?
Oh no! Her millions with one voice reply,
Freedom or death! Revenge or liberty!

RIT OF SOBIESKI.

rant! Muscovite!
i thine eagle, dark as night,
nd rapine in its flight?
l—like spotless day—
Freedom's holy ray,
hy raven-plumes away!
h from the Gate of Storm
rdes in black'ning swarm?
asserts her laws!
d thy guilty cause,
hirlwind on them pour,
them from shore to shore!
ie impious blindness dare
lasphemies in prayer? (9)
)rd seal'd on high—
icens'd God's reply—
hear thy destiny:

l Famine seize thy realm!
lark thy throne o'erwhelm!
fate that stamps thy race!
eld the dagger trace!
blood for blood atone,
altor fill thy throne!

voice now wings the skies?

T OF KOSCIOUSKO.

ns! Poland! rise!

RIT OF SOBIESKI.

iko's spirit cries!

T OF KOSCIOUSKO.

's soul with mine—
the wing divine—
)'er each patriot line!
is Suwarroff's hand
ro' our dying land,
)ountry's chains to free!
'enge and Liberty!

[Shouts.

RIT OF SOBIESKI.

nts that rend the sky!
ons in reply.
Kings the oath reveres,
nty chorus hears.

THE NATION.

CHORUS.

ves of slain we swear!
r their fate to share;
lood we swear to thee,
Revenge! and Liberty!

T OF KOSCIOUSKO.

tle, bear with thee
)eding memory!
urious Muscovite—
nurder from the fight—
ed home despoil'd—
innocents defil'd—
aughter, such as now
te in blood on every brow!

THE NATION.

CHORUS.

Revenge! Revenge!
No more despair!
Revenge! Revenge!
We swear! we swear!
Hands lock'd in hands, we swear to thee,
Revenge! Revenge! and Liberty!

SPIRIT OF KOSCIOUSKO.

Remember all the groans
That burst from burning towns,
The old with weeping eyes,
And butcher'd infants' cries!
The mothers frantic stare,
With shrieks and rended hair;
While blood, in riv'lets fleet,
Ran, smoking through each street;
Our fields all stain'd with gore!—
Ashes all our store! (10)

THE NATION.

CHORUS.

Revenge! Revenge!
No more despair!
Revenge! Revenge!—— (11)

SPIRIT OF KOSCIOUSKO.

Think on that dawn of day
Which show'd where scatter'd lay
Young mothers, 'mid the dead;
Who on their thresholds bled!
One arm their infants round,
And one uplifted found—
Their eyes destended wide,
As they defending died!

THE NATION.

CHORUS.

Revenge! Revenge!
No more despair!
Revenge! Revenge!
We swear! we swear!
To the battle now we fly!
Revenge! revenge! and Liberty!

THE PROPHET.

Oh, guilty England!—guiltier France!
Where, where your boasted name?
Can Pilnitz in your memories live,
Nor stamp your brows with shame?

Can you, unmoved, in guilt behold
The Northern Giant stand
Ferocious, with the reeking blade
And fetters in his hand?

Can you, bereft of soul, behold
The work of hell begun,
And like two pallid cowards stand
And see the murder done?

What though no gen'rous arm will lift
The lance to set thee free!
Oh! noble Poland! Not alone!
JUSTICE! and GOD! with THEE!

I see! I see, in all our evils good!—
Our pastures stained with all our dearest blood—
Our desolated land—our trampled field—
Our cities burning—yet we will not yield!
For from the ashes shall the phœnix rise,
And on the wings of glory cleave the skies!

CHORUS OF THE WARRIORS OF ISRAEL.

See Praga's flames! and see the brands
Waving in her murd'rers' hands! (12)
Yet—a "burnt-off'ring," see it rise,
Rolling its sacred volume to the skies,
Doom'd a mighty torch to be
To light from victory to victory!
Like to the pillar-fire that blazed on high
With hallow'd glory through the desert sky,
When the Almighty Voice bade Israel cast the yoke—
And the Almighty Hand the Egyptian bondage broke,
Unchained the liquid mountains from their graves,
And buried in the depths th' oppressor and his slaves.

NOTES TO "THE PROPHECY."

Note 1.—The Cathedral of Cracow is an ancient and still magnificent building, containing antiquities of historical character belonging to the kingdom of Poland, the monarchs of which were crowned in it. In the same vault under it, are the coffins of John Sobieski, Poniatowski, and of Kossiousko. Near the city, an enormous conical mound has been raised in honour of the latter hero.

Note 2.—The name of Sobieski resounded throughout Europe previous to the deliverance of Vienna; but that immortal victory, in the overthrow of the Ottoman power, acquired for him a popularity which will perpetuate itself for ages.

Note 3.—The news of this great event, which fixed the destiny of the West, flew from country to country; and everywhere it was received with enthusiasm by the people. Protestant states—Catholic states—all celebrated, in their public places, in their palaces, in their temples, the victory of John Sobieski.

At Mayence, as at Venice—in England, as in Spain, every pulpit resounded with his great name. It was an emulation between them who should hold highest the "*man sent from God, and the miracles which had descended to him from the protection of Heaven.*"

At Rome the fête continued for an entire month. At the first report of the victory, Pope Innocent XI, melting in tears, fell on his knees at the foot of the cross. Magnificent illuminations took place, and the dome built by Michael Angelo was converted into a temple of fire, suspended in the air.

Sobieski had conquered for all civilised nations, and they decreed to him, with one common voice, the title of "The of Christianity."—*History of Polan* by Leond. Chodzko. Paris.

Note 4.—

"Thou whom the God-feast hailed at thy
A future king on earth."

The day of Fête Dieu, by a rem coincidence, was the day of his bi of his election to the throne, and his death. On the 17th of June, was seized with apoplexy. On re his senses, he called for his confe mained twenty minutes with h received the sacrament, when an struck him, and he expired betwe and nine o'clock; at which time *disappeared below the horizon, and rose*, so extraordinary and so f that, as an ocular witness expre there were no terms adequate to the rapid revolutions of the he *History of Poland.* Chodzko.

Note 5.—A nobleman of one of distinguished families in Poland and brother both exiles in Paris) me that those who were condemne mines seldom survived their heart-l suffering more than a year. On most atrocious condemnations so teristic of the nature of the prese may be gathered from the follow torical fact:—

After the unhappy termination Polish revolution, Nicholas grant more unbridled course to his inhu sions.

A young Pole (the Prince Ron gusko), who had been married tw and was the father of two child amongst the prisoners of war. A tribunal condemned him to slavery in the Siberian mines. tence directed that he should b ported thither chained in a ca mother resolved to fly to St. Pete and pray for a remission of the ment. She arrived on the birth-d emperor, and presented her petiti he was receiving the congratula his family. He listened to her wi tion, and answered her with a smil madame, I will alter the sentence; instead of being conducted to S the cart, shall be dragged there This is all I can do for you."—E *tinental Europe.*

This excellent and high-minde following the amended mercy of th rian Nicholas, was transported. favourite dog which faithfully him, and was a consolation to hi painful road, as he continued to wards to him, as his companio mines.

Nicholas wrote, with his own hand, on the margin of his condemnation, "The culprit shall walk the whole way." The prince was accordingly chained to a detachment of galley-slaves, and marched with them to the confines of Khamschatka. His family, however, one of the wealthiest and most powerful in the empire, having interceded in his behalf, the emperor granted his recal, on condition that he entered the army of the Caucasus as a private soldier; which he did. After serving some time in the ranks, the prince, through the influence of his family, was promoted to the rank of ensign, or sub-lieutenant; but the fatigue he had endured in his way to his place of banishment, soon brought on a disease which compelled him to retire from the army. He repaired to Moscow for the benefit of medical advice. His malady, however, was pronounced incurable by the practitioners of that city, who recommended him change of climate, as the only chance left for his recovery. The prince having made known his situation to prince Gallitzen, the governor of Moscow, the latter hastened to write to the emperor, to solicit for him leave to travel abroad during two years. A peremptory refusal was the answer returned, with a severe rebuke to prince Gallitzen for his warm appeal in favour of a revolutionist. Sangusko's condition becoming daily worse and worse, his friends advised him to set out for St. Petersburgh, in order to obtain an opinion from the medical men of that capital, and lay it, and present himself, before the emperor. The latter, however, was inexorable, and a few days only had elapsed after his refusal, that Sangusko expired.—Extract of a letter from St. Petersburgh, dated June 19.

Note 6.—An aged baron and his two sons underwent the punishment of having their noses slit and their ears cut off.

Note 7.—Several Poles were blown from the mouth of the cannon by the Cossacks.

Note 8.—Extract of a letter from the frontiers of Poland, dated June 20, 1832: —"The conduct of the Russians with regard to Poland is more atrocious than ever. Children are dragged from their mothers' breasts, even in the very streets."—*Galignani.*

Extract of a letter, dated Berlin, July 5, 1832:—"What has been said of carrying off the children is but too true. Lately, the mother of three children (who had been placed in the house of orphans since the death of their father) ran to the bridge of Praga, where the waggon was passing, escorted by Cossacks, in which her children were being carried away. In her despair she threw herself on the carriage, and attempted to drag away the children by force. Repulsed by the blows of the knout from the Cossacks, she fell to the ground senseless. When she recovered, she ran like a maniac across the streets of Warsaw, uttering frightful cries, which were soon stifled between the walls and under the locks of a dungeon."

In the debates of the Chamber of Deputies, the worthy General De la Fayette thus expressed himself on the atrocity:

"Eh bien! au mépris des traités et des engagemens les plus solennels, la Pologne est devenue une simple province russe régie par des ukases — et quels ukases? C'est en vertu de l'un d'eux que les enfans de sept à quinze ans, sont arrachés des bras de leurs mères, qu'ils sont enlevés pour toujours à leur patrie, transportés pour toujours dans un pays qui n'est plus le leur."

Note 9.—See the manifestos of the emperor Nicholas—the Te-Deums and mockeries of divine service for their just and holy (?) cause.

Note 10.—On the 4th of November, Suwarroff ordered an assault, and the fortifications were carried after some hours' hard fighting. Suwarroff, the butcher of Ismail, a fit general for an imperial assassin, was at the head of the assailants, and his very name announces a barbarous carnage.

Eight thousand Poles perished sword in hand, and the Russians having set fire to the bridge, cut off the retreat of the inhabitants. Above twelve thousand townspeople, old men, women, and children, were murdered in cold blood; and to fill the measure of their iniquity and barbarity, the Russians fired the place in four different parts, and in a few hours the whole of Praga, inhabitants as well as houses, was a heap of ashes.—*Fletcher's History of Poland*, p. 342.

Note 11.—In adapting the music, the chorus is to be abruptly broken, as if by the eagerness of the spirit to continue its exhortations.

Note 12.—See note 10.

Habakkuk Sallenbacha;

OR,

THE MERCHANT OF JERICHO.

"Auri sacra fames."

CHAPTER I.

Some spirits are made to buffet the waves of the world, and some to sit contented on its wide shores. If the latter

have fewer active pleasures, they have less pain; and the pain they do undergo is, for the most part, sorrow for the errors, and failings, and misfortunes, of those upon whom, as a man beholds vessels tossed by a tempest at sea, they look abroad. Their pleasures too are subdued. yet more constant; unexciting, yet thence more conducive to happiness. Indeed, for such natures happiness is not to be found in the giddy whirl of amusement that the world affords. To others it may be, nay, it is necessary, to woo perpetual change, and cling to the rolling wheel of fortune, wherever it may go; but to those I speak of, the lap of tranquillity is the abode of happiness; and, whether their lot be or be not favourable, they learn to meet prosperity with a smile, adversity with resignation, and attacks with the shield of fortitude. Their joy is calm and sedate; their sorrow, pensiveness; hope, the balm of every wound; and death, either a deliverance from misfortune, or a passage from an imperfect state of bliss to one everlasting. The solitude of nature, which is, to the mere worldling, an aching void, is peopled with beings and existences that are to them not mute companions, but full of a language and an eloquence that bathes the unsophisticated heart with a holy joy and divine glow of enthusiasm. The soaring mountains, the sinking valleys, the broad plains unrolled beneath a sunny sky, the breathing forests, and the waters that wander round the earth, the silent revolving, the gentle influences of the sun, and the jewelled coronet that binds the brow of night, all join to ensure calmness and gladness into the soul of one abstracted from the world, and holding communion with the beauties that fill the face of the earth with remembrances of their beneficent Creator.

If the solitary were to choose one lonely place more than another for his abode, he would assuredly fix on a certain glen, nestled in one of the sloping folds of Mount Lebanon, where nature riots in her uncurbed luxuriance, and has, in the long lapse of time, clothed its every recess with a green underwood, even up to the brows of the impending precipices. Here and there too groups of tall trees fling their branches abroad. The cedar waves over the myrtle bowers, and the fir-tree on the rocks above; the palm, the olive, and the box-tree, all take root, and grow, and bud, and put forth leaves, and blossom, and bear fruit in their turns, and many flowers shake their censers in the breeze, perfuming the air; nor does the place lack a stream to stray along its depths. Hills, fresh with the morning dew, deeply green beneath the noontide sun, burnished by its setting beams, grey and solemn in the twilight, or silvered in the light of the horned moon, left their columns on every side to support the blue dome overhead. Nature, in fact, has been there in her own presence, and man has done little to alter her work.

And that little has been done by men such as I have described, awake to all that was lovely there, and careful to mar nothing that tends to adorn the scene around. They were indeed men for whom such a scene was made. Quiet, unoffending souls who had not learned the affectation of endeavouring to send nature to school, and who saw in all around gifts given from the immediate hand of God. Their food for the most part was plucked from trees within sight of their own cell, for they were hermits; the streams afforded them drink and the produce of a small but well-stocked garden wherewith to make up any deficiencies in their very circumscribed wardrobe. In brief, wearied with the world and all its cares, its sorrows, its many ills seven holy men had retired to this sequestered spot to spend the remainder of their days in the quiet enjoyment of innocence, in contemplation, and in prayer. No misanthropic feeling drove them thither; charity and good-will to all men lodged in their hearts, not unaccompanied perchance by the little failings and prejudices to which even such men are liable but they felt, though for the most part men in the prime of life when they first bent their steps to this retirement, that the world was not made for them, and accordingly, with hearts overflowing with tenderness, they retired to a hermitage, a place where only such meek natures could hope to benefit their neighbours, by supplications to heaven, and the example of a pure and irreproachable life. Meeting for the first time perhaps on this their retreat from this world, their happily-constituted minds easily blended, and in spite of the necessary diversity in age, temper, and previous habits, a certain harmony pervaded the little society, that seemed to animate all its members as with one principle of action.

Now their names were these: Mustapha who was the eldest, and Sawab, and Abdallah, and Hussein Ibu Suleiman, and Abd-el-Atif, and Yousouf, and Hussein Ibu Achmed.

To recite the daily round of their devotional occupations, though probably much profit, would be but monotonous. Some account, however, of their domestic economy may be acceptable. Prayer then and converse, engaged their more serious hours, from which they turned to the agreeable task of weeding and watering their garden, and tending the flowers and trailing plants that adorned a narrow ter-

race in front of their hermitage. They were indeed, though rigid Moslems, yet not ascetics, who strove to enjoy life in their quiet way, and who had no other butt for the small store of malice they possessed in common with all mankind, but the Father of Lies, who monopolised all their ill-will. Their charity was universal, all passers-by being welcome to a crust of bread, a handful of dried fruits, and a shelter from the weather. One old fellow, Mustapha, already far down the slopes of the vale of years, presided at their table, the patriarch of their society, whilst the rest in turns performed the due offices of the household, and thus their existence ran on, and would probably have continued to run, had not a circumstance, which I am about to relate, occurred to break the even tenor of their lives.

Chapter II.

The country around the glen I have described was lovely in the extreme. The opening turned towards the south, and it was consequently protected from the bleak north winds. On one hand, towards the north, and in front, stretched a country which, though not boasting much bold scenery, yet did not belie the epithet I have bestowed upon it. Here rose a woody hill, with its foliage waving, at the time of which I speak, in all the beautiful luxuriance of southern climes, to the summer breeze; there opened a lovely vale, with perhaps some watercourse flowing down, fertilising its green meadows as it went; and ever and anon the burst of melody that swelled away from the bloomy brakes, or sank from above, like the voice of angels singing in the stars, threw a kind of harmony over the spirits of the dwellers in the hermitage, and, as it floated along, unbroken by the voice of man, except when the evening and the morning recitations of prayers mingled therewith, it told that, however deserted by human beings the rest of the land might be, it was populous in those blythe warblers that haunt the lovely spots yet undisturbed by the noisy throng of cities.

On the other hand, the crags shot up with a bolder front, and aspired nearer heaven; the valleys narrowed, and gave up the sound, the roar of dashing torrents and cataracts below, the ilex gave way to the pine that tufted the summits of the cliffs, in whose sides dusky recesses, where robbers might lurk, appeared and hung over the paths that led travellers across the mountains. Narrow clefts in the rock opened, as though to let forth whole troops of assassins; yet, in spite of the seeming desolateness of the scene, now that the sun was fast sinking to the west, a sweet though monotonous cadence rose on the freshening breeze. The hermits having repeated the last prayers of the day, were pouring forth fervently their souls, as was their wont at eventide, in song.

At that moment a form was seen approaching the summit of one of the eastern cliffs, wending its way slowly, cautiously, as if in search of a lodging for the night. The traveller was mounted; but, at the distance at which he moved when the hermits arose from their knees, nothing further rewarded their eager examination. Besides, as he rode along a bold ridge of rocks, his form, relieved against the red setting of the sun, was magnified to a preternatural size, and appeared like a black shadow moving athwart the sky. The place, the hour, the circumstances under which he appeared, his solemn and deliberate movement, all tended to impress the minds of the simple lookers-on in the glen with the belief that they beheld an apparition from the world below; whether foreboding good, or portending evil, they were not capable to decide. A silent and awe-stricken air pervaded the countenances of the seven holy men, as they watched his progress, and superstition was fast peopling their imaginations with legends, traditions, and tales of the olden time, when a bold point of rock hid the stranger from their view. Mustapha, now affecting to smile at the fear which all were conscious had been felt, proposed that one of their party should go and conduct the traveller, whoever he might be, to their cell. This proposition was met with very general disapprobation—the more so, perhaps, as Mustapha was, by the station he occupied, exempted from such services. A mild dispute, or rather debate, ensued, which each purposely protracted to such a length, that just as it was about to be decided, almost unanimously, that the youngest should expose himself in behalf of the rest, the object of all this solicitude and speculation came trotting down the glen.

He was not, on a nearer examination, an individual likely to attract, in all quarters, the kind of attention that he had with these simple hermits, though, to speak the truth, he was of no ordinary appearance. He sat across the lower part of the backbone of a very lady-like mare, and, believe me, so spare and gaunt was his figure, that, like the phantom camel of the Arab tradition, it might almost have been said to cast no shadow. His long lank legs hung, like pinions at rest, down his mare's ribs nearly to the ground, as he sat perfectly erect, so as to afford a full view of his whole exterior. He had a certain comical expres-

sion in his countenance, for which it was indebted nearly as much to the old turban that crowned his head, and the long scanty beard that concluded it at the other end, as to the sly leer that sat on the corner of his eye. His costume, half European and half Oriental, was such as would be likely to attract attention in whatever extremity of the world. It consisted of a long blue coat, kept tight round his loins by a very ancient shawl, and surmounted by a gaudy jacket of Greek manufacture. Yellow leather boots, with huge ungainly spurs, half concealed by his loose trowsers, decked his nether man, and he bore in his hand a whip of hippopotamus' hide.

All this was observed in seven times less time than I have taken to record it; for as there is but one to record, so were there seven to observe. The traveller, however, seemed scarcely to have perceived that he was the object of so much curiosity, or even that there were any human beings near. On he jogged, with his eyes half closed, and his hands resting on his thighs, allowing the bridle to rest on the mare's neck, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and seemingly trusting to the sagacity of the animal he bestrode for the safety of his bones.

Our hermits advanced one and all to meet him; but he still pushed forward almost into the midst of them, evidently wrapped in his own meditations.

"Peace be on you, Effendi," at length quoth the chief hermit; "this cell——"

At these words, life seemed to be restored to the stranger, who started, threw back his head, and fixing his nose in an inclined position, looked at the speaker along it, and exclaimed: "Eh, old figure, what are you talking about? Stay, Jahma, stay," continued he, patting his mare's neck, "stay your paces, dearest; thou wilt scarcely get to Jericho to-night, though you try never so hard."

The mare, although she probably was not aware that had she lived a thousand years before, it would have required a month's journey over the mountains to take her to the place he mentioned, instantly obeyed his voice, and came to a stand.

The demure expression of the worthy hermits on hearing the words and contemplating the actions of the stranger, instantly changed to one of astonishment, and looks passed between them which he did not fail to observe, as was testified by the quick roll of his eye from one to another. Magnanimously abstaining from any remark, however, he very quietly swung his right leg over the buttock of his mare, and came to the ground with an agility that did not seem to comport with his years.

Maintaining his hold of the bridle, and poking fixedly at the rotund figure of the patriarch of this secluded glen, the traveller appeared to be studying and looking him through and through. This behaviour entirely disconcerted the hermits; they could neither advance nor recede, and accordingly they very logically stood still, awaiting the result of the examination they were undergoing. That result increased their confusion, for after about a minute he clapped his hands to his sides, very dexterously allowing the bridle to slip up his arm, and gave vent to an uproarious peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! What a—ha, ha, ha!—extraordinary, fat, funny, and frantic little residentary giant. Ha, ha! Mashallah!" he continued, laying his hand on his paunch. "The Hakim Bashi of the Padisha will swear my next fit of indignation is caused by this over excitement of the animal spirits, but I cannot help it. Ho, ho, ho!" And he shook his lean sides with another burst of merriment.

It was now pretty evident to our hermits that the stranger had been making too free with the wine skins, and had probably lost his way across the mountains. This conjecture he penetrated, and exclaimed:

"What! you little eccentricities, you think I'm one of Noah's countrymen, who, on a certain occasion, drank so much more than was good for them? But I'm scarcely as old as that—I'm not above a thousand years old. What do you stand staring there for? Don't you hear me trembling with cold? This den is not too good for my old limbs. Take this mare to your best stables. Rub her down, crack her joints, smoothher coat, give her some corn, dip your reverend hands in this stream, and rub her down with them."

Want of breath here put an end to a speech which seemed to please the utterer, for finding that he must stop, he smoothed his wrathful brow, and put on an air of marvellous satisfaction. One of the hermits, pitying his case, took the bridle out of his hand, and was leading the mare away to a narrow fissure in the rock which showed signs of a rural stable, when the owner shook his long finger at him, and said in a solemn tone:

"Remember, you horrible jackanapes, that my mare is virtuous, that's all. Wallah!" muttered he audibly, as he entered beneath the low door of the hermitage; "how much happier I should have been, had I a gallon less of Greek wine in my inside!"

Chapter III.

By this time one or two of the more shrewd of his hosts had began to suspect that the traveller had put on drunkenness

as a mask, for neither in his step nor his manner, was there anything to indicate what would have appeared from his conversation. At least, there was evidently method in his madness, for he was wonderfully solicitous about a small portmanteau, that he held in his hand, and which appeared to be of considerable weight, for the sound it made as he set it down reverberated through the rock in which the hermitage was cut, and awoke two or three bats that were clinging in the corners.

"'Tis money!" whispered Hussein Ibu Suleiman, "I heard it chink, as it used to do in my tilt before the beggars made their round."

"Beads from Mecca, and holy relics more likely," replied Yousouf, with a glance of respect mingledwith curiosity at the trunk. This suggestion elicited a smile of pity, perhaps of scorn, from an old fellow whose usual benignant, devotional air nearly shrouded, though not entirely, his former martial occupation.

"They are spear heads," exclaimed he. And, though by no means as fine a warrior as Akbar, Abd-el-Atif was a mighty man of war in the eyes of his simple companions. "May heaven shield us from such murderous tools!" piously ejaculated Yousouf, which Abd-el-Atif regarding as a disparagement to his former profession, was about to remark upon, when Mustapha, who had seated his sepulchre at the head of a rude table that occupied the middle of the hermitage, interrupted their bye-play by calling all to their posts, excepting Sawab, who went to bring forth their repast. This was soon spread upon the table. Black bread, cheese, dates, cresses, and a few other rural products formed the repast, which after a short grace, with hunger for a sauce, the whole eight began to transfer from the table to their bowels. For the stranger was by no means backward, though frequent growls of dissatisfaction showed that he had been by no means accustomed to such hard fare.

The unthankfulness of this old piece of iniquity, who never deigned to make the least acknowledgment for what he received, soon perfectly disgusted his hosts, who began heartily to wish for the morning, especially as in about an hour the stranger had quizzed them all round most unmercifully. Not a feature, not a pimple escaped him, not a thread of their thread bare garments. Indeed, such was his volubility, that his meaning, as some men's meaning very often does, seemed to vanish in the multiplicity of his words. At length, however, when all around him began to look exceedingly chapfallen, he changed his note, and suddenly grew mysterious, talked solemnly of treasures of hidden gold, enlarged upon sumptuous palaces and fine feeding, and told long stories of his adventures in the courts of princes.

"My name," quoth he, in an extraordinarily communicative humour, "is Habukkuk Salleubacha. I am a merchant. I come from the great city of Jericho. I am also a treasure seeker, and supply half the princes of the earth with their most costly jewels. The land I come from teems with riches. Gold, ivory, pearls, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, topazes, carbuncles, are turned up by the plough, and are gathered as pebbles are in this dismal desert country."

The eyes of the hermits were all directed to the open door of their cell. They saw that the night was a dark one, that scarce a star twinkled in the heavens, that dark vapours hung around the earth, and they shuddered at what now appeared to them dreary and uncomfortable. How strange, they thought, that we never noticed this before!

The fact was, that the ridicule the traveller had poured upon them, their habitation, and their mode of life, had taken such effect upon them that what before had appeared charming and simple, seemed now low and vile. They looked upon themselves as beggars, their hermitage as a hovel, the beautiful country around as a wilderness scarcely fit for the habitation of man, forgetting the arguments that had reconciled them to it, namely, that where God dwelt, there ought man never to disdain fixing his abode. So much more powerful, however, is ridicule than reason, that the old traveller, with his coarse and pointed irony, had disturbed the peace of mind of these poor hermits, perhaps for ever.

Perceiving that he was attended to, the merchant of Jericho, as he styled himself, suddenly seized his portmanteau, and, lifting it upon the table, began to open it. They all looked attentively at his operations. Each expected to see his own prediction verified; when, low and behold! the lid was raised, and disclosed to their astonished eyes—not gold—not holy beads from Mecca—not sanctified relics, nor glittering spear-heads—but a profusion of precious stones, arranged in costly jewel cases with glass covers, sparkling and beaming in the light of the rude lamp that hung suspended from the roof. For a moment a death-like stillness prevailed in the rocky chamber; the seven hermits gazed intently at the treasure before them; whilst the owner of that treasure sat waiting patiently until their examination should have been concluded. Presently, wondering glances passed round the board, but not a word was spoken until Habakkuk closed his trunk, and taking it from the table, sat down upon it, in order to watch at his lei-

sure the effect produced upon his entertainers. That effect was most extraordinary. The quiet, simple expression of content had vanished from their countenances, and, in its place, the strange, longing expression of avarice sat there. Suddenly their tongues were loosened, and, as though with one accord, they all exclaimed—

"Where did you find them?"

"I found them," replied the traveller, in measured accents, allowing each word to distil from his lips like water dropping from a rock; "I found them, I think, in the treasures of the Twelfth Imam, in—"

"Where? where?" eagerly vociferated the whole troop.

"In the moon, or somewhere thereabouts," coolly rejoined Habakkuk, raising his body deliberately from his seat, and continuing, "Where am I to sleep? It waxes late. To bed, sirs, to bed!"

But the avarice-stricken hermits were not satisfied, but poured prayers and intreaties upon him to tell them where the treasures lay.

"Go to Jericho!" said he. waving his thin hand. "Where shall I sleep? Go to Jericho!"

They showed him a nook in the wall, where he instantly stretched his long limbs, and was soon, to all appearance, fast asleep. Not so our hermits. Not a wink did they sleep for hours. The treasure of the Twelfth Imam engrossed all their thoughts, though not so entirely and undividedly but that Abd-el-Atif once fancied that he spied one of the stranger's eyes looking intently at them. A second glance, however, seemed to convince him that he was mistaken, for that long, lank, inanimate visage was evidently the property of a sleeper.

At length the gold-smitten hermits crept one by one, each to his separate nook, and leaving their speculations proceeded to dream — but still of that infernal portmanteau. The sacred love of gold had taken possession of their hearts, and there sat dominant. Gold! gold! gold! nothing but gold, gleamed before the eye of their imagination, as their bodies lay entranced in slumber. Their fancy, like Midas's fingers, turned all into the Peruvian metal. Avarice had completely mastered them. Their hermitage, their coarse food, and still coarser apparel, excited nought but loathing in their minds; and it was with heart-felt gladness that they turned from the world of reality to the dreamy regions of sleep, where, for a time, they revelled in all the extravagances of easily acquired wealth; doomed, however, on waking, to experience an almost equal pang of sorrow at the quitting of their imaginary treasures, as a rich man feels when he is really leaving this world and all its vanities behind [illegible].

Such were their feelings when the golden visions faded away. Reluctantly, and with a sickly feeling of discontent it was, that they rose and turned their eyes as if drawn by some all-powerful attraction, to the place where the stranger had lain the night before. He was gone. Not a trace remained of him. They called—they searched—they shouted again and again; but in vain. They proceeded to the little cave where they kept their own aged horse, for bearing their provisions from market once a month. The mare was gone, and not a hoof-mark was left on the path around the hermitage to tell whither it or its owner had departed.

Chapter IV.

I will not attempt—neither would it be possible—to describe minutely how the resolution which our hermits adopted gradually unfolded itself, and came to maturity. Suffice it to say, that every incentive that avarice could use was exerted to determine them to quit their peaceful cell, and enter upon the wide world in search of a treasure, the existence of which even they were not, and could not be, certain. But the words and whole manner of the merchant of Jericho had so impressed the minds of the simple inhabitants of the glen with the idea that the treasure must exist, that it never once entered their hearts to doubt his veracity. Besides, they had seen the jewels he bore with him; which, by the bye, would have tempted any other set of men to a breach of at least one of the ten commandments.

Another circumstance also had materially tended to dissipate any doubts they might have entertained. The very next morning after the unlucky visit of the merchant, Yousouf, who was sweeping the floor with rather less care than ordinary, perceived something sparkling in a corner. Having convinced himself by a second glance of the value of what he had found, he dropped down upon his knees with marvellous devotion, fell to kissing a little ruby as though it had been a nail from Mahomet's coffin. His companions soon crowded around him, and each handled and examined the gem with great care, until it was deposited in Mustapha's capacious pouch, and was never heard of more. This must have been obtained somewhere (the obvious inference being, that it had been dropped by old Habakkuk in his hurry), and from whence was it so probable that it, along with the gorgeous array of still more valuable stones they had seen, had been procured, as from a hidden treasure? This was perhaps the secret, though not very cogent train of reasoning, that passed through the minds of the new gold-lovers

and was probably what determined them to enter upon the wild-goose chase I am about to describe.

On one fine morning, then, not a month after the above incidents, Mustapha ascended to the top of the ancient house before mentioned, and, flanked by his holy brothers, turned his back upon the roof which had so long sheltered him, and began a search whose result was entirely hidden by the dark veil of futurity, and the consequences of which, even if successful, they had not calculated, nor even thought of. One of them, as they left the place, fixed a paper on the door-post inviting all travellers to enter, and then all, with tears in their eyes be it remembered, moved away. For the place that had harboured them for so long a space of time was not to be quitted dry cheeked. No; the drops of sorrow rolled down through furrows that had been graven by the hand of Time since they last shed a tear; and often did they linger on their way until the closing hills hid from their sight the place where they had spent so many happy hours, breathed so many prayers, and where they once hoped their bones would have been laid together.

Soon, however, the lust of gold, now the dominant passion of their hearts, caused them to dry their tears, and then these yet but half sophisticated beings proceeded onwards, they knew not whither, in joyful expectation and good fellowship with one another. They toiled slowly along the unfrequented road. One hill after another was crossed; the coming harvest waved around them; all nature looked gay; and had not their thoughts been contracted by the selfishness of avarice, their hearts would have beat joyfully at the manifest goodness of their God.

The passion of avarice, like most other passions, often produces extremely contrary effects. Some abandon great opportunities for present and little advantages, others sacrifice their present moderate but certain happiness for doubtful and distant hopes; not reflecting that riches teach not to despise riches, but that commonly much wealth imparts not half the happiness that he can boast of who learns at first to despise it; to despise lucre being, perhaps, one of the most exorable of moral qualities, and consequently one of the most difficult to inculcate. For I am afraid that many who pass for philosophers have affected this contempt for worldly things, merely to have their revenge on fortune, by holding cheap those good things of which she has deprived them. This is the secret whereby we may protect ourselves from the contempt that falls upon poverty, the bye-road by which to reach and secure that estimation which we cannot gain by means of the riches we have not.

The seven pilgrims in search of the treasures of the Twelfth Imam, had wandered on their way for several hours beneath a scorching sun, when their spirits began to flag. Tired were they, and sore oppressed with heat, covered with dust, yet now rejoicing in the ample shade afforded by a long avenue of over-reaching cedars, which they reached about two hours after noontide. Slackening their pace by degrees to a stroll, they at length stopped short, and looked around them for a place of rest. They stood in the skirts of a forest. Behind them lay many ridges of mountains, rolling backwards to the place where their hermitage was seated, over which they had hitherto been toiling. Now, however, having turned to the left, they were about to enter the woody passes of those mountains leading towards the sources of the Arerzy, and up through which the road, or rather track, ran, until its termination became obscured by trees through which at intervals fell some broad gleams of sunshine, gilding the grass beneath.

"Faith, brothers," cried Mustapha, after gazing wistfully around for some moments, "we shall scarcely find the treasure this day, I begin to suspect; for I have been looking about me for these three hours, and have seen nothing like one."

"Nor I!—nor I!—nor I!" ejaculated several of his weary companions.

"Pretty treasure-seekers!" cried Abd-el-Atif, who had acquired a certain ascendancy over his companions, due to his superior experience; "do you think treasures fall from the trees, like rotten dates; or leap out of the hedges like grass-hoppers? Besides," he said, "we must go to Jericho, which I've a confused notion lies some leagues to the south."

"This same treasure, then, will scarcely fall to our lot, I fear," quoth Mustapha, who was interrupted in a rather disagreeable manner; for just as he spoke, four or five horsemen emerged from the wood, and after bestowing a cursory examination on the holy conclave, were about to return the way they came when the word "treasure" struck their ears. This arrested them, and they accordingly trotted out and snrrounded the astonished hermits so closely, that they kept them in bodily fear of the hoofs of their horses.

"Brethren," began one of them, with a half burlesque, half sanctified air, "we entertain so much respect and reverence for holy men, that we are resolved instantly to remove temptation out of your way, by delivering you from that same treasure."

It instantly occurred to the somewhat confused faculties of the hermits, that the

merchant in passing that way must have indulged his loquacious propensities with these gentlemen, and that these were in all likelihood to be sharers in the spoil. They accordingly resolved with one accord to set the others on a wrong scent, by exclaiming—

"It isn't in Jericho!"

This answer seemed to puzzle the honest gentleman who had spoken, and he accordingly held his peace for a moment, and then, assuming a stern air, cried—

"Come now, holy dervishes, no palavering there! Out with the money! We will take care of it, and build a khan with it to spare."

The hermits began now to have some very unpleasant suspicions; and accordingly glances of great import passed between them, but none ventured an answer, unless a simultaneous "Wallah!" and an equally general dropping of the lower jaw, may be accounted as such. The spokesman of the other party, which evidently enjoyed their confusion, seemed now to wax angry, and unpleasant consequences might have ensued had not one of his companions exclaimed—

"Yonder come the merchants of Hamah!"

And true enough, a small caravan was seen crowning the plain in the distance. The whole mounted party galloped off towards them, and having scoured the open ground for a while, soon plunged into a hollow way and disappeared, leaving the hermits quit for their fright.

The treasure-seekers would have deemed themselves happy in this occurrence had not one of the robbers—for that was evidently their profession—indulged his mischievous disposition in parting, by inflicting on the buttocks of the staid old animal that supported Mustapha, a worrying blow with the shaft of his spear, which the honest beast resented by rearing violently, and using certain familiarities with the hermits which were not very pleasant. Not contented, however, with this, he set off and deposited his burden on a sloping bank about a hundred yards in front. The astonished travellers, at least such as did not imagine themselves maimed for life by the kicks they had received, bounded forward in pursuit, and on reaching the place where the lost rider lay, they found him insensible, with the horse standing by and hanging his ears, as though he knew that he had not acted perfectly right. Enraged at his conduct, four of his owners, for two were lagging behind holding their hands on the parts that had been hoof-assaulted, four reverend hermits, I say, in order to avenge the wrongs of their superior—whom they left to recover as he might—four reverend hermits, fell upon the poor animal with their staves, cursing his beard and calling him son of a burnt-father, and in three minutes brought his unresisting carcase to the ground, where they continued to belabour it until their companions arrived. These, also, as if animated by a legion of devils, fell upon the miserable animal, and with such unexampled fury, that at length, without a kick—though with many a sigh, and many an imploring look in their faces—he laid his head upon the ground and gave up the ghost. Yet still did they continue to dance upon his lank and hollow sides, and would perhaps still continued drumming, had not a deep groan drawn their attention to their stunned and neglected brother on the turf beside them. They crowded round him. One seized his nose and wrung it with most vehement kindness—one thumped his breast—a couple his hands—and the two who had been kicked, danced round in all the extremity of grief, rage, and despair.

One murder had just been committed, and another seemed threatened, for the remedies applied to poor Mustapha were less likely to revive than to make a mummy of him, when a violent fit of sneezing came upon him, as though brimstone had been burned under his nose, and he very shortly opened his eyes, and looked wildly around.

"For God's sake," he cried, thinking, perhaps, of his youthful days, or else imagining that he was under the discipline of Moûkir and Neller, "don't beat me any more. I'll never do it again."

His half distracted companions now ceased, and raised his aching body to its basis.

"Oh, holy Prophet!" cried he, after some pause, "I thought I was in Gehannan, for I smelt brimstone, I'm certain. Oh! oh! what will become of me! Oh my bones! Oh! oh! oh dear!" His eye here rested on the deceased horse beside him. "What is this?" cried he, his jaw dropping at the sight.

"Oh!" replied one of his friends, "we have merely been correcting old Wakif's hide; that's all. We'll teach him to run away again!"

He never ran away again. His eye was closed—his limbs stiff—his sides flat—in fact, he was dead; and of this misfortune his former masters were convinced upon a minute examination. Their old affection for the animal revived, now it was useless and the forest resounded with their lamentations. Those of the senior hermit sounded the loudest, perhaps because he now saw that the rest of his journey must be performed on foot.

Whilst they were thus employed, a horseman appeared slowly advancing along the

oad. His monture seemed to be proceeding entirely without his guidance, for the bridle was upon its neck, and its master's head was leaning upon his breast. One of Mustapha's eyes fell upon this figure, and he stopped his exclamations to reconnoitre it. His companions imitated his example, and they were soon collected into a silent group, occupied in an intense examination of the traveller.

"'Tis that villainous merchant!" at length roared he who had first observed him, shaking his fist and sneezing violently. The adventures of the last two days now passed swiftly in procession before the minds of the seven hermits, and they beheld before them the first link in the chain of misfortunes they had undergone. The loss of their peace of mind, and their newborn love of riches—the half satisfaction he had given them—his betrayal of the secret to the robbers—their advent and the misfortunes consequent thereon, concluding with the loss of their horse—all combined to raise a certain malevolent feeling in their hearts towards the quiet old gentleman who now approached; and, raising his eyes, saluted them, and wished them a good day.

This coolness was provoking.

"You old scoundrel!" cried Abd-el-Atif, in whom a love of the camp still remained, "you shall pay for this horse."

"I don't deal in dead horses," replied Habakkuk, deliberately examining what had been a very serviceable animal.

It was no departure from their philosophical meekness that induced the hermits to do what they now did, but merely the consideration that they were seven to one, which would be enough to turn seven quakers into heroes. Still I am loath to relate that the idea presented itself to their minds to treat the merchant as they had treated Wakif, and appropriate Fatima to the purposes which he had previously served. Mustapha, who had the greatest interest in the matter, accordingly began operations by stooping slily down and seizing a huge stone that lay at his feet. Not one such as men can now lift in these degenerate days, but one which had formerly been a boundary stone. This, poising in both his hands, he let fly at Habakkuk, who, seeing destruction approaching in the shape of a fragment of rock, shrewdly eluded it and escaped his intended fate; not, however, without being denuded of his turban, and left with his bare skull exposed to the storm of blows that was now preparing to rain upon it. But, being not a very valiant old fellow, he, quick as thought, turned back, and trotted away under the shady sycamores, in the direction of a green woody valley that seemed to wind among the mountains.

Not to be disappointed, the infuriated hermits pursued. Away flew Habakkuk, and away flew they down a road that narrowed and sloped as they went, intersected in all directions by horrible ruts, and shaded by lofty banks, crowned by still loftier trees. On they went; on—on—increasing their irregular volubility to a glide and a roll; pushing and shoving with the most exemplary determination. I often wonder how they could have run so fast! Certain it is, that the speed of old Mustapha was tremendous. He vowed, not by a saint, to be in at the death, and yet would have been left behind had he not been every moment violently propelled by the shoulders of his brother hermits, who bounded along like antelopes around him. At length all human shape and modes of progression were lost, and as the merchant coolly turned his skull round, and looked over his shoulder, he beheld nothing but seven black balls, rolling with irregular gyrations, like burnt-out planets loosened from the spheres, behind him.

"My conscience!" no doubt exclaimed he internally; "what agility! How spry and active!

They had proceeded in this manner for about a mile, when the road became so sloping and precipitous, that even the nature of the ground precluded all attempts at a halt. But nothing was farther from the thoughts of the holy men than such a design. They seemed, indeed, to have lost all guidance over their own motions, but each kept his eye fixed on the object of their resentment, and continued the almost inconceivable velocity of his progression—he scarce knew how—still nourishing certain unlawful intentions in their hearts. Now, however, the old merchant evidently gained upon them—the mare was putting out her mettle—the hermits gnash their teeth with rage, and redoubled their exertions; glancing, and rolling, and jumping, and hopping; now in a group, and now in a file; here spreading over the glade, there crowding through a narrow pass, higgledy-piggledy—on their feet, their heads, their hands, their backs, their bellies—but all in vain; old Habakkuk's spurs were buried rowel-deep into the flanks of his mare, and he plunged still downwards, and at length disappeared, not before, however, he had waved his hand and bowed to them as courteously as his equestrian position would permit him to do with his back turned. He disappeared, I say, and his pursuers rolled into a thicket, and down an almost perpendicular precipice, until they at length found themselves in one huge wriggling heap of flesh bones, hair, cloaks, shawls, red visage, and cudgels, on a green and damp flat at the bottom of a valley.

The night had closed in, almost imperceptibly, around them. It was now dark, though the surrounding slopes, and woods, and crags might have been faintly seen through the obscurity. But the pilgrims had not leisure, neither had they inclination to admire the picturesque. Afraid for a considerable time to move, lest they should be precipitated into some yawning abyss, they lay as they had fallen, and began to make piteous moan over their misfortunes. Doleful sighs, dismal murmurs, desperate groans, devilish grimaces, dark scowls, and some deep curses were emited and made by these unfortunate beings. And now comes the consummation of their day's disasters. Up to this time they had gone on at least, wonderful to say, in the most perfect harmony and good fellowship together; but now, as was to be expected, angry criminations and recriminations took place; one accused and another retorted; this bitterly complained, the other as bitterly replied; until at length the quarrel proceeded to such a height that Abd-el-Atif assaulted his aged friend Mustapha with such a blow on the stomach, that, had not his ribs been covered with four inches of good old Moslem fat, they would most assuredly have given way. This was the signal for active contention. The wrath of the poor treasure-seekers boiled over with redoubled fury, and each laid violent hands on his next neighbour; while Mustapha, in the centre, was a butt to all the chance blows that were dealt in the scuffle. His red face, in fact, glared like the sun at noon-day, and around him revolved his contending friends, animated and urged to the strife by a kind of supernatural wrath; for these formerly meek natures were now wrought up to such a pitch of fury, that regardless of all consequences, heedless alike of the past and the future, and thinking of nought but glutting their present vengeance, they flung around them a shower of dead-doing blows, with a perseverance "worthy of a better cause." Now were added to the bruises already received (as well from the hoofs of the late Wakef, as from the inequalities of the ground over which they had so swiftly perambulated), now were added, I say, contusions and bloody coxcombs without numbers. Their superhuman efforts made the forest ring with echoes, and yet the demon of contension within them was not appeased until, wearied with their performances, they one by one shrunk away, each to some adjacent bush, leaving the patriarch alone to his glory. Nor was it long before sleep had sealed their eyes, in spite of their bitter temper of mind and aching bones—the inevitable consequences of so ferocious, indiscriminate, and hitherto unheard of fray.

(*To be continued..*)

The History of Philosophy.

No history perhaps is more difficult to write than that of philosophy, which undertakes correctly to represent all the remarkable endeavours made by man to explain the intellectual, moral, and physical phenomena of the universe. Accordingly, none of the attempts yet made have completely succeeded. The subject is much too vast to be comprehended by a single mind, on what point of view soever it may take its stand. A particular class of motives prevents contemporaries from judging accurately of each other; and another class far more powerful, stands in the way of a correct appreciation of the philosophers of past ages. Men speculating in primitive times, are necessarily distinguished by many qualities from those who succeed them after long intervals in the career of thought. There is a ripening process going on in the whole mass of society which, though it may not be designed to terminate in perfection, necessarily confers many advantages on those who enter late on the field of philosophy, at least in forms and modes of expression, which become clearer and more precise in proportion as language is subjected to a complete analysis.

The older philosophers had for the most part to deal with untried subjects, and were comparatively new in the art of adapting words to ideas. The vocabularies at their command moreover were for a long time very imperfect, and terms had constantly to be translated from a popular into a recondite dialect, in which they necessarily assumed some novelty of signification. Besides, the almost universal practice was to employ highly figurative language, symbols, mythes, and allegories, which, standing between the public and notions and opinions in themselves imperfect and obscure, inevitably gave rise to continual misapprehension. For the modern historian of philosophy, these difficulties are greatly increased. A complete body of ancient opinions and systems is far from having come down to us, so that we are left to form our judgment from fragments, which often appear incoherent, simply because we know not how to arrange them, or what relation they originally bore to each other.

We put little faith, therefore, in any of the current interpretations of the ancient philosophies, which rather reflect the mental peculiarities of the interpreters, than those of the ancient sages of whose ideas they are said to be the exposition. The obstacles are here insurmountable. We know not, and never can know, what Thales of Miletus, Anaximenes, or Anaximander, believe or taught. Their systems have been dragged with them into the gul

of time, and are irrecoverably lost, though much ingenuity may doubtless be displayed in putting together the small fragments of the wreck which have floated back to us, and in endeavouring to conjecture from them what the structure and capacity of the whole fabric must have been.

This is a peculiarly unfortunate circumstance, because it interferes materially with the views we ought to take of the systems of succeeding times, which sprung in a great measure out of those very unknown philosophies, the destruction of which we have been alluding to. Still Plato and Aristotle are not rendered unintelligible because the works of their predecessors have perished. We merely find from time to time that they refer cursorily to speculations with which they suppose us to be familiar, because people generally were so in their day, and by this natural offhand reference excite our curiosity only to disappoint it. With Plato the real history of philosophy commences. He had a genius which has never since been surpassed, and an aptitude for abstruse speculation, which no other philosopher with whose works we are acquainted could attempt to rival. More knowledge other men may possess, and they may even excel him in the skill with which they apply their knowledge to the support of their systems; but for acuteness, versatility, richness of illustration, and the sublime and comprehensive range of ideas, he stands preeminent among philosophers. In the art also of composition he has never been approached. His dialogues offer inimitable models, which, while inspiring the desire to excel, are soon felt to stand far beyond the reach of rivalry. Shakspeare only, of all the persons who have since written in dialogue, might, had his mission been that of a philosopher, have equalled Plato. Of his system, which has been generally misunderstood, we here say nothing, since a brief exposition would be unsatisfactory, and a lengthened one would require space which we have not at present at our command. It has happened to this writer, as to many others, that one of the distinguishing attributes of his works has been seized on and converted into a common-place, to be descanted on as often as his name is mentioned. Every body speaks of Plato's sublimity; few of his wit, or of those exquisite graces of style for which he is by many degrees more remarkable. He is sublime only occasionally; he is refined, polished, and sprightly, everywhere. The mere reading of his works, therefore, independently of his doctrines, is a high intellectual enjoyment, which people who have no pretensions to philosophy may relish quite as much as the wise. Was there ever, for instance, a more masterly display of varied eloquence than the Symposion, or a more natural and brilliant picture of society than the Prolagoras? With respect to his opinions, it is difficult for even the most diligent student to determine what they were. We know what we find in his works; but though the Socrates of the dialogues may often be supposed to represent Plato's sentiments, it would be rash in the extreme to affirm that Socrates and Plato were one.

Aristotle, when he succeeded Plato, perceived, that, as an artist, he could make no pretensions to contend with him. He therefore struck out into a new path for himself, and by basing his speculations on prodigious accumulations of knowledge, sought to carry everything before him, as Oriental princes do, by the overwhelming amount of his forces. In this ambition he resembled Lord Bacon, while Plato bears in his manner more analogy to Locke; not that the philosopher of Warington had many of the graces of style which excite our admiration in the Attic writer; but that, like him, he depended more upon his genius than his acquirements, and patiently fabricated his system out of the experience of his own mind. Aristotle, in the pride of genius, believed that no department of knowledge, however obscure or remote from ordinary apprehension, lay beyond his reach; and he accordingly invaded the whole domain of thought, metaphysics, politics, poetry, rhetoric, ethics, and natural history, and however paradoxical it may seem, we are compelled to maintain, that he succeeded in everything. He had probably the only truly encyclopædic mind ever possessed by any member of the human family. It is mere puerility to compare Bacon with him. Whatever merits or whatever genius may have fallen to the share of our countryman, it would be the grossest partiality to attempt to elevate him to the level of Aristotle. That he detected the flaws existing in the Aristotelian philosophy of his time, and introduced a superior method of phliosophising, we regard only as proof that he felt the exigencies of his age, and had the wisdom to provide for them; not that he was above the Stagarite, or took a wider survey of nature than he did.

Mr. Lewis in his "Biographical History of Philosophy," has been at much pains to do justice to our two illustrious countrymen—Bacon and Locke, the greatest masters of thought in modern times. His work, in character and construction, is strictly popular, at least he generally eschews that language which if applied to the illustrations of any other subject, would be deservedly denominated slang, and expresses himself like a man of the world. Mr. Lewis understands the value of plain

speaking, and is fully aware of the imposture which seeks to conceal its emptiness and weakness behind a breastwork of hard words. Now and then, however, he ventures on the use of a philosophical slang term, such as *positivism*, which harmonises so little with the general cast of his language, that it is at once felt to be a deformity. We have no leisure just now for a regular review of the work, which, from its accessable character, ought to be in everybody's hands who feels any interest in the fortunes of philosophy, but shall make two or three observations on the good service he has rendered to the cause of truth, by his exposure of the quackery exhibited by Locke's critics, and his ardent and judicious defence of that truly original philosopher. Bacon has recently met with his full share of praise, or to speak candidly, has been elevated much higher than he deserves. Several writers have vied with each other in this pernicious undertaking; for pernicious it must always be, to place a man on an eminence which he has no right to occupy; particularly when all the tendencies of his mind and philosophy happen to be of a worldly and unspiritual description. As a scientific investigator and man of business, Bacon deservedly holds a very high rank; but if ever an elaborate and just history of modern philosophy should be written, a considerable portion would be employed in lowering Bacon to his true place. Wise he was, no doubt, in a certain sense, and much benefit men derive from the study of him. Nevertheless, he is not the writer one would most solemnly recommend to the study of youth. There was, it appears to us, a fatal twist in his genius. Mammon had infected and spoiled him, and to adopt his own pedantic phraseology, he had set up idols in his heart to which he burned incense more assiduously than ever he did to truth. In saying this, we are aware that we shall shock a very prevalent superstition. But no matter. Truth is deserving of more reverence than Lord Bacon; and it would be well if some writer, capable of irradicating prejudice from the public mind, would undertake the disenthronement of this idol. Let us, however, not be misunderstood. Among the foremost of those who yield Lord Bacon rational admiration we reckon ourselves; because, while we refuse to recognise him as a despot in learning, or in philosophy, we are perfectly ready to acknowledge his just claims. He owes his exaggerated reputation to the too common arts of rhetoric, which have been sedulously employed for nearly half a century in crying him up and in crying down Locke, as if the depression of the one were neeessary to the elevation of the other. We perceive no such necessity. They are not rivals in any point of view. The genius of Locke was of a far higher order. More inventive, subtle, penetrating; more divested of selfishness; more alive to the beauty and perfection of truth. In Bacon we find the spirit of the world sublimated into a philosophical essence, and surrounded with all the circumstances of grandeur which eloquence and learning could bestow. But for truth in the abstract he has no love. He was a liar by habit and profession, and only spoke out in matters where frankness could not injure his interests. He always appears to us as the foe of philosophy, cultivating the wisdom of the serpent, in order better to conceal the poison of the serpent. He wrote for himself, not for the world; that is, to exercise our empire over men's minds; and he was not very scrupulous regarding the means. He is continually borrowing from Aristotle, and imitating him, yet never loses an opportunity of injuring his reputation. He is the most envious and crafty of all writers, and in his essays chronicles the precepts upon which he acted. Mr. Lewis, agreeing with Mr. Macaulay, rates him too highly, but displays great independence of mind, when, in opposition to the pedants and sophists of the day, he resolves on doing justice to Locke. With this excellent design he has really accomplished all the nature of his work permitted, putting Victor Cousin and Professor Whewell to the right about in a manner worthy of an independent thinker. With regard to the French sophist, it may be truly said that he knows little or nothing of the system which he treats so cavalierly. We doubt whether he can understand an English book, and think it highly probable that he depends on some contemptible translation, in which Locke's meaning is awkwardly travested, as Shakspeare's is by Guizot in "Le Tourneur." No reputation of the day is less deserved than that of Victor Cousin. He is a bad reasoner and a bad writer, a faithless translator, and a disingenuous commentator. The injustice he has done to Plato ought to put every man upon his guard against his misrepresentations. According to him, Plato did not believe in the immortality of the soul, and only put forward the doctrine to delude his countrymen. After this, no one, we fancy, will feel surprised at the libels he has published against Locke.

The Cambridge sophist, if less unscrupulous, is very little unfortunate, for as the reader may see in Mr. Lewis's history, he thoroughly misapprehends Locke's meaning, and then applies himself vigorously to the refutation of his own mistake. We greatly admire the spirit in which Mr. Lewis has taken up the cudgels for Locke. It is at once a proof of courage and saga-

city, of supreme contempt for a philosophical hue and cry, and that vigorous and clearness of mind, which enables a man to turn a deaf ear to clamour, and judge for himself.

Some day or other the "Essay on the Human Understanding" will be looked into again by the public, when they will perceive how much they have lost by the neglect of it. There is no necessity for supposing that Locke was right in all his positions. But if not right he was always sincere. He had little secular ambition; was not insatiable of place, and as regardless perhaps of fortune, as one of the philosophers of the early world. Yet he possessed a statesman's knowledge, and a statesman's mind, and has written on government in a way which no man among his contemporaries could have equalled. Even Algernon Sydney handles the subject in a less practical manner. The only thing to be regretted is, that Sir Robert Philmus Patriarcha should have been then popular, and seemed to deserve an answer, for if ever Locke appeared tedious, it is when refuting this obsolete sophist. We have scarcely yet, on many points, equalled the liberality and enlightenment of Locke, whose charity and tolerance were unbounded. He was, in fact, one of those philosophers who really loved mankind, and write for the express purpose of benefiting them. Accordingly, throughout his writings a generous philanthropy prevails, which wins so irresistably upon our affections, that whether we adopt his doctrines or not, we invariably end by loving the man. This is felt and finely expressed by Mr. Lewis, who is one of the very few who have thought it necessary to read Locke before criticising him. He has been at the pains to understand the character of the man, and therefore admires and loves him, because we hold it impossible for any one but a sophist to read Locke without becoming his friend, without desiring ardently to raise him again from the grave, and converse with him, and learn wisdom from his lips.

It would be highly advantageous to our contemporaries were they, every one of them, to vouchsafe Locke a reading, beginning with his conduct of the understanding, which, from beginning to end, is one continuous revelation of common sense. We know in the language nothing like it. The style is eloquent and persuasive, and seconds ably the arguments of the philosophy. His controversy with Bishop Stillingfleet, though far too voluminous for our present taste, is a model of exhaustive refutation. He takes up his adversary quietly, places him upon a pedestal before him, turns him round and round, examines his weak and vulnerable points, and then pierces him like St. Sebastian with arrows, till they stick out on all sides like

"Quills upon the fretful porcupine."

He then lays the bishop tranquilly in his shroud, and the controversy is thoroughly closed. Even in his trifling dispute with Sir Isaac Newton, his vast superiority immediately appears. Sir Isaac, though not much addicted to the society of ladies, had suffered his mind to be warped and prejudiced against Locke by their tattle and scandal, and expressed his feelings in the most petulant manner. Locke, who would not be offended with an old friend, bore meekly with his peevishness, and patiently undertook to set him right. Newton felt that he had been in error, and, with the frankness of a truly ingenuous mind, confessed his fault, and implored the philosopher's forgiveness. But Locke had already forgiven him, and their kindly feelings continued uninterrupted, we believe, till death.

In this portrait we have a striking contrast presented us with the unhappy private character of Lord Bacon, who was in every way as unestimable as Locke was worthy. Many peculiarities of their writings may be explained by this circumstance, for the feelings of the heart will invariably project themselves even into the most abstruse speculations of the philosopher. Thus, in many pages of Aristotle, we fancy we discover the influence of his love of Pythias. It imparts, we think, a tenderness to many exquisite passages which they could not otherwise have possessed. And Locke's passion, which was philanthropy, has left its impress upon all his writings, a truth of which Mr. Lewis is preeminently sensible. Even the undeservedly great reputation of Leibnitz could not influence his sense of justice. He disregards the censure of that distinguished dreamer, and with an uncommon degree of good sense, stands up for the originality and splendid services of Locke. If, therefore, his history had no other merits—and it has many, very many, this alone ought to recommend it to the permanent favour of the public.

The Death Watch.

A FANTASTIC TALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF L. MUHLBACH.

By John Oxenford.

Count Manfred knelt, deeply affected, by the bed of his poor friend—now destined to be his death-bed. Silence and gloom were in the narrow room, which was only dimly lighted by a night-lamp.

The moon shone, large and cold, through the one window, illuminating the wretched couch of the invalid. Soon loud groaning alone interrupted the melancholy stillness. Manfred felt a chill shudder in all his limbs, a sensation of horror came over him, and the bed of his slowly expiring friend, and he felt as if he must perforce go out among mankind, hear the breath of a living person instead of this death-rattle, and press a warm hand instead of the cold damp one of the dying man. He softly raised himself from his knees, and crept to the chimney to stir the almost extinct fire, that something bright and cheering might surround him. But the sick man raised himself up, and looked at him with fixed glassy eyes, while his heart rose higher and quicker with a breathless groaning.

The flame crackled and flew upwards, casting a harsh gleam through the room. Suddenly a coal flew out with a loud noise, and fell into the middle of the apartment upon the wooden floor. At the same time a terribly piercing cry arose from the bed, and Manfred, who looked towards it with alarm, saw that the invalid was sitting up, and with eyes widely opened and outstretched arms, was staring at the spot where the coal was lying. It was a frightful spectacle that of the dying man, who seemed to be struggling with a deep feeling of horror; on whose features death had already imprinted his seal; and whose short nightgown was insufficient to conceal the dry and earth-gray arms and legs, which had already assumed a deathlike hue. Frightful was the loud rattle that proceeded from the heart of one who could scarcely be called alive or dead, and dull as from the grave sounded the isolated words which he uttered, still gazing upon the coal on the floor. "Away—away with thee! why will thou remain there, spectre? Leave me, I say."

Manfred stood overpowered with horror, his trembling feet refused to support him, and he leaned against the wall contemplating the actions of his friend, the sight of whom created the deepest terror. The voice of the invalid became louder and more shrill: "Away with thee, I say! why dost thou cleave so fast to my heart? I say, leave me!"

Then striking out with his arms he sprung out of the bed with unnatural force, and darting to the spot where the coal was lying, stooped down, grasped it in his hand, and flung it back upon the hearth. He then burst into a loud, wild laugh, which made poor Manfred's heart quail within him, and returned back to the bed.

But the coal had burned its very dross into the floor, and had left a black mark.

The room was again quiet. Manfred now breathed freely, and calmly crept to the couch of his friend, whose quiet, regular breathing and closed eyes showed that he had fallen into a reposing sleep. Thus passed one hour, the slow progress of which Manfred observed on his friend's large watch, which lay upon the bed, and the regular ticking of which was the only interruption of the stillness of the night, except the still, quiet breathing of his friend.

The steeple clock in the vicinity announced by its striking that another hour had passed. Manfred counted the strokes —it was twelve o'clock—midnight. He involuntarily shuddered, the thoughts of the legends and tales of his childhood darted through him like lightning, and he owned to himself that he had always felt a mysterious terror at the midnight hour. At the same moment, his friend opened his eyes, and softly pronounced his name.

Manfred leant down to him, "Here I am, Karl."

"I thank you," said the sick man, in a faint voice, "for remaining by me thus faithfully. I am dying, Manfred."

"Do not speak so," replied the other, affectionately grasping the hand of his friend.

"I cease to see you," said Karl, more and more faintly and slowly; "dark clouds are before my eyes."

Suddenly he raised himself, took the watch which was lying by him, and placed it in Manfred's hand. "I thank you," he said, "for all the love you have shown me; for all your kindness and consolation. Take this watch, it is the only thing which now belongs to me. Wear it in remembrance of me. If it is permitted me, by this watch I will give you warning when I am near. Farewell!"

He sunk back—his breath stopped—he was no more.

Manfred bent over him, called his name, laid his hand on the forehead, which was covered with perspiration; he felt it grow colder and colder. Tears of the deepest sympathy filled his eyes, and dropped upon the pale face of the dead man.

"Sleep softly," whispered Manfred, "and may the grave afford you that repose which you sought in vain upon earth!"

Once more he pressed to his bosom the hand of his deceased friend, wrapped himself in his cloak, put up the watch which Karl had bequeathed him, and retired to his residence.

The sun was already high when he awoke from an uneasy sleep. With feelings of pain he thought of the past night, and of his departed friend. In remembrance of him he drew out the watch, which pointed to the half hour, and held it to his ear. It had stopped; he tried to wind it up, but all in vain—it had not run down.

"Is it possible," murmured Manfred to himself, "that there was really some spiritual connexion between the deceased and is his favourite watch, which he constantly carried?".

He sunk down upon a chair, and strange thoughts and forebodings passed through his excited mind.

"What is time?" he asked himself; what is an hour? A machine artificially produced by human hands determines it, regulates it, and gives to life its significance, and to the mind its warnings. The awe which accompanies the midnight hour does not affect us if the hand of our watch goes wrong. The clock is the despot of man; regulating the actions both of kings and beggars. Nay, it is the ruler of time, which has subjected itself to its authority. The clock determines the very thoughts as well as the actions of man; is the propelling wheel of the human species. The maiden who reposes delighted in the arms of her lover trembles when the ruthless clock strikes the hour which tears him from her. Her grief, her entreaties, are all in vain. He must away, for the clock has ordered it. The murderer trembles in the full enjoyment of his fortune, for his eye falls on the hands of the clock, and they denote the hour when the already broken eye of the man he murdered looked upon him for the last time. In vain he endeavoured to smile; it is beyond his power; for the clock has spoken, and his conscience awakes when he thinks of the horror of that hour. Shuddering with the feverish chill of mental anguish, the condemned culprit looks upon the clock, the hand of which, slowly moving, brings nearer and nearer the hour of his death. It is not the rising and setting of the sun, it is not the light of day, that determines destruction; but the clock. When the hand, with cruel indifference, moves on and touches the figure of the hour which the judge has appointed for his death, the doors of the dungeon open, and he has ceased to live. As long as we live we are governed by the hour, and death alone frees us from the hour and the clock! Perhaps the whole of eternity, with its bliss, is nothing but an hourless, clockless existence; eternal, because without measure; blissful, because not bound to a measured time."

Manfred had once more entered the desolate residence of his deceased friend, and stood mourning by the corpse, the face of which bore, in its stiffened features, the peace which Karl had never known in life.

He thought of the life of the deceased—how poor it was in joy, and how, during the four years he had known him, he had never seen him smile. Tears came into his eyes, and he turned away from the corpse. Then his glance fell upon the black spot in the floor. The whole frightful scene of the preceding day revived in his soul, and the thought suddenly struck him, whether there might not be some connexion between that particular spot and the strange excitement of Karl. Fearful suspicions crossed his mind; he thought how often conscience had unmasked the criminal, in the hour of death; he remembered the frequent mysterious gloom of his friend; he remembered the wife with whom he had long lived unhappily, from whom he had been separated, and after whose residence Manfred had often inquired. On this subject Karl had always preserved silence, and often broke out into an unusual warmth. He reflected with what obstinacy Karl remained in this room, although Manfred had often and earnestly entreated him, as a friend and near relative, to go into his house. Nay, he now recollected quite clearly, that in the newspaper in which, years before, he had read the arrival of Count Karl Manfred, it was stated that he had arrived with his wife. A few weeks after he had read of the arrival of his relative, Manfred had gone to him, and found him alone; and when Karl had told him of his separation from his wife, had inquired no further.

All this now passed before his mind. He looked timidly back at the corpse, and it seemed to him as if this were scornfully nodding at him confirmation of his thoughts.

"I must have certainty," he cried aloud, and stooped down to the floor. He now plainly perceived that the middle boards, upon which was the burn, were looser than the others, and that the nails, which must have been there firmly, and the marks of which were still plainly to be seen, were wanting. He tried to raise the middle board, which at first resisted, but at last gave way a little. With a piece of wood he knocked the thick knife deeper into the floor; the nails became more and more unfastened, and he lifted and pulled with all the might of anxiety and curiosity. With a loud crack the board gave way entirely; he raised it, and—sight of horror!—saw that a skeleton lay stretched out beneath. Manfred at first almost fainted; then feeling how necessary were calmness and presence of mind, he collected himself with a strong effort, and looked hard at the skeleton. It held a paper between its teeth, which Manfred, with averted face, drew forth. Opening it, he soon recognised the hand-writing of Karl. The words were as follow:

"That no innocent person may be exposed to suspicion, I hereby declare that I, Karl Manfred, am the murderer of this woman. This declaration can never injure me, as I am determined never to quit this room before my death. The small, wretched house is my own property, and as I in-

habit it alone, I am secure from discovery. When I am no more the secret will be unveiled, and for the finder of these lines I add, for nearer explanation, a short portion of the history of my life.

"I am the son of a collateral branch of the rich Count Manfred. My father was tolerably rich, and loved me; but he was haughty even to excess, and quite capable of sacrificing the happiness of his child to the pride he took in his ancestors. One day I went to the shop of a clock-maker to buy a watch. The clockmaker's daughter stood at the counter in the place of her father; her beauty excited my admiration, her innocent air attracted me: I talked with her for a long time, and at last bought a valuable watch set with brilliants. I then departed, but returned in a few days, and again, and again; in short, we were enamoured of each other. I told my father that I had resolved to marry the clockmaker's daughter; he cursed me and disinherited me. But I persuaded my beloved to fly with me, and one night she robbed her father of his money and jewels, and effected her escape. We went far enough to remain undiscovered, and sold our brilliants, which, with the money we had taken, was sufficient to afford a considerable, nay, rather abundant fortune. As for the clock, which had been the cause of my acquaintance with my beloved Ulrica, I kept that constantly by me.

"Ulrica told me that her father had made it with his own hands. One day it stopped; I tried to wind it up, but all in vain, for it would not go. I laid it aside peevishly, and when, after some hours, I again took it in hand, it went. With a feeling of foreboding, inexplicable even to myself, I observed the hour, and some days afterwards read in the paper the announcement that Ulrica's father had died a beggar. We, however, continued happy in our mutual love. Years had passed away, when, one evening, I received an invitation from one of my friends. I was on the point of going, when Ulrica asked me when I should return. I named a time; 'Leave me your watch then,' said she, 'that I may know exactly the hour at which I am to expect you, and delight myself with the prospect of your return.' I gave her the watch, and departed. When the appointed hour had arrived, I hastened back to my dwelling, entered Ulrica's chamber, and—found her in the arms of one of my friends. She screamed with fright, while I stood petrified, and consequently unable to prevent the flight of the seducer. We remained opposite to each other, perfectly silent. 'You must be more cautious,' I said at last, and tried to smile; 'you could have told by your watch when I was coming back, and when it was time to dismiss your other lover.' At these words, I took the watch, and pointed at it scornfully. 'It has stopped,' said Ulrica, turning away. The watch had indeed stopped, and had thus deceived the deceiver, and caused the discovery of her crime. With unspeakable horror, I looked upon the watch, which I still held, when the hands slowly moved, and the watch was going. I swore to be revenged on the faithless woman, but preserved a bland exterior, and, with her, quitted the city. When, after a long journey, we arrived here, I enquired, whether it would be possible to purchase a small house, in which my wife and I might dwell alone. I soon found one, paid almost the entire remains of my ready money, and entered it with Ulrica. At night, when she was asleep, I tied a handkerchief about her mouth, that her cries might not alarm the neighbourhood, and called her by her name. She awoke, and when she saw my ferocious countenance, stooping over her, knew my intention at once. She lay motionless, and I whispered into her ear: 'I have awakened you, because I would not murder you in your sleep, and because I felt compelled to tell you why I kill you: it is because you have betrayed me.' It is enough to say that I slew her. I had already turned the board from the floor, and now placed her in the cavity. I then took out the watch, as if, having betrayed the false one, it had a right to see how I revenged my wrong. It stood still, the unmoved hand pointing to the half-hour after midnight—the time when I murdered Ulrica. I laughed aloud, and sat down to write these lines. 'To-morrow morning I shall lock up my house, and travel for a time. When I return, the body will have decayed.'

Manfred had read the manuscript, shuddering, and having finished it, looked again on the corpse of his friend. It had changed frightfully. The features, which before had been so calm and so clearly marked, now bore an aspect of despair, and were distorted by convulsions. At this moment the mysterious watch, which Count Manfred had put into his breast pocket, began its regular sound, but so very loudly, that Manfred could hear plainly, without taking it out, that the watch was going.

An irresistible feeling of horror came over poor Manfred. He darted out of the room, and hurried into his own residence, in which he locked himself for the entire day. He had laid the watch before him, stared at it, and fearful thoughts crossed his mind. On the following day he was calm, but could not summon resolution to see the corpse again. He caused it to be quietly buried. The house he had already bought of poor Karl for the sake of contributing something towards his support

Some nights after the burial, the stillness of night was broken by an alarm of fire, and at the very house in which Count Karl had lived. At first, as the house was uninhabited, the opinion prevailed that it had been purposely set on fire, but, as it had not been insured, this opinion gained no credence. Count Manfred set out on his travels, that with the various scenes of a wanderer's life he might get rid of the gloomy mind that troubled him. The watch he took with him. He fancied that some great misfortune would befal him, if he did not attend to it; he considered it as a sort of demon, always wore it, and regularly wound it up. For years it went well. Count Manfred had recovered his former cheerfulness, and indeed was happier than ever, for he loved and was beloved in return. Dreaming of a happy future, he arose from his bed on the day appointed for his wedding. "I have slept long, perhaps too long" he said to himself. He caught up his watch to see how late it was, but—the watch had stopped. A loud cry of anguish arose from his heart, he hurried on his clothes, and hastened to his bride. She was well and cheerful, and Manfred laughed at himself for his foolish superstition. However, when the wedding was over, he could not refrain from looking at his watch once more. It was going. After some weeks, Count Manfred discovered that the ill-omened watch had spoken truly after all. He had been deceived in his wife, and found that she would bring him nothing but unhappiness. A melancholy gloom took possession of the poor Count. For whole days he would stare at the watch, and grinning spectres seemed to rise from the dial-plate and to dance round him in derision. In the morning, when he arose from his bed, he looked trembling at his watch, always expecting that it would stop, and thus indicate some new calamity. He felt revived, and breathed again, when the hands moved on, but yet, from hour to hour, he would cast anxious glances at the watch. His wife bore him a son, and the feeling of parental joy seemed to dissipate his gloom. In an unusually cheerful mood he was seen to play with his child, sitting for half the day at the cradle, and by his own smile teaching the little one to smile also. The very watch, which had been the torment of his soul, must now serve to amuse the child, who laughed when it was held to his ear, and he could hear the soft ticking. One day, however, as Manfred approached the cradle, he found the child uncommonly pale. His heart trembled with anxiety, and following a momentary impulse, he drew out the watch—which stood still. With a fearful cry Manfred flung it from him, so that it sounded on the ground, and, scarcely in a state of consciousness, buried his face in his hands. The child fell into convulsions, and died in a few hours. Manfred was, at first, beside himself with grief; then he became still, and walked calm and uncomplaining around the room in which the corpse lay. Having struck his fist against something, he looked down, and saw that it was his watch, which was still on the floor. He picked it up and held it to his ear;—it was going. Manfred laughed aloud, till he made the silent room echo frightfully with the sound. "Good! good!" he cried, with an insane look, "You will not leave me, devil! stop with me then!" From this time, it was his serious conviction that the spirit of Karl the murderer, whom he had called his friend, had found no rest in the grave, but had been placed in the watch, that it might hover round him as a messenger of evil. He ceased to think of, feel, hear anything but his watch; he wound it up, trembling every evening, he held it in his hand throughout the night, and kept awake, gazing upon it. Some months afterwards his wife bore him a daughter, and died in childbed. The news made no further impression upon Manfred than that he looked at his watch, and whispered, "It has not stopped."

When his new-born daughter was brought to him, he looked at her with indifference, and glancing at the watch said, "It will stop soon!"

His bodily strength soon gave way under this ceaseless anguish of mind. He fell into a violent fever, and, in a few weeks, was buried by the side of his son.

CINDERELLA; OR, THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

A Fairy Tale.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

"Oh, why are you weeping, my own pretty maid?
I'm your fairy godmother—don't be afraid;
For I love you, as viewing you meekly resigned
To your step-mother cross, and your sisters unkind;
And no more by their taunts and their insolence gall'd,
Shall you be Cinderella, the cinder-wench, called."
The maiden look'd up, and beheld by her side,
The fairest of fairies, gay as a bride.

Now a handsome young prince, who was gracious to all,
Had her two sisters ask'd to his very grand ball;
While poor Cinderella shed tears not a few,
Until said the fairy, "And you shall go too;
So fetch me a pumpkin." Then, lo and behold,
A coach it became, that all glittered with gold!
"Nay, be not astonish'd," the fairy then said,
"For grandeur oft springs from a mere mushroom-bed."

Then tapping the tails of six little grey mice,
Six fine prancing horses they were in a trice!
Six lizards were footmen, behind up to skip;
A rat became coachman, a most knowing whip;
And the rags of the cinder-wench, dingy and old,
One tap of the wand—they were spangled with gold!
Oh, brave Cinderella! but who has not heard
The tale of "fine feathers" that "fine make the bird?"

Then the kind fairy added two slippers of glass,
And said, no misfortune would ere come to pass,
While the little glass slippers, so pretty and neat,
Remain'd firmly fitting her two pretty feet;
"But pleasure, be sure, will bring nought but regret,"
Said she, "should you chance these my words to forget;
So heed to remember my warning now given,
And see you return ere the clock strikes eleven."

'Twould be marvellous sure, and a most pleasant thing,
If the wish of our hearts little fairies would bring;
And I know that if I had a fairy godmother,
I should always be wishing for something or other;
I've an excellent taste, and like everything gay,
And am always content when I have my own way;
I should much like the trick of this Miss Cinderella;
Should you know a kind fairy, perhaps you would tell her.

How the maiden rejoiced, as she look'd in the glass!
For she thought she had ne'er seen a prettier lass,
As she nodded her feathers, and glided about,
Like a fine modern belle, who is just "coming out."
So she thank'd her godmother for being so kind,
As she stepp'd in her coach, with her footmen behind;
While so well became coachee his dashing cock'd hat,
You would never have guess'd he was only a rat.

And now, what delight! what a racket and rout!
What piping, and jingling, and dancing about!
And who would have thought, at this very grand ball,
Of a cinder-wench being the fairest of all!
And she danced with the prince, and the hours had wings;
Till "be not time slighting," a little bird sings;
And one pinching shoe had a hint gently given,
That the clock would be very soon striking eleven!

But she linger'd long after that hour had struck,
And a quarter to twelve had much alter'd her luck;
For purring round coachman and horses, the cat
Made people suspect she was "smelling a rat!"
And when that they summon'd her footmen so tall,
They found but six lizards upon a damp wall;
While the fine gilded coach to a raw pumpkin grew,
And the lady hopp'd home again, minus one shoe.

Thus weeping the poor Cinderella return'd,
And 'tis hoped of late hours she a good lesson learn'd;
Though one little comfort her heart still sustain'd,
In the one little slipper that still she retain'd;
And the very next day it was rumour'd around,
That the handsome young prince had the lost slipper found;
And to wed the fair owner did boldly declare,
Of one single slipper thus making a pair.

So now when the royal resolve was made
What lady but sought the glass slipper to
What pinching of toes! and what crampi
The little glass slipper's dimensions to me
That declined, although lately presented
With every new measure proposed to asse
While the prince in a wife his own fancy
Seem'd resolved on first gaining "the le
foot."

Though of taunting step-mother and siste
Did poor Cinderella submit to the test;
And the slipper the courtly had tried all h
Acknowledged its dear little owner again
While her sisters, as viewing the bright w
Thought a "friend at court" having, w
bad thing;
And nuptials more splendid sure never w
So give them three cheers, and sing G
Queen!

Life Assurance Offi

We have in a previous article
our opinion on the value of life a
We will now endeavour to lay b
readers some account of the mode
ing a life assurance. We will su
case of a person in easy circumst
must, in the first place, obtain
form from the office in which he
insure. This paper he fills up
name, residence, and occupa
amount and terms of assurance
age, place and time of birth, an
particulars concerning his health
he is subject to any particular ma
This form he must sign, and in g
must also procure the signature
persons who are well acquainted
one of whom should be his medic
ant. Sometimes other reference
quired; and there is generally a
or surgeon employed by the
examine the party. It should b
bered, that if any false account
by the person assured in this prin
he forfeits the whole amount of t
paid, and the policy becomes voi

A caution, however, given by M
in his excellent work, should not
looked. He tells us that in
offices, the claimant on a policy
pellable, not only to satisfy the
as to the death and cause of dea
assured, but also to prove that th
not exceed the age stated in the
But surely it is (to say the leas
harshly with the assured, to allov
to be completed on a mere decla
to age, when the party who is ali
readily prove it, or, at all events
nish the best possible evidence
to it, and afterwards to require h
tors to prove a fact of which the

ɔr ignorant, and which they must tively have no inconsiderable diffi- establishing. It is strongly re- led, therefore, to every person an insurance, either on his own hat of another, to have the age in the policy. Without such an n, a policy of assurance is an te instrument, and as such ought purchased (as it undoubtedly is, ent of the premium or annual pre- either by way of provision for a r of security for a creditor.

leposit required by some of the good to a certain extent, we mean loes not exceed an amount equi- a proper payment for the labour l; for without such a regulation, ght frequently be stated to the ssurance offices, and answers pro- om the very skilful professional belonging to them, without any ıse being made for the exercise of ents, and even without the slight- tion of any real transaction.

ny of the offices it is necessary, proposal has been completed, for n to appear before the board of appointed to manage the concerns mpany, when inquiries are made general state of his health, and a dum of the information received l upon the books. When the per- ɔt appear, his presence is dispensed the payment of a certain fine. eliminaries having been satisfac- ncluded, the decision of the di- entered upon the minutes, and a me is appointed for the payment st premium; which, if not paid, y is completely at an end, and ance cannot be effected without ng through these forms. On the of the first premium, the amount amp duty must also be paid, and, ɔffices, a small entrance fee—the requiring ten shillings per cent., Equitable, the London Life Asso- and the Rock, five shillings per he amount assured, as entrance

ce is generally sent to the holder, him when the next payment e, and also informing him that if ium be not paid within a certain policy will become absolutely the money already paid forfeited. allowed for the payment of re- emiums after they become due, in offices, varies generally from thirty days; if, however, the pre- not paid within the limited time, iture of the policy may still be l at most offices, by paying it, to- th a fine (usually ten shillings or d per cent. on the amount as- sured), and furnishing satisfactory evidence that the assured is then in good health.

We may here observe that limits are set to the distance from England to which a person is allowed to travel. It is usually one of the conditions of policies of assurance, that the person whose life is insured must reside within the limits of Europe; or that an additional premium shall be paid, the amount of which varies according to the circumstances of each particular case. This regulation is founded upon the various effects produced upon people, by a change of climate. Most of the offices allow the assured to go by sea, from one part of Great Britain to another, without any additional charge, providing the journey be performed in decked vessels, established packets, &c. They also allow them to extend their journeys to the different parts of Europe.

These are the principal circumstances connected with a policy of assurance during the life of the assured. We must now consider what takes place after the decease of the party. This event must be announced to the office as quickly as possible, together with all the particulars, as the burial of the deceased, evidences of his identity, and references to and certificates from the medical persons who attended him in his illness, with the probate of his will, if the policy were effected on his life, and a copy of the assignment, if the policy had been transferred to another person. The cause of death must also be distinctly ascertained, as the policy would be void, if the decease took place by suicide, duelling, or the hands of justice, or upon the high seas, without license from the company, except it occurred in travelling from one part of the kingdom to another; all of which are excepted in the policy, to prevent frauds on the offices, and to remove causes of dispute. In some establishments, however, it is the practice to make allowances in cases where it is evident no fraud was contemplated, and where great injury might be sustained; but this is dependant upon the discretion of the directors, and is not subject to any fixed rule.

In the interval between the decease of the party, and the time appointed for the payment of the claim, due investigation is made into the truth of the various statements, and the whole having been satisfactory, at the expiration of that period, the claimant takes with him his policy and the receipt for the sum claimed, which is immediately paid him, the policy surrendered, and the transaction ended. It is the rule with most of the offices to pay the amount of the policy at the end of three months after satisfactory proof of death: several of the offices require six months, and some only one. In some offices, although all

claims may be payable in three or six months, they may be received immediately after satisfactory proof of death, upon allowing the usual rate of discount for the unexpired time.

ODE ON WINTER.

BY CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Old Winter now is come again, with slow and silent tread,
To gaze upon the monuments of the slumbering and the dead;
How sad and solemn is his march, how gloomy is his frown,
And all beneath his sweeping arm is cast dejected down.

Oh, he hath swept the desert wild, the mountain and the main,
From Zembla's icy regions to revisit us again;
And flow'rets droop before his glance, and fade away and die,
For nought can brave the angry chill of his cold freezing eye.

See nature's loveliness is gone, nor is her face so fair;
The lily and the violet no more are blooming there;
The yellow leaf lies withering upon the cold bare ground,
And desolation's mighty pall is spreading far around.

And who will trace the dying of the dull and aged year,
Nor wrap the thoughts of sadness in reflection's holy tear?
And who will trace the wither'd leaf, nor feel that he must die,
When winter's gath'ring clouds shall droop his cold and languid eye?

And while we sit by our fireside, to hear the cold winds blow,
Will not the tear-drop start to hear the dismal notes of woe,
When houseless wand'rers passing by some holy boon shall crave,
To hold them on the narrow verge of an untimely grave?

The grey old man with wither'd cheek, the poor and orphan child,
The mother with her dying babe, that once to her had smil'd;
The blighted frame of manhood in the prime and pride of years,
Bow'd down with grief and misery, and sorrow's saddest tears.

Yes, there are many that must brave the cold and bitter blast,
And each succeeding day must be more dreary than the past;
But though they thus are doom'd to gain their food from door to door,
Oh, God defend the fatherless, the widow, and the poor.

Beneath thine all-protecting arm, oh, take them to thy care,
And let them all the blessings of thy holy goodness share;
Let them not rest their weary head upon the cold bare ground,
But pillow'd be their sorrows, where thy goodness may be found.

Memoir of General Demetrius Kalerges.*

This eminent man was born in 1805, in the isle of Candia, of a noble family, and before long followed his father to Taganrok, on the borders of the sea of Azof, where he had settled.

He was carefully educated at St. Petersburgh, Vienna, and Paris, but at the age of eighteen years abandoned all to accompany his two brothers Emanuel and Nicholas to Greece, where the struggle against Turkey had just commenced. These noble young men, animated by the most generous patriotism, carried along with them a large quantity of arms and ammunition, including field-artillery and a complete band of military music, presented to their common country by their uncle Emmanuel Kalerges, one of the first financiers of Russia.

Few men have displayed more valour, more coolness, or more early virtue, than Demetrius Kalerges. In 1825, at the head of ten thousand of his countrymen in Greece, who elected him as their chief, he undertook an expedition into the isle of Candia, which he excited against the Turks, after having rendered himself master, by a dexterous *coup-de-main*, of Graboussa and of Kissanos. Fabvrier, admiring his intrepidity, confided to him the command of a little regular corps named *strafvores* (crusaders), with which he seconded this brave Philhellene in several undertakings.

In 1827, under the same chief in the celebrated affair of the Pirœus, Demetrius Kalerges, besieged, with 370 Cretans, in an entrenchment, on an open plain, there sustained bravely the united efforts of 20,000 Turks, conducted by Reschid Pasha. Succombing under numbers, after being dangerously wounded, he was made a prisoner, and the Ottoman general gave orders that he should be beheaded. But the Albanian

* The materials are taken from that excellent work, the "Annuaire historique et biographique des souverains, des chefs et des membres des maisons principières et autres maisons nobles et des anciennes familles, et principalement des hommes d'état, des membres des chambres législatives, du clergé, des hommes de guerre, des magistrats, et des hommes de science, de toutes les nations." Paris, 95, Rue Richelieu.

Bey, into whose hands he had fallen, hoping to obtain a large ransom, opposed the decision of the seraskier. He agreed with Kalerges for 5,000 piastres, which were generously advanced by Leblanc, the captain of a French frigate, who also took him out of the hands of the Turks. The pacha also exacted one of his ears, which he sent, along with other similar trophies, to the sultan. Emmanuel Kalerges' brother fell in the above-mentioned action.

On his arrival in Greece, in 1828, the president, Count Jean Capo d'Istria, attached young Kalerges to him in quality of aide-de-camp, with the simple rank of lieutenant-colonel, although he became a general. A little after, he was named to the chief command of the Greek cavalry.

Compelled to lead an inactive life when royalty was established in Greece, Kalerges resolved on a temporary absence from his country, and went in December 1835, with a regular permission from the king, to St. Petersburg, where several of his relatives still resided. Here he was honourably received by the emperor Nicholas, and also by several of the first noblemen.

After about ten months of absence, hoping at last to obtain justice from the Greek government, he set out on his return, crossing Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. But while on his journey, a revolution broke out in Messina, and the regency accused Colonel Kalerges of having been one of the most active partisans in the attempt. Three days, therefore, after his return to Argos, where he was resting to recover from his fatigue, he was, at midnight, arrested in his own house, and dragged from the conjugal bed by an officer of gens-d'armes, in the name of the same king who some hours before had admitted him to his table and treated him with great distinction. After remaining several weeks in the fort of Ny Kole, at Nauplia, he was removed and thrown into the obscure and noisome dungeons of the castle of Navarino, which was the place appointed for the trial of the insurgents of Messina. In bad health, deprived of all the succours of art, exposed to the insults of the soldiery, he waited for two months the decision of his fate. The court martial acquitted him honorably and he was at liberty. This tribunal was presided over by that estimable English Philhellene, General Sir Thomas Gordon, to whose noble independence of character it is just to give due praise.

Some years after, Colonel Kalerges was reinstated in the command of the cavalry, and exhibited under all circumstances as much zeal as ability in this service. The plans adopted by the ministers had excited discontent which was now threatening a crisis, and of which some bold and resolute men resolved to take the direction. A grand national manifestation appeared the most imposing and efficacious means of attaining the object. It was arranged that it should take place on the night of the 1st or 2nd September, 1843. But the project having been discovered, its execution was put off, and the hesitation of some, the pusillanimity, and perhaps the treachery of others, would have rendered it completely abortive had not a man gifted with energy and patriotism above all fear or self-interest presented himself at this critical juncture. That man was Colonel Kalerges.

Soon initiated into the object of the movement, he promised his sincere co-operation, declaring continually that notwithstanding his just resentments he should remain faithful to his monarchical principles. The confidence and absolute devotedness of the military force to him was counted on, although the employment of this had not been deemed indispensable for the general movement, which seemed to promise a speedy success.

This noble officer, knowing that the action of the drama would take place in the palace, and foreseeing the danger which might accrue to the person of the king and the existence of the throne, conceived that the regiment in garrison, properly managed, would be alone able to prevent all such misfortunes. He then established a system of espionage, in which a very small number of tried probation were employed. Being informed on the morning of the 14th, that a select tribunal menaced the heads of the most influential conspirators, and judging that he could not now withdraw without the imputation of cowardice, he determined, of his own free will, to exert himself that very evening. At half an hour after midnight, therefore, he went alone to the quarter occupied by the cavalry and infantry, sent for the general, and caused the troops to get under arms. He then addressed them in a fiery oration, expatiating on the state of ferment in which all Greece was at that moment, and concluded with these words: "Let us hasten, then, to embrace the knees of our king, and pray him to accede to the wishes of his beloved people, and not to draw on himself the misfortunes which a refusal may entail both on himself and on his throne." Shouts, a thousand times repeated, of "Long live our country! Long live the Constitution! We are ready! Lead on!" resounded through and made vibrate the marbles of Acropolis, which, joined with the beautiful light of the moon, caused a magical effect. Some few reports of fire-arms were heard at intervals from the summits of those sacred walls, which seemed to nod consent to this appeal of patriotism.

While this was going on, the com-

mandant of the place arrived on the spot, and demanded the cause of this assembly; but prompt and energetic measures being absolutely necessary for the success of the enterprise, the commandant was arrested, as also all the king's ministers, to whom comfortable lodgings were, however, assigned.

Nothing impeded the march to the palace; the troops proceeded in the greatest order, a band of music preceding them. From one point where they expected opposition, there came the artillery, which the king had ordered out for his protection, which, however, the officers who had charge of it, impelled by the irresistible influence of the other troops, and of the immense multitude rising in all quarters around them, soon turned against the doors of the royal residence, which they had been called on to defend.

Meanwhile, Kalerges convoked the senate, to which, when gathered together, in solemn assembly, he proposed the measures to be submitted to the king for acceptation; he thought it his duty to inform the foreign ministers that he should guarantee, on his life, the existence of their majesties, as well as the integrity of the crown, and he sent to this effect to each of them.

A little surprised by this, the diplomatists presented themselves before the palace, which they begged to have opened to them. Kalerges expressed to them his great regret at not being able to accede to their wishes until the moment when the king should address the senate. Those gentlemen had too much experience not to perceive the utter uselessness and also danger of their insisting on this. One alone among them, the representative of Prussia, made some remonstrances. Kalerges answered with some warmth, "You, sir, you have already too often entered this august sanctuary of royalty, to the detriment of Greece; this day you shall not cross the threshold, for it is with the people alone that the king ought to deal, for the common interest." Surrounded by a brilliant staff, whom the different, not to say the motley uniforms, rendered as original as picturesque, the valiant hero of the 3d and 15th September, ran through, incessantly, the ranks of the troops, and the multitude which obstructed the approaches to the palace, and filled the immense space which, from this day, is named *La Place de la Constitution.* He praised the army for its patriotism; fortifying it in its resolution to preserve its own discipline, as well as the public peace. He recommended to the people calmness, moderation, and confidence in the men charged with the protection and triumph of their rights. At all events, he manifested an irresistible resolution to preserve the prerogatives and dignity of the crown, that is to say, to identify them with the necessities and independence of the country. "Avoid, my children," cried he, "all shedding of blood, all violence, and let the life of the inferior officer of gendarmerie, the victim of an imprudent aggression, be the only human holocaust offered, on this glorious day, on the altar of our political regeneration."

On the first intelligence of the tumult without, the king appeared in a balcony, the queen being at his side, and demanded, in an agitated voice, the cause of these gatherings, and the name of him who directed them. At the name of Kalerges, his majesty reiterated the first question. "Sir," was the answer, "the people claim the constitution: it behoves you not to resist the wishes which have been expressed to you by the senate, their legitimate representative. I, for my own part, and as an organ of public opinion, declare that your majesty shall receive neither injury to your person, nor to your prerogatives, which command the respect and love of everyone." "I will answer to-morrow, with my council, the wishes that you express to me, expecting, though, that everyone shall retire now," replied the king. "All delay, sir, is inadmissible," replied Kalerges; "the proposals of the senate have been made known to your majesty. The people wait your decision." While this was going on, the senate was introduced to the king, and, after prolonged debate, they obtained his sanction for different decrees, the convocation of a constitutional convention, the immediate return of the Bavarians, &c. This news announced about two hours after mid-day, was received by demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm which it is impossible to describe. Kalerges took measures for the public security, persuaded the multitude to retire to their homes, and only allowed the garrison to relieve quarters after fourteen hours of fatigue, inquietude, and complete abstinence; and the immense result obtained rendered them well worthy of repose. He himself, with a brother officer, retired to his lodgings, and there deposited, with a sigh of relief and gratitude, a pair of double-barrelled pocket pistols, destined to save his head from the swords of his enemies, should success not crown his great and hazardous undertaking.

An incontestible proof that he had agitated without the least private ambition, is his answer to the senate, when asked his opinion of whom should the newly-projected ministry consist. "Go," said he to the interrogator, "and report to the

senate, that I am here to execute its orders and decisions, and not to give it counsel."

* * * * * * * *

Kalerges was afterwards military governor of Athens, deputy to the national assembly, and commandant of the guard of the national assembly. In each of these employments he has shown the same energy, wisdom, spirit, and fidelity to the monarchy. Thus, his great merit did not consist in temerity of enterprise, or intrepidity of exertion, and the power to restrain at any time the popular torrent which, when once overflowing, is so difficult to reclaim its natural bed—that is to say, to seize revolution by the neck, to preserve it from all excess, and to consolidate, in a word, incalculable benefits to come.

Kalerges' merit was appreciated. He had the thanks of the national assembly voted to him, with the title and prerogatives of the *great citizen of Greece.*

In the heart, therefore, of the assembly, his majesty announced to him in the year 1830 (1844), that he should recompense his brilliant services to the country, and named him major-general, and, in token of his gratitude for his devotedness to the throne, had chosen him his aide-de-camp.

The particulars of the marriage of Demetrius Kalerges in 1828 are curious. A celebrated beauty of Corinth was the object of the rivalry of two chiefs, who disputed her possession with arms. Kalerges was out with a corps of soldiers to reduce them to order, and having an interview with this new Helen, placed himself among the ranks of her admirers, and carried her off from the others. This definitive union restored the city to peace, for the two competitors dared not attack him.

Mrs. M'Quilhen.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Astronomers tell us that every system has its sun, round which the planets move in periods proportioned to their distance: that is the only sentence we can recollect out of all the volumes which our early teacher (great was his faith) believed to have been read from Newton down to Mrs. Sommerville.

Why it should have inhabited our memory alone, can be accounted for only by the fact that the axiom was strikingly illustrated by the society of our native city, which formed in itself more great and small circles than ever were traced on globe celestial or terrestrial, guarded with a pugnacious exclusiveness, neither found nor sought for in the statutes of the stars.

We have not forgotten the Athens of the North, though thou hadst another name in the Doric of our earlier days, strongly denoting the prevalence of smoke; and Byron pictured thee under a Roman designation, as trembling at the downfall of Jefferys' paternal garret, in the days of English bards.

Many were—and are, for ought we know, for seas and years have severed our steps from the Calton—the castes of thine inhabitants; but great among them as that of the Brahmins in Hindostan, was the circle in which we moved when the scarlet of our uniform was new, and the sun and contre thereof was Arabella Sutherland.

When our acquaintance commenced with Arabella, we had hated titles ever since our graudmother, whose ears had failed before her lungs, introduced us to a large company in topping tones as "Mr. Ensign Campbell, her grandson." Well, at the time specified, Arabella resided in Murray-place with her mother, a widow of the first magnitude, but beyond the suspicion of matrimony; whose affections seemed equally divided between her gold snuff-box and her only daughter, as the closing days of her pilgrimage were passed in applications to the one, and praises of the other.

But the temple of Arabella's distinction had, in the judgment of her acquaintances, three more supporting pillars. She was believed to be an heiress; her connections bordered on nobility; and the lady had succeeded in uniting in her own person the opposite and somewhat discordant characters of a blue and a belle.

We are aware that bluebells have been found in other lands than Scotland, notwithstanding her appropriation of them in the well-known song; but Arabella was, to use a commercial phrase (we like the words of a prospering party), "the finest specimen of the article we have ever seen." True, we can now remember that there have been greater beauties; that her complexion was dark and pale, and there was something like a cast in one of her eyes, but for air and figure they would have called her a fine woman anywhere; and then her mind, oh what a world of accomplishments was opened to us there! She was an amateur in the fine arts, had read metaphysics, understood the belles-lettres, could talk politics, and positively wrote poetry; besides, Arabella dressed like a Parisian, played, sang, and danced divinely, drew from nature, and had been pronounced, even by connoisseurs from London, extremely lady-like when she pleased.

How often Arabella's will and pleasure took that peculiar direction, it is not in our power to state, but we are above concealment, she was the sovereign lady of our thoughts.

We had returned to Edinburgh for the first time since the purchase of our commission with a complete stock of military phrases and anecdotes collected at the mess-table; we had learned to talk of what was done in "ours," could relate adventures of country quarters, and never concealed our opinion that no civilian was a gentleman.

Tell us, for ye have seen, denizens of the New Town, how we have strutted among you; did we not astonish the inhabitants of Princes Street? was not our opera-glass displayed in the boxes of the Theatre Royal, and the smoke of our cigar beheld even in George Square: but the chief efforts of our powers were put forth in Murray Place. Warmly were we welcomed by its fashionable physicians, retired merchants, and far-tracing branches of provincial aristocracy with all their exclusive ladies. Our expectations were known to be good, and our family had resided in the same mansion for two generations; let us not linger to expatiate on the joy of our maiden aunt and grandmother, she of the introduction; the nearer stems of our existence had been cut down early. Nor will we enumerate, having declared against vanity since the last of our hair grew grey, the various balls and parties that celebrated our arrival; but, short as the absence had been, there were some faces missed, and new ones found in their places, in that circle among which number were those of Arabella and her mother.

They had come in from the country just when Arabella had laid aside her sables for the death of her father, who had been a landed proprietor, and liked rustication; yet we will confess that, in spite of all the mess and march had taught us, we felt our countenance emulate the hue of our coat, and what an English companion in arms beautifully defined as a kind of all-overishness at the first ball, when Dr. M'Claren marshalled us forward. Thank heaven, it was not our grandmother, with—"Miss Sutherland, permit me to introduce to you Ensign Campbell, the son of a very old and valued friend."

We summoned back our assurance, and said something for the honour of the service, but we are not certain what it was, yet the clear, full tone is still in our recollection that answered, "A thousand thanks, Doctor, I am delighted to meet any friend of yours, and especially Ensign Campbell."

Arabella had seen our embarrassment, and she was a gentlewoman to the heart; but we were ourselves again, and having contrived to secure a seat beside her, soon became eloquent as usual on the exploits of "ours."

Dr. M'Claren, thou hast bowed to life's great physician: patients no longer tremble at thy prescriptions, nor anxious friends consult the oracle of thy countenance; yet we bless the marble that records thy virtues and talents, albeit its statements somewhat exceed the truth, for the memory of that evening, which still shines far and clear through the waste of days that are shaded into blackness, bright with the festal gas and more brilliant glances of the ball-room.

Oh! what stories we told, and what adventures we manufactured! Arabella certainly seemed interested, and, as our courage increased, we asked her to dance. The steps of that waltz are in our memory yet, in spite of those of time; but dance after dance succeeded, and still we kept possession. We were her cavalier at supper. There was certainly a decided preference. Arabella's esteem of the military character was almost as high as our own; and, after handing her to her carriage, and exchanging cards with a young advocate, who attempted to interfere, we went home, firmly believing ourselves admired and envied to the last degree, and resolved to find some excuse for making an incursion on the Sutherlands. Fortunately, our aunt, who never went to balls had a slight acquaintance of them, and we discovering, with a dutiful concern for her health, that there was nothing so good as morning calls, squired her forth next day in their direction, and, of course, became regularly acquainted. Mr. B., the advocate also discovered that duelling was contrary to his principles; but, day after day, and evening after evening, we met Arabella and our acquaintance grew into intimacy. We danced, walked, sang duets, and sketched in company: in fact, I paid her all kinds of delicate attentions; but she had many friends, all longer known: but no—they could not be more valued, and Arabella was not an ordinary young lady she always frowned or smiled decidedly—never said, "Oh, dear! what would mamma say?" and seemed to consider flirtation beneath her dignity; still we had a fair prospect of success, till another Richard entered the field.

Calling one morning, as usual, on Arabella, we found her engaged in conversation with a slender, well-dressed gentleman who looked as if he had been used to take care of himself, and whom she introduced as "Mr. Hamilton, the distinguished author of 'Caledonian Lays;'" at the same time directing our attention to a remarkably thin volume, bound in crimson silk, which he had just presented.

Small had been our estimation of lays except in a mess-room chorus; but we soon snuffed a rival. Arabella was bluish, and the author had weapons which we could not wield. His memory was a complete

edition of the British poets. He would discuss the magazines wholesale; was versed in the private history, as well as the contents, of the new publications, and declared himself acquainted with half the literati of the age.

Desperate were the exertions we made to maintain our position, and fearful, according to our aunt's computation (she had been brought up in Aberdeen), were the quantities of gas consumed in our nightly applications to Scott and Byron, for the purpose of outspouting Mr. Hamilton, and we did succeed to a miracle; but he beat us hollow in sentiment, for, unfortunately, we could coin nothing of the kind, while Hamilton could hold forth extemporary over a dead wild-cat. Yet, there was an advantage still in our military experience, and we can safely aver, that during the month of his stay, we directed more time to literature than in all the rest of our natural life.

We have said that Arabella was neither a flirt nor a coquette; but, in the midst of our unwearied efforts to keep pace with the new comer in her graces, we felt that the *penchant* once so manifest to and for ourselves, had changed slowly, but surely, to the author of "Caledonian Lays."

It was at a fashionable party, given in his honour—many were the admirers of his authorship—and the glory of our return had waned. He had seated himself on one side of Arabella: but, our stars for ever! we were on the other, descanting most critically on a new periodical, which, conscience be our witness, we had never seen—when there came a sound of voices, a shuffling of heavy feet, and then our host entered, half-dragging in a stranger, who seemed to require the application of physical force to make him enter that brilliant drawing-room: no wonder, for in the words of the poet, he "seemed something that should not be there."

The man was at least six feet high, with a broad bony frame, a coarse expressionless face and solid-looking head, crowned with a stock of hair, having an invincible tendency to the erect position, whose flaming redness strongly reminded us of the fiery furnace of Shadrack, Meshak, and Abednego.

His dress was worthy of the wearer, it consisted of a large blue coat, with brass buttons, the breadth of half-a crown, bundled over a red and blue plaid waistcoat, pants and boots rather the worse for dust, and this individual was introduced to the company by the appropriate name of Mr. Mc'Quilhen.

He was a wealthy sugar merchant of Glasgow, distantly related to our entertainer, and being on business in our city, had chosen to drop in just, we suspect, when his presence could have been spared; but the fellow was worth a plum, and such people are always welcome. Tea, cards, and quadrilles went on, but the sugar-merchant profited only by the first mentioned; he could not dance, and he would not play cards, being of the number of Scotland's many pious, yet his eyes followed Arabella from the piano to the dance, though to do him justice, he lent the lady his ears oftener than his tongue.

Many an exchange of seats was made, in order to approach her, till at length he actually joined our group; the powers of his conversation were bounded by Glasgow politics, the state of trade, which came in fine contrast to the poetical sentiment of Mr. Hamilton, and our dashing military style.

We know not how the rules of syntax had escaped the man who had gathered so many thousands, but so it was, and Hamilton afterwards discovered he had been meanly brought up. Yet Arabella conversed with him; "Oh what politeness was there, my countrymen," and next day it was the pleasing task of both gentlemen to draw her attention to Mr. Mc'Quilhen's various deficiencies. We were particularly brilliant on the occasion, and Arabella laughed and said, "He had more sense than one would imagine." But Mc'Quilhen stayed day after day, aye, and returned, we thought, as quick as the Glasgow mail could bring him, for the ruins of Linlithgow had not heard the sounds of a railway train; none could ever reveal to us how he managed to get into the house, but we met him there; Mrs. Sutherland seemed to take a special interest in him; and we heard he had been at tea. "Yet Arabella must despise the fellow." Such was our conclusion while returning one lonely starlight night, with the lady who had chosen to walk from the theatre, while Mr. Hamilton escorted her mother, and whom should we meet but the sugar-merchant himself, coming with most mercantile haste from some late office, just as a sound of screams and scuffling in our way attracted the attention of the party.

We neared the scene of action, and found it was an unfortunate woman almost frantic between anger and intoxication, who showered blows, threats, and curses upon two policemen as they endeavoured to carry her to the station; a crowd of the now liberated gods was gathering, and we, determined to let Arabella see the difference between a military gentleman and the mere civilian who accompanied her mother, commanded them, at their peril, to make way for the ladies. The fellows addressed turned on us no very reverend looks, but there was other game in view. Just at the moment, the woman darted from the po-

liceman, with both hands full of hair, and rushed down the street, but gin had made her feet uncertain, and stepping on the flags, she fell on her face, evidently not much to their dissatisfaction, as she was immediately recaptured.

The unfortunate creature screamed and struggled still, though the blood poured from a long lacerated wound on her brow, and the crowd drew closer round, but Mc Quilhen was in the midst of them. "Let her go," said he, pushing the policeman, while he slipped something into each man's hand.

"Are you at me too," screamed the now maddened woman, flinging the hair which she still held in his face, with an epithet whose elegance does not merit repetition.

"Glasgow, to the rescue," said we, expecting a scene, but Arabella did not smile.

"You have got a severe cut my poor woman," said Mc'Quilhen, attempting to secure her, "here is an apothecary's shop, come with me and get it dressed."

The sight of her own blood, which she had not till then observed, seemed to frighten the woman into silence. Years of degradation had left their marks on her.

"Such are the consequences of vice," remarked the author of "Caledonian Lays." We said something about acting the good Samaritan, whilst he who was to us but a mere vulgar man of business, gently raised the bleeding woman from the ground and supported her into the shop of a neighbouring apothecary.

Arabella looked long after him, but she did not speak, and next morning, while dressing to visit her, the postman brought us a summons to rejoin our regiment.

We could not think of leaving the field to Mr. Hamilton, all conquering though he seemed, without one charge for victory, but go we must, and therefore, after due consideration of our personal merit, and sundry encouraging advices from our aunt and grandmother, who by the way had been approving spectators of the pursuit, for Arabella had a fortune, we resolved to go immediately and pop the question, thereby giving her a chance of becoming Mrs. Ensign Campbell.

Out we sallied with all our hopes, not the prudent wary expectations that gild our after years with the colours caught from gold; but Arabella was the first of our loves, and their name has since been legion.

The hour was early for visitors, but we found Mc'Quilhen in the drawing-room, well he did look beside Arabella, descanting on the value of "clayed Muscovado," but scarce were our greetings over, when a frightened-looking biped whom he called his "young man," bolted into the room with a letter, which he handed to his master, and vanished without a word. The sugar-merchant glanced at the post-mark, and then tore it open, but something was wrong, for his face began to gather blackness. "No bad news, sir, I hope," said Arabella."

"Why, here its all," said he, handing her the letter, "just take a look at that." Arabella's eye ran quickly over the lines, and we talked on with Mrs. Sutherland, though going mad with curiosity, but it was with that glance of warm but gentle approbation, cast at times upon her friends, that she said in returning it:

"Sir, fortune is always uncertain, and often adverse, but she can neither make nor mar an honourable man."

"There's my opinions," rejoined Mc Quilhen, with triumph in his large face which we could never win.

Glory to English grammar, thought we, he is done for at any rate; that letter has brought some smash, and the mushroom has not now even his fortune to recommend him.

The sugar merchant took his leave, and Mrs. Sutherland thought proper to accompany him, for the purpose of inquiry or condolence. This was the moment for us, but ask not the history of the half hour which followed; suffice it to say, that before its sands were run, the die was cast, the "question had been popped," and answered in the negative. Arabella was, as usual in such cases, grateful for the honour we intended her, and would even esteem us a friend, but regretted that she could not accept our proposal, and we went home fully resolved to make ready our pistols and shoot Mr. Hamilton.

But whether that literary Jacot had stolen our blessing or not, he could not be found in Edinburgh, having left town early that morning, and as our summons was peremptory, we could not await his return.

A month had passed away, and we were safely quartered at Kilmarnock. Many letters had passed between us and our aunt, on whom we had laid a parting obligation to watch the motions of the enemy. Nothing could she tell of the author of Arabella, and constantly asserted it was all a fuss, but we knew better.

"Here's the paper, sir," said Captain Clarendon's English servant, "and master says there is something in it as would hentertain you."

Thoughts of sabre and pistol rose in our mind as we turned up the matrimonial column; had Hamilton put on the copestone of his iniquity? but no, world of wonders, Arabella was married! and the name she had selected was Mrs. Mc'Quilhen.

We did not believe it, no we didn't for days; there must have been some error in the types, but our aunt's next letter left us no room for doubt, and added, "It will be

a consolation to you, my dear nephew, to know that she has taken a half-ruined man. I have it from the best authority, he is deeply involved by the failure of Mac-Cann and Co.; be thankful to Providence that you have escaped such an imprudent girl."

Years have gone over, and we have never seen the sugar-merchant or his bride; but many of our friends and acquaintances have been treated to a personal description of the former; we have spent the most of our solitary evenings in making all sorts of portraits of him; which some indiscriminating people have called caricatures, and even insisted that he was a very respectable red-haired gentleman; yea, and many a sleepless night have we consumed in vain endeavours to surmise what charms Arabella could find in him, when we were in the question; a brother officer to whom we related the story, in the confidence of claret and half-past one, once assured us it was "the moral society, or whiteness of the soul" (the fellow was very sentimental, and rather plain himself), but we are now certain, in common with all gentlemen similarly situated, that it arose from a want of judgment peculiar to the sex.

The wretch has become a provost too, for he is one of the world's well-doing and prosperous people, and we have voted Glasgow low in all companies, and mercantile men abominable, without exception, in which opinion we are always joined most cordially by the author of "Caledonian Lays."

Stranorlar, 1847.

THE BELLS OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY FANNY B. LACY.

Merry bells! mournful bells!
For ye are both by turns;
As on the ear thy music swells,
And the heart its lesson learns;
The dirge ye are of days gone by,
And the song of days in store;
The old year's last fond smile and sigh,
And the new year's dawn of more:
For life is all one April day,
Of rainbow beams and showers;
While sunshine lends its brightest ray
To wake but withering flowers.
Yet peace to thee, old year; farewell;
Faults had'st thou not a few;
But friends forget them in thy knell,
As friends should ever do;
Of flowers that bloom and so depart,
With the transient summer sun;
Of the loving, trusting, breaking heart,
And the selfish, faithless one;
Of joy, and grief, and fruitless strife,
Of hope and "hope deferr'd,"
And all the littleness of life,
By human passions stirr'd.
Of these, old year, thou much hast seen,
All, all to die with thee;
And the leaves of life will again be green,
And the bells ring as merrily.
So, old year, lay thee weary down,
Thy last is almost breathed;
And the new year wakes in a garland crown,
That many a hand hath wreathed.
What bright resolves! what hopes new born!
Rejoicing, we behold;
To be perchance of their poomise thorn,
When thou, new year, art old:
Yet still be mine the cheerful strain,
That welcomes new-born times;
May we all oft "see the like again,"
Oft list these merry chimes:
May friendship greet and hearts be gay
With mirth and generous cheer;
And the blessed, glorious Christmas Day,
Make happy the New Year.

The Christmas Books and New Year Gifts.

1. *The Battle of Life.* A Love Story. By Charles Dickens.
2. *The Fireside.* A Domestic Tale. By Percy B. St. John.
3. *Partners for Life.* By Camilla Toulmin.
4. *Christmas in the Olden Times.* By John Mills.
5. *The Musical Almanack.*
6. *Christmas Carols.*

The above are all the Christmas volumes which, having been forwarded to us in time, we are able this month to give attention to. Never before did so vast a shoal of annuals pour from the press, all elegantly got up, almost all similar in appearance, but, oh! how dissimilar in matter!

The "Battle of Life" we approached with prejudged feelings. We had read some half-dozen criticisms, all more or less unfavourable, and we, therefore, felt it rather a duty than a pleasure to peruse it. We are of those who can appreciate a book of this kind better if we read it out, than if we skim over it with the eyes; and on the 26th of the present cold and dreary month, late in the evening, we commenced its perusal. The result may be at once explained. On we read through part the first, and through the second, without pause or breathing time; and so entranced were we, that neither we nor our companions noticed that we were seated by a cold hearth—that our fire had burnt out without our feeling the chill. But cold nor late could make us leave off: and the book was finished. And why were we thus delighted? Because, whatever some hard and unscrutinising critics may say, it is an exquisite—it is a most delightful book; full of rich fancy, and actuated by a bright

and sunny spirit. There is not one character in its pages but what we admire and sympathise with. Grace and Marion are two bright creations. A certain wiseacre has observed, that ten words of common-sense would have saved all the story; did this caviller ever know, or pretend to know, the wayward wilfulness of woman's love? and, that with delicate and gentle minds, there are things to be felt, and not told. Marion loved Alfred; but her gentle sister Grace, almost unknown to herself, loved him also, and Marion, the affianced, flies from her father's home, with every appearance of guilt, in order to give up to her sister the heart she (Marion) would have died to win from another. What more noble, more sublime self-sacrifice than this? Ten words of common-sense would have proved ten words of nonsense. Marion was affianced to and loved by Alfred Heathfeld; and there was no hope for sister Grace but in Marion being thought hopelessly lost.

Again: It has been urged, why make a six-year mystery of Marion's real place of shelter? Why? Because Marion knew that she loved her sister's husband, and that her sister's husband had loved her. There is exquisite nature, then, in Marion's remaining absent, until time had mellowed down all these feelings. What more fatal to all parties than for Alfred and Marion to have met with any lingering relic of former passion? But it is idle to meet the objections of partial critics, who, with wonderful unanimity, agree in condemning Charles Dickens since his connection with the *Daily News*. The public will not be misled, and will still continue to read and admire the greatest genius of the age in fictitious composition—one whose powerful and noble advocacy of the pure tenets of morality will serve to counteract the gross immoralities and vice of Eugène Sue and Bulwer—and, since "Lucretia," Bulwer bears away the palm in immorality.

Clemency Newcombe, Little Britain, Snitchey, and Craggs, are all perfect Bozzian characters, and in a word, the "Battle of Life" is quite equal to the immortal "Carol." Its last scene is a gem of the first water, and we quote it, premising, that nobody will better spend a pound than in procuring all four of the Christmas books of Charles Dickens:—

"'When this was my dear home, Grace, as it will be now, again, I loved him from my soul. I loved him devotedly. I would have died for him, though I was so young. I never slighted his affection in my secret breast, for one brief instant. It was far beyond all price to me. Although it is so long ago, and past and gone, and every thing is wholly changed, I could not bear to think that you, who love so well, should think I did not truly love him once. I never loved him better, Grace, than when he left this very scene, upon this very day. I never loved him better, dear one, than I did that night when I left here.' Her sister, bending over her, could only look into her face, and hold her fast. 'But he had gained, unconsciously,' said Marion, with a gentle smile, 'another heart, before I knew that I had one to give him. That heart—yours, my sister—was so yielded up, in all its other tenderness, to me; was so devoted, and so noble; that it plucked its love away, and kept its secret from all eyes but mine—Ah! what other eyes were quickened by such tenderness and gratitude!—and was content to sacrifice itself to me. But I knew something of its depths. I knew the struggle it had made, I knew its high, inestimable worth to him, and I his appreciation of it, let him love me as he would. I knew the debt I owed it. I had its great example every day before me. What you had done for me, I knew that I could do, Grace, if I would, for you. I never laid my head down on my pillow, but I prayed with tears to do it. I never laid my head down on my pillow, but I thought of Alfred's own words, on the day of his departure, and how truly he had said (for I knew that, by you) that there were victories gained every day in struggling hearts, to which these fields of battle were as nothing. Thinking more and more upon the great endurance cheerfully sustained, and never known or cared for, that there must be every day and hour, in that great strife of which he spoke, my trial seemed to grow more light and easy: and He who knows our hearts, my dearest, at this moment, and who knows there is no drop of bitterness or grief—of anything but unmixed happiness—in mind, enabled me to make the resolution that I would never be Alfred's wife. That he should be my brother, and your husband, if the course I took could bring that happy end to pass; but that I never would (Grace I then loved him dearly, dearly!) be his wife!' 'Oh, Marion! oh, Marion!' 'I had tried to seem indifferent to him;' and she pressed her sister's face against her own: 'but that was hard, and you were always his true advocate. I had tried to tell you of my resolution, but you would never hear me; you would never understand me. The time was drawing near for his return. I felt that I must act, before the daily intercourse between us was renewed. I knew that one great pang, undergone at that time, would save a lengthened agony to all of us. I knew that if I went away then that end must follow which *has* followed and which has made us both so happy Grace! I wrote to good Aunt Martha, for a refuge in her house: I did not then tel

her all, but something of my story, and she freely promised it. While I was contesting that step with myself, and with my love of you, and home, Mr. Warden, brought here by an accident, became for some time our companion.' 'I have sometimes feared of late years, that this might have been,' exclaimed her sister, and her countenance was ashy-pale. 'You never loved him—and you married him in your self sacrifice to me!' 'He was then,' said Marion, drawing her sister closer to her, 'on the eve of going secretly away for a long time. He wrote to me, after leaving here; told me what his condition and prospects really were; and offered me his hand. He told me he had seen I was not happy in the prospect of Alfred's return. I believe he thought my heart had no part in that contract; perhaps thought I might have loved him once, and did not then; perhaps thought that when I tried to seem indifferent, I tried to hide indifference I cannot tell. But I wished that you should feel me wholly lost to Alfred—hopeless to him—dead. Do you understand me, love?' Her sister looked into her face attentively. She seemed in doubt. 'I saw Mr. Warden, and confided in his honour; charging him with my secret, on the eve of his and my departure. He kept it. Do you understand me, dear?' Grace looked confusedly upon her. She scarcely seemed to hear. 'My love, my sister!' said Marion, 'recal your thoughts a moment: listen to me. Do not look so strangely on me. There are countries, dearest, where those who would abjure a misplaced passion, or would strive against some cherished feeling of their hearts, and conquer it, retire into a hopeless solitude, and close the world against themselves and worldly loves, and hopes for ever. When women do so, they assume that name which is so dear to you and me, and call each other Sisters. But there may be sisters, Grace, who in the broad world out of doors, and underneath its free sky, and in its crowded places, and among its busy life, and trying to assist and cheer it, and to do some good—learn the same lesson; and, with hearts still fresh and young, and open to all happiness and means of happiness, can say the battle is long past, and the victory won. And such a one am I! You understand me now?' Still she looked fixedly upon her, and made no reply. 'Oh Grace, dear Grace,' said Marion, clinging yet more tenderly and fondly to that breast from which she had been so long self-exiled, 'if you were not a happy wife and mother—if I had no little namesake here—if Alfred, my kind brother, were not your own fond husband—from whence could I derive the ecstasy I feel to-night! But as I left here so I have returned. My heart has known no other love, my hand has been bestowed apart fron it, I am still your maiden sister, unmarried, unbetrothed: your own old loving Marion, in whose affection you exist alone, and have no partner, Grace!' She understood her now. Her face relaxed; sobs came to her relief; and falling on her neck, she wept and wept, and fondled her as if she were a child again."

The "Fireside," by ourselves, we have, of course, no opinion upon. We have only to thank the artist, J. Wykeham Archer, for the exquisite illustrations with which he has accompanied the tale, and then quote a notice from our good-natured contemporary, the *Sunday Times*:—

The Fireside. A Domestic Tale. By Percy B. St. John.—Lewis.

This is a charming Christmas book, full of beautiful passages and many exquisite touches. The scene is not laid in England, but, in accordance with the true bent of the author's mind, he carries us in imagination over the sea, and sets us down close by the snug fireside of the far West. What matters this, however? Every nation's "home" possesses its associations, its remembrances, its links with the past and the present. Beside every hearth, whether in our seabelted isle or in the great transatlantic continent, a good and an evil genius presides, and to delineate their various struggles to obtain the mastery in the domestic circle must necessarily be the care of some author or another. We look with interest on the internal workings of the human heart, when faithfully pourtrayed, in any country whatsoever, and therefore fell disposed to accord to Mr. Percy St. John's New York Fireside no inconsiderable share of our attention. The story is very simple. A wealthy highly-gifted young man is introduced to our notice, as Doctor Somers—of course single—of course, also, the admiration of the ladies, and the envy of the less-endowed portion of the New York beaux. He lives alone with his mother, and is depicted as fulfilling with great tenderness the duties of a son. For a time he is satisfied with this course of life. The heaven of his existence seems to be extending itself around clear and unclouded, though monotonous and unvaried. At length a star bursts forth and seems to shed renewed light, while it kindles the fire of ambition in the young man's heart. Eugenia Lawrence is lovely, bewitching, good, and amiable, with a few of woman's failings dashed in by the way, to make the whole more piquante. They meet, and mutual love is the consequence, and after a time marriage, which promises fair to turn out happily for both. But—Oh! that there

should ever be a but to knock us down on the very threshold of happiness—but, we say, Eugenia has a mother—an artful, scheming, extravagant mother—who begins at once to lead the young bride into every sort of expense and deception. The interest at this point of the story becomes great—the brief lull in the course of events, the intrigues of the mother, the explosion, at length, are well described, and the catastrophe it brings about is ably imagined. We will not spoil our readers' zest for the tale by enumerating any more of the incidents, but we will observe that the chief charm of the work lies in the many beautiful passages scattered throughout, and which will invite the reader to pause and dwell long and kindly on the page.

Where there is much to praise, it would seem to some hypercritical to find fault, but we contend that the opinion is a wrong one, and affirm that when we are able to speak in terms of laudation of a book, the author can better bear to have certain faults pointed out. In "The Fireside" there is one character to which we decidedly object. We allude to Colonel Devereux. He is an excrescence which we could well have dispensed with, the more especially as his introduction is in no way necessary to the proper working out of the story. An author always possesses his materials in his hands free to mould them as he pleases, and the end which Mr. Percy St. John had to answer would have been attained equally well had the colonel been omitted. Or even had he been suffered to remain, the concluding paragraph, alluding to his mysterious seclusion and death, should have been left out. But this is what some, perhaps, would not object to; we shall therefore not pause to dwell further on this point, but proceed to extract the following little passage, which is full of genuine feeling:—

"Alfred stood by the bed-side of the dying Christian, of the crueller worldling; he saw—what all his calling are bound in their stern duty to see—the only beloved child fade from the grasp of agonised parents—left, Crusoe-like, upon the bank of time, gazing for the friendly vessel which is to waft them to that continent whither has fled the cherished object of their love; he saw the father and mother die, surrounded by little weeping things. All this and more—the hourly picture which this world presents to the physician—met his eye; but he came home, dashing from him the memory of his duty, and was by his fireside ever the same quiet thoughtful being which he has been already represented."

The few lines which we now extract will secure our readers' admiration:—

"A smile is as the dew; whence it riseth and how it cometh must be known ere its value can be appreciated. As the dew of the bituminous swamps of the Amazons pregnant with rank vegetation, is infectious and destructive to life, so is the smile of the seared heart and guilty soul poison to all around; but as the dew rising from healthy soil is surcharged with qualities favourable to life, so is the smile of the pure and good delightful to the observer."

The moral intended to be conveyed is good, and the scene where the story is laid permits one or two little incidents and sketches which would appear improbable in a story of the same domestic kind in England. As it is, they do not appear out of the way at all, and we read the whole narrative with much delight. We feel sure our readers will like the following extract:

"The room was tastefully and elaborately decorated; rich carpets covered the floor, while a piano, harp, and other instruments, with books grave and gay, and every peculiar species of female kill-time, amongst which that most silly of all, fancy work—which can be bought much better, and do good by buying—was conspicuous, with its frames and wool, showed that the presiding genius of the place made it no hermitage.

"Eugenia, who knew her mother-in-law's own tastes, felt all this kindness and attention most keenly; in nothing, too, more clearly shown, than in the comfortable apartment assigned the English lady's maid; and as she sat, almost bewildered in the silent contemplation of her new position and new duties, could not refrain from giving her a silent and heartfelt blessing.

"She was in a meditative mood; thinking with fresh, *naive*, and innocent heart, of how to deserve her husband's and his mother's affection; she was wreathing mental garlands, rich with odours, sweets, and honey and bloom, for the fireside—garlands which seemed to rise and encircle, not only the sacred domestic hearth, but to entwine all nature in their pleasant chains, and to bind hearts, and souls, and hands in flowery bondage; when the real world burst upon her, and the fetters that bound her were for the moment broken.

"Mrs. Lawrence was announced.

"'Well, my dear Euge,' said that heartless, egotistical mother, 'how well you look. But really that costume does not become you. That morning dress, though new, has grown out of fashion already.'

"'Why, mother dear, it is but a month since it was the rage.'

"'A month, my dear, why that is an age!' exclaimed Mrs. Lawrence, sinking into a cosy comfortable rocking-chair.

"'Have you breakfasted?' said Eugenia with a smile; for it had been an age of happiness to her.

"'Yes, my dear, but really these English servants are abominable.'

"'I think Jenny a good creature enough.'

"'But so vulgar and with no sense. I dined off roast chicken yesterday, and she had the impudence to put one on my table this morning. It certainly was untouched; but I have told the girl fifty times I will never see anything twice. Is it not provoking?'

"'Very,' replied Eugenia, but in a tone which belied her words, for in one week she had learned, not only to lose all sympathy with such thoughts; but her right feeling, unchained, had shown her their folly, littleness, and, in her former position, their crime.

"'I have come this morning, my dear, continued her mother, 'to take you a regular round of shopping—so order the carriage.'

"Eugenia obeyed with some reluctance. a link of the fireside garland yet entwined her heart.

"'And now, my dear,' still continued Mrs. Lawrence—'for we must speak of these vulgar things—the tradespeople are all getting rather impatient, and I must pay them something.'

"'What is the sum, mother?'

"'Why, it is rather heavy, dear, but I have no doubt Dr. Somers will let you have the amount, when he knows it was to keep up your position in society, and to prepare you fittingly to appear as a bride.'

"'How much is it, then, mother?' said Eugenia, quietly.

"'Eight hundred dollars—it is really!—and then I shall have some small things to pay.'

"'I will write you a cheque, mother, for eight hundred and fifty.'

"'A what?' exclaimed. Mrs. Lawrence, quite thunder-struck.

"'A cheque, mother.'

"'Why, Euge,' continued her amazed parent, a flush of pleasure and astonishment diffusing itself over her usually pale countenance, 'You do not mean to say he allows you to write cheques?'

"'This is the first I draw,' replied Eugenia, sitting down to an elegant desk; 'but my account is already five thousand dollars.'

"'Your whole fortune? Surely the man is mad! Why in all the years we were married, poor dear Lawrence never allowed such a thing.'

"'If he had he would never have had left even a remnant for his child.'

"'But Alfred, mother, is generosity itself. His is a noble soul. He has married me, mother, to put faith in, and trust me. What is his is mine, and mine his.'"

Here we must take our leave of this beautiful little book, which is admirably adapted at the present season as a little gift to the young, and as a means of passing away a delightful hour at a corner of a New York Fireside.

"Partners for Life," by Camilla Toulmin, is an admirable production. A contemporary has described our authoress as the greatest female genius of the age. With the addition of 'one of,' we cordially coincide in this opinion, and are quite sure the readers of this volume will warmly second the motion. The tale—which is exquisitely bound and neatly illustrated—is built upon a most simple superstructure. It is the marriage of an eldest son, to one of inferior degree, on which the story is founded; this marriage causes an estrangement and separation between father and son. How this state of things is corrected, it boots not to tell. We can only say, that for simple force, exquisite touches of nature, grace and elegance of language, added to interest in the story, "Partners for Life" is surpassed by no Christmas tale. We are sorry we have no space for more than one extract. We extract from a conversation between Merrythorpe and Mr. Hamilton:—

"And you really are content," exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, in a voice to which wonder gave the tone, "with two or three hundred a year; for I am sure you cannot have saved enough to bring you in more, and this when in a few years you might realise affluence."

"Content. And if ever a cheating dream of the delights of wealth come over my soul, I think of the days when as a half-clad errand boy, a few pence were to me a lordly possession, when I taught myself to write, as the first necessary step of an industrious career, and picked up my knowledge of books at the street stalls, lingering over many a quaint old volume, where quaint and perhaps hackneyed thoughts came new and fresh to my eager inexperienced heart. And then on the Sabbath, or some rare holiday hours, I would wander away to the fields and hedge rows, and basking in a soft sunshine, or stretched upon the turf, and sheltered from the summer heat, by a spreading tree, I watched how the light clouds floated majestically across the sky, or melted away into the blue æther, and thought while I listened to the music of nature—the hum of insects, the trill of birds, the roll of the leaves as they were swept together by the breeze—that all should be interpreted as a language of joy, and that youth ought to be a season of gladness, and old age a time of serenity. Oh! Mr. Hamilton, the boy's instinct was right, and the knowledge was true which came to him through suffering. Fortune robbed me of humanity's inheri-

tance—a careless childhood, but I have lived over another in the gladness and radiance of Lucy's youth. My friend, my benefactor, it is for you to make real the rest, to crown with fulfilment the hope of a life. My old eyes ache as they rest on the pages of the ledger, my very senses yearn for repose."

"Christmas in the Olden Time," by John Mills, we have already noticed. We will only add that its success has been equal to its merits.

"The Illustrated Musical Almanac," a visiting table book and drawing-room annual, for 1847, edited and the songs written by F. W. N. Bailey, is without exception the cheapest and most showy and lavishly illustrated production we have seen for some time. The music is by Balfe, Wallace, Alexander Lee, Crouch, and Hatton, while the illustrations are by Phiz, Meadows, Doyle, Weigall, Hine, Hammertin, Warren, Crowquill, &c., and all this for half-a-crown. The music is worth four times the money.

"Christmas, and Christmas Carols," with numerious elegant woodcuts, contains an admirable collection of carols. The whole, neatly got up, for one shilling, being the cheapest Christmas present of the year, and one most appropriate. There are, "To us a child is born," "Adeste fides," and many others in its pages.

The Eagle's Nest; or, The Lone Star of the West.

By the Editor.

Chapter XVII.*

THE TOWACHANIE LAKE.

"There was a frosty rime upon the trees, which, in the faint light of the clouded moon, hung upon the smaller branches like dead garlands. Withered leaves crackled and snapped."—*Battle of Life.*

The Leaping Panther and his six companions were unable to perform the whole extent of the journey they had expected to complete during the day, by reason of the inferior character of their horses and the many tangled thickets and muddy streams which intervened, retarding their progress; and it was dark night even when they reached the proposed camping ground, which was made the goal of their wishes for that day, instead of the picturesque and romantic village of the Comanche Indians, pitched at the foot of Spanish Peak, and tenanted by thousands of the brave Arabs of the American desert. As is often the case in the northern provinces of Texas, a warm day was succeeded by a chill night, that made the whole party desirous of a warm shelter, which was the more difficult to find as they were compelled to resort to a grove, at no great distance from a position generally occupied by a party of Towachanie Indians, who, though friendly enough to the Comanches generally, were by no means unlikely to avail themselves of the smallness of a party, in order to cut it off, and take the scalps of its members.

About an hour after sunset, however, the Leaping Panther, who rode at the head of the party, drew rein and halted by the edge of a pine grove, that offered both fuel and shelter. Dismounting and hoppling the wearied horses where they could take proper nutriment after their fatiguing and harassing journey, he led his companions some twenty yards through the thicket, until they stood upon the borders of a tiny lake, whose dreamy waters trembled beneath the moon's pale light, and whose tiny waves made hollow murmur on the shores. It was one of those exquisite bits of American scenery, where wood and water, grove and lake, seem to vie with each other in picturesque and scenic effect—a spot, where silence, and peace, and quietness appeared to brood over all.

"Camp here," said Chinchea, addressing himself to the white man, the loquacious Benjamin Smith, introduced so unceremoniously to our readers.

"First-chop," replied Ben, with a huge grin, "it ave got jist all four wents; wood, water, sky, and arth. Lug out somethin' a feller can jist dig his teeth into, and I'll swar it immense."

"Look," continued the Indian, pointing with his outstretched arm to the other side of the diminutive lake, where a black mass of rock rose perpendicularly; "good camp. No eyes see fire."

This was true.

The trees formed a crescent round a little bay, completely shutting out all observation of the camp, except exactly on the opposite side, and there, by the light of the pallid moon, could be discovered a perpendicular rock, rising from the water. The Indian knew it well, and had selected the position because least likely to attract the wandering Towachanie on so cold a night.

Every necessary disposition was rapidly made, much to the satisfaction of Ben Smith, who appeared once more in his element, for camping out was as nature to him as sleeping in a down bed to the luxurious dweller in towns, who know no the pleasure and delight which are expe

* Continued from page 347 of Vol. I, New Series.

rienced by the woodland fire, with no roof save the heavens, no walls save the surrounding trees, no bed save mother earth, and the green sward above her.

The fire was lit, the supper was being prepared by the hands of the lovely Rose of Day, and all proceeded eminently to the satisfaction of the whole party.

"This are pleasanter than outlying with the Bloody Blackhawk," remarked the huge specimen of animated nature who answered to the name of Smith; "he's a varmint I don't half like."

"Then why did the white man join him?" said Chinchea, drily.

"Don't rile me," replied Ben, warmly, "for I can't jist say. I'm a real fevert boy, I am, and no mistake; and, somehow or another, I fell in with thim fellows—but I have found 'em out in time."

"Hugh!" said the Indian, laying his finger on his lips.

All was still as death in an instant. Ben listened with all his ears, but could catch no sound.

"What is it?" he whispered in cautious tones.

The Indian made no reply, but pointed to the lake with his raised finger.

Ben and Chinchea were seated some yards in front of the fire, and near the water's edge, and could see, despite the glare of light which rose from their fire.

"I can see nothing," observed Ben, still, however, in a low whisper, for he knew that the Comanche's caution was the result of experience, and that it behoved him, as a backwoodsman, to take the necessity of the motion for granted.

"Did my brother ever see two moons?" asked Chinchea, after another brief and silent pause.

"Never," replied Ben, half indignantly; "nor no other man."

"But he will see two lights streaming on the lake," continued the Comanche, without noticing the indignation of the Yankee at the lunar supposition.

Ben now clearly perceived the reason of the Indian's caution. The halo cast by some blazing fire spread its influence on the lake, and seemed to cross the rays of the moon, which poured its light towards the party, being high in the heavens, over the rock before mentioned.

"It moves," said Ben, after some minutes of careful observation. "It's thim Towachanies fire-fishing."

"Good," observed the Indian, approvingly. "My white brother is quite right."

"Thin, we may expect rale warm work," said Ben, nodding; as much as to say, "I'm obliged for your good opinion."

"Ugh!" replied the Comanche, sententiously.

The whole party, aware of the probable proximity of an inimical force, now moved silently away from the fire, and concealed themselves within a few yards of its glare, where they could see all without being seen themselves.

Chinchea, accompanied by Ben Smith, skirted the edge of the little bay, and, gaining one of its points, discovered the exact position of the cause of alarm, at the same time that they became aware of its precise character.

"Rale jam," whispered Ben, but whether he meant thereby to apostrophise his own acuteness, or to praise the scenic effect of their cause of alarm, will probably be never known.

"Towachanies!" said Chinchea, after a moment of quiet examination.

About two or three hundred yards distant on the pellucid waters of the lake, were congregated some dozen or more of bark canoes, filled with Indians engaged in the exciting and engrossing occupation of fishing. In each boat were two women, one seated at each oar, directing with their paddles the motions of the canoe, while two or three men stood up, with long spears in their hands, ready to strike their scaly foes; which, attracted by burning torches, pine lines saturated with native pitch, rushed in hundreds to the arms of death. The waving torches making linked light upon the water, and casting their fitful glare into the deep and tranquil bosom of the lake, the naked Indian, with excited mien and brandished spears, the almost motionless canoes, and, above all, the utter silence of the actors, made the picture a striking one indeed, and one which even Ben and the Comanche gazed on with no little curiosity.

"What is to be done, Ingine?" said Ben, after a few moments of hesitation.

"Hist," replied Chinchea, quickly, "they come this way."

At the same moment, the tiny fleet, by one impulse, was impelled forward to within less than half their former distance.

A low and angry growl—that of the panther—again made Ben start, but a moment's reflection made him aware where it proceeded.

One by one, cautiously and stealthy, the whole party collected round Chinchea.

"Must we fight?" said Ben, calmly, at the same time cocking his long Tennessee rifle.

"Hugh!" replied Chinchea.

"Jist pass the word then."

"Hist!" again said Chinchea, with a low laugh; "Chinchea has lost his eyes—he cannot see."

And he said a few words to his companions.

A combined yell, fearful and horrible

beyond all hope of description, except it were compared to the dying howl of a hundred wolves, rent the air.

"Heaven and 'arth;" cried the astounded Ben, "is hell broke loose?"

It was the awful Comanche war whoop.

The effect was magic.

The lights disappeared, every Indian vanished, and the whole that remained were the canoes, sleeping like logs of wood upon the still waters.

Again did the party on shore raise their voices, but in song, and the cadence they sang was the war-cry of the Leaping Panther.

Up rose the Indians all; cheerily burnt the lights; on came the canoes, for the combined party of Comanche and Towachanie fishers had recognised the presence of the favourite warrior of the former tribe.

Reviews.

The Emigrant. By Sir F. B. Head. London. John Murray.

We do not remember to have risen from the perusal of any new work more disappointed and more thoroughly wearied than from "The Emigrant," most aptly termed by its author a "strange mixture of grave matter with gay;" for without exception it is the most confused mass of dull and uninteresting detail that we remember to have read. Truly it is interspersed with some indelicate egotistical narrations, with a vast deal of unnecessary matter about the British Lion, &c. Sir Francis Head we have looked upon as being in some sense of the word a clever man, possessing some tact in writing his travels and detailing to the world his adventures; these thoughts are entirely dispelled when looking at the present volume. Some men who have travelled immediately nourish the idea that their proceedings must ultimately afford intense pleasure, and circulate additional information. They believe there is something new about their wanderings, the which novelty will ensure them unequivocal success; the matter compressed in the four hundred and forty two pages through which we have been compelled to wade, may very possibly amuse a fireside party in the new world, if dealt out in a species of humourising anecdotes for a few moments—on paper it is wretchedly dry. Nothing with the exception of the unbounded enthusiaism that welcomed the author in his travels, bears the charm of novelty, or is likely to convey any intelligence or disseminate the seeds of information. Stay, we err, there is information in this extract!

"I have often been amused at observing how imperfectly the theory of ice is, practically speaking, understood in England. People talk of its being as hot as fire, and as cold as ice, just as if the temperature of each were a fixed quantity, whereas there are as many temperatures of fire, and as many temperatures of ice, as there are climates on the face of the globe."

If any of our readers contemplate turning philosophers and investigating the properties of heat and cold, and should be so ignorant as not to be conversant with the truth of there being different temperatures of heat and alike different degrees of cold, the above extract may probably increase their somewhat scanty stock of information, and add not a little to their enlightenment.

Sixteen chapters form the component parts of this volume, they are sketches upon curious subjects, i.e. The Flare-up! The Emigrant's luck!! The British Flag!!! Political Poison, &c. certainly not the most interesting subjects to any who have been intending to emigrate to the new world.

The first chapter is headed "The new sky," that is to say the author starts with the assumption, that in America the heavens appear infinitely higher, the sky is bluer, the clouds are whiter, the air is fresher, the cold is more intense, the moon looks larger, the stars are brighter, the thunder is louder, the lightning is vivider, the wind is stronger, the rain is heavier, the mountains are higher, the rivers larger, the forests bigger, the plains broader, in fact a second natural produce is as it were brought into notice: then follows, after two or three chapters, one wherein we cannot speak much for the refined language of the author, entitled "The Flare-up," and what reader, should you imagine the gist of this chapter to be? a faithful relation of the adventures of a few dissipated tricks of the sons of Alma Mater? or the nocturna perambulations of some scions of aristocratic sires? Neither we assure you is it contents, but the firing of a house! Sir Francis Head during his residence in Canada was, as our readers are probably aware, the representative of the British sovereign. Perhaps during his stay many difficulties were to be encountered, and many obstacles to be surmounted. A troop sprung suddenly up to oppose the governor's power; he called them "Nameless demagogues," we prefer terming them rebels which they were, and who in us excite no compassion or sympathy, the leader of whom was one Mackenzie. It appears that Sir F. Head was intimately aware of the whole of the proceedings of the insurgents; troops were brought into requisition, garrisons strengthened, proclamations issued, law officers instructed, and an attack commenced upon the

rebel quarters who were defeated. The author then speaks.

"It was however necessary that we should march and record by some act of stern vengeance, the important victory that had been achieved; and I therefore determined that in the presence of the assembled multitude, I would burn to the ground Montgomery's Tavern * * * * As we sat on our horses the heat was intense; and while the conflagration was the subject of joy and triumph to the gallant spirits that immediately surrounded it, it was a lurid telegraph which intimated to many an anxiously aching heart at Toronto, the joyful intelligence that the yeomen and farmers of Upper Canada had triumphed over their perfidious enemy, "responsible government."

Reader! hast thou ever seen a mother stricken of her first-born on whom she doated and whom she prized? nature has worked its course! Hast thou ever read of a wife travelling fondly with her husband across some lonely, unfrequented path, where for months human footsteps have feared to tread. Suddenly from amongst the thick foliage has sprung the midnight assassin, and with simultaneous blows, given to death a victim and stolen a wife, while the gnawing vulture gloating over the mangled remains of what once was the Almighty's likeness, pleads supremacy, and pecks the corpse. And hast thou ever read of victors, conquerors, torching the houses of the vanquished and furiously waving over the heads of the people, the destructive fire-brand, crying, "Down with them, down with them, even to the ground." The author of this work may be one of "those souls of fire, and children of the sun who deem revenge is virtue," but he may rest assured that to cultivate the taste of the English people, he must not make sacrifices and utter revengeful orations over his victims. The burning even of a rebel's house must not be termed a "Flare-up," nor a triumph printed in letters of gold where the error of the culprit was the fault of the judge. Perhaps it may be as well *en passant*, to notice the egotistical style of the following passage; it may contribute to the amusement of the reader:

"As soon as I landed I was accosted by some of the principal chiefs; but from that native good breeding which in every situation in which they can be placed invariably distinguishes the Indian tribes, I was neither hustled nor hunted by a crowd; on the contrary, during the three days I remained on the island, and after I was personally known to every individual upon it, I was enabled without difficulty or inconvenience, or without a single person following or even stopping to stare at me, to wander completely by myself among all the wigwams."

Sir F. B. Head then enters into voluminous statements, uttering pages of abuse on any one who unfortunately happens to differ from his way of thinking. Sir R. Peel, Mr. Roebuck, *cum multis aliis*, are included in his condemnatory category. In this world there are to be found excentric individuals who view the irristible current of public opinion with disdain and contempt, showering upon them epithets of "nameless demagogues," "responsible governors," and such like. We say there are men who despair of ever gaining notoriety save by their own career of inconsistencies. They see for miles the crowd approaching, its numbers are large, its forces strong, it comes closer, it presses, they cling to a lamp-post or a railing, waving their hats, crying, "here I am agreeing with nobody but myself, and differing with every-body." These specimens of individual eccentricities are to be found, we can assure our readers, in this age.

We forbear making farther allusion to this book: the little we have said may probably afford some insight into its merit, if it have any, and convey some idea of the character of the work. Political it is not worthy to be called, as the curious party opinions of the author appear strangely at difference with those of all thinking men, and if carried into effect would tend to overthrow the whole of our social system, and disarrange that complex but cleverly managed machinery which works our international arrangements.

In a word "The Emigrant" has nothing to recommend it, except its very exorbitant price, and if that can be construed to be an advantage, that it certainly possesses.

Chronicles of the Fleet. From the papers of the late Alfred Seedy. By Charles Rowcroft. 3 vols. H. Hurst.

Mr. Rowcroft in his colonial tales has proved himself an able and popular writer, a character which he preserves in tact in the present romance. Not that the "Cronicles of the Fleet" in the least degree can be compared to the "Tales of the Colonies." The subject is a hard and unpleasant one, and will not bear the same handling; but we can excuse the want of wild interest in the philanthropic object of doing away with the infamous and barbarous custom of depriving a man who owes money of the means of paying that money, by incarcerating him within four walls. The details of the consequences of this relic of dark ages, to the abolition of which lawyers are alone opposed, are heartrending in the extreme, and will be read with anxiety mingled with horror, at the fact that in a civilised country such things should be.

The opening touch, where the ruined merchant enters the Fleet, is good, and the tale is told with all Mr. Rowcroft's usual graphic power. We earnestly recommend these graphic volumes, and extract the description of the MSS. from which the "Chronicles of the Fleet" were taken:—

"My friend settled himself easy in his chair, and prepared to read the manuscript which had inspired us with so much curiosity; but handling the papers, in his haste to begin, rather too carelessly, they slipped from his fingers and fell on the floor; and it was then we remarked the extraordinary variety of pieces of paper on which the story was written. Fly-leaves of books; scraps of paper in which such things as sugar, pepper, and pieces of butter evidently had been wrapped, formed the principal part of them; intermingled with which were sundry backs of letters, with the frequent address of "Mr. Seedy," and occasionally "Alfred Seedy, Esquire," from which we were led to conjecture that such was the name of the literary character referred to by the old man as having penned these Chronicles of the Fleet Prison. They were written in various coloured inks, generally black, but sometimes red, and in some cases brown, and seemingly manufactured extempore from soot or blacking or some such material. The various slips of paper, however, were regularly numbered, as if the writer had been accustomed to compose for the printer, and they were written in a tolerably legible hand, so that excepting when from lapse of time the ink had become a little faded, or when a blot occured here and there, which my friend pointed out to me as having been possibly occasioned by the tears of the writer, there was no difficulty in reading the manuscripts. Altogether there was an appearance of genuineness about them which made us feel that we had in our hands the records of real events, written by a person who either had witnessed what he described, or had taken down his histories which he related from the lips of those who were the actual actors in them."

The Great Oyer of Poisoning. By Andrew Amos, Esq., late member of the Supreme Council of India. London, Bentley and Co.

When any writer brings before the public a work professedly with the intention of rendering clearer and more distinct a detached portion of history, he is on every ground entitled to a fair field, to have his book fully and minutely investigated, and fairly criticised. Many historical works are published with high sounding titles, bearing the names of authors of some repute, which cannot be recommended as being particularly remarkable for either erudition or accuracy. A man is somewhat interested from a diversity of causes with an occurrence in history, immediately he conceives that by a few months studious application to the subject, he will be enabled to present to the world an elaborate, though, at the same time, perfectly futile research, composed of details entirely unconnected with the matter under investigation, but which may, in some measure, serve to allure the partially ignorant into a belief that he has effected some striking improvement upon the records of history, handed down to the present generation. It should be remarked, at the commencement, that Mr. Amos has not, in his opinion, been influenced by these considerations. Possessing a thorough knowledge of his subject, being a man of sound classical and historical reading—one who has filled most worthily a high and honourable position in judicial affairs—the sole end that apparently has prompted him to enter upon his work is, the desire to render more intelligible that extraordinary event named by Sir Edward Coke, "The Great Oyer of Poisoning;" to throw a light upon an affair which hitherto has been regarded in a doubtful and, consequently, partially incorrect manner. Even in this much vaunted day of enlightenment, few are cognisant of the precise nature of this deed, and still fewer can even point to any book of note in which shall be found matter that will atone for the deficiency. Historical reading is a branch of literature much disregarded by all classes. To bear in mind a few prominent and remarkable facts by way of serving as illustrations, to enrich a volume or adorn a speech, seems all for which history is now read—an assertion as perfectly true as it is unaccountable. Strange that the most interesting and useful part of the educational system should be so unaccountably and injudiciously neglected. One cause more probably than any other is instrumental in aiding this growing evil, the embittered political sentiment indulged in by historians, who, carried away by their mis-placed reverence on the one side, and ill-judged repugnance on the other, picture in glowing and highly tinted colours, or throw deeply and darkly into the shade, matters of vital importance to a reading community, and with which an honest recorder of events (for such should be the historian) is in no way concerned, than to chronicle faithfully a series of events. How seldom is this done? There are some few in whom is centred a noble and comparatively unerring mind, who, unawed by contemporary opinions, uninfluenced by the petty intrigues of political sections, have written truly—these are but few, and who form grand exceptions

the general class. With this rule it is ;her to sketch a case as glaringly id palpably guilty as human invention n possibly make it, *per fas et nefas*, id render other statements as in- ocent and harmless as a writer's pen capable of making them. This may a easily seen from the contradictory state- ients frequently found in the writings of ifferent historians. Swayed by a diffe- ent party, and when entering with any legree of detail upon a matter of impor- ance, carried away either by their mis- laced admiration of an unwise political ject, it is considered honest to abjure all previously entertained opinions, and write n connection with, as well as antagonistic to, a party; so that it becomes a rare thing to fall over an impartially written histori- cal chronicle. It is, nevertheless, we are able to affirm with pleasure, that as far as we are able to judge, from a careful read- ing of Mr. Amos's work, that it is the most elaborate, as well as clear, and, we we have no compunction in adding, most correct and carefully compiled record of that tragedy to which we have alluded, and the remarkable events by which it was followed. Sometime in the reign of James the First, the Earl of Essex, a boy of fourteen, was married to the Lady Frances Howard, a girl of equally tender years, she being but thirteen; and upon the sub- sequent career of licentiousness and cri- minal enjoyment of the bride is the book now under notice written. Seven years after this juvenile bridal, by an official investigation, a separation was effected, and the Lady Frances Howard became the wife of the Earl of Somerset, one of the favourites of the king, and who, with his countess, three years after, were the chief actors in the Great Oyer of Poison- ing, and appeared to answer to the charges recorded against them in Westminster Hall, for the murder of Sir Thomas Over- bury. We do not purpose extracting, nor entering into any legal dissertation with reference to the validity of the different portions of evidence received upon this trial; but rather passingly to notice the comments made by the author upon some of the most important matters in connection with this circumstance. Certainly, through- out the whole of historical annals there are mentioned but few reigns in which the sovereignty of England was so entirely under the control of royal favourites as in the time of the first James. When men raised from the obscurest and meanest po- sitions in society, by an extraordinary stroke of good fortune become admitted into the sovereign's confidence, and wielded the mighty power in conformity with their bigoted and prejudiced notions—for igno- rant men, as these courtly parasites were, must necessarily be incapable of judging fairly or reasoning justly—when in their hands reposed the royal prerogative, it cannot excite much wonderment in the minds of thinking men, that misrule should have been predominant; for, even supposing that any one possessed in him- self the elements of being able rightly to govern, his tenure of office and royal conscience but depended upon the uncer- tainty of kingly will, at all times of short duration, that the disorder consequent upon the disgrace of these men could not be guarded against before it was again thrown into commotion. But scarcely had the vessel of power righted herself from the sudden havoc of the storm, than another and equally destructive sea threatened with increased fury to dash her against the rocks of disquietude, but by new guidance the state-vessel rode for a time under another helmsman, combatting the wrath of pedantic royalty, and striving to avoid the stormy decrees of the council chamber; upon this Mr. Amos remarks truly that "the aliena- tion of the king's affection from Somerset and the ascendancy of Villiers are very necessary to be borne in mind throughout the legal proceedings, from the first collec- tion of the evidence to the verdict of the peers. Of the influence of a reigning favourite in directing and stimulating the exertions of men of the most gifted intel- lects we have ample proofs in Lord Bacon's letters. There can be as little doubt on the one hand that Villiers was most anxious that the Earl of Somerset should be irrevocably excluded from the royal favour as on the other that the success of Bacon's promotion to chancellorship very much depended upon the good word of Villiers." Truly a pretty state of things, exhibiting the blindness of justice and influence of mercenary matters upon legal tribunals. The conglomeration of evidence that was brought to bear upon this trial is of the most singular description. The whole, or, at least, very nearly so, of the people high in office, seemed desirous of collecting information and accumulating documents intentionally to nullify that which the other strove to effect. For this end the most dishonest practices were re- sorted to, the most unscrupulous means brought into play to carry out their dia- bolical machinations; each most vigorously maintaining that doctrine of instability, that the end justified the means. It was a farcical representation, in which king, courtiers, and lawyers played the chief characters. To dignify it with the name of a legal tribunal, were but to cast insult upon the English bar, for when it is found that the instigators of the crime were par- doned, because sheltered by rank and title, and that the less guilty — the hirelings, were hanged, it produces no other effect

than to excite feelings of disgust and contempt not easily allayed at the proceedings in the then called courts of justice in the reign of James the First, and upon which our author remarks that, "The course of proceeding in ancient times for crushing an individual who had excited fears or kindled hatred in the breast of a sovereign was somewhat after the following manner: — Written examinations were taken in secret, and often wrung from prisoners by the agonies of the rack. Such parts of these documents, and such parts only as were criminative, were read before a judge, removeable at the will of the crown, and a jury packed for the occasion, who gave their verdict under the fear of fine and imprisonment. Speedily the government published whatever accounts of the trials suited their purposes. Subservient divines were next appointed to 'press the consciences,' as it was called, of the condemned in their cells and on the scaffold, and the transaction terminated with another government *brochure*, full of dying contrition and eulogy by the criminal on all who had been instrumental in bringing him to the gallows." With this extract we now leave this valuable work until a future number. There is much upon which we should wish to make a few remarks. The book deserves notice, and cannot fail to speak much for the energy with which Mr. Amos has sought out the necessary and voluminous documents, with the view of giving the true facts of this most mysterious and, certainly, complicated case.

Don Quixote de la Mancha. London, James Burns.

We are glad that this forms the subject of the third volume of the Select Library; for there are but few who have not read the exploits of Don Quixote—his sallies against windmills and wine skins—his countless absurdities, and remember the mathematical genius of Sancho Panza when attempting the solution of a problem. We must plead guilty to having in our juvenile days joyously skipped over and greedily devoured the myriads of extravagancies of the knight-errand with delight. Cervantes was a great author, none of those scribbling novelists writing to pander to an immoral taste, but one who wrote satires and romances that have neither been equalled nor surpassed. A Spaniard once said, that the publication of Don Quixote's history had ruined the Spanish monarchy, for since that time men had grown ashamed of honour and of love, and thought but of satisfying their lust and pursuing their fortune. With due regard for this opinion, we, with the utmost deference, beg to differ most materially from the assertion. It was not from the birth of Cervantes' writings that Spain dates its fall, nor from the production of this romance, virtually a satire upon the ridiculous monstrosities of that dubious description of gentlemen luxurating in the equally doubtful *nom de guerre* of knights-errand, but from the individual assumption by each titled Spaniard of aristocratical power. Every man of wealth in Spain not only in the perfectibility of his own imagination, believed himself a king, but tyrannically exercised his arbitrary power, and to this cause alone may be attributed the downfall of Spain. Throughout the whole of Don Quixote, manly courage is not ridiculed, but that species of pomposity sometimes called chivalry, without having amongst its elementary parts one single iota of heroism, and upon which we would quote the editor's words, when speaking of the genius of Cervantes, in delineating the history of the Spanish Don. He remarks; "In nothing is his consummate skill perceived more, than in the way in which he prevents us from confounding the follies of the knights-errand, and of the debased books of romance, with the generous heart and actions of the true christian gentleman. In spite of his hallucination, who can help respecting Don Quixote himself? We laugh indeed at the ludicrous situations into which his madness is for ever getting him, but we must reverence the good christian cavalier, who amidst all, never thinks less of anything than himself, than of his own interest. What is his character? It is that of one possessing virtue, imagination, genius, kind feeling, all that can distinguish an elevated soul and an affectionate heart." Cervantes was the originator of a description of romance writing that has often been attempted to be imitated, but never has been followed, and whether we look upon his dramatic writings or take up Don Quixote, there is that superiority of genius so eminently displayed, which renders his work so highly valuable. It is with honest expressions we thank this publisher for the track he is taking in selecting works for publication. The three that have already been issued, speak well for the taste brought to bear upon the matter—they are such as are suited to the general mind, and Don Quixote, such as it has been read, will be heartily welcomed.

Dyson's Drawing Book. No. 1, 8, 21, 24. London, Dyson.

This work is exceedingly well got up, but of its merits in more essential particulars, we are unable to judge by the detached specimens submitted to us.

The Poor Renewal Act. London, Dyson.

This is one of Mr. Dyson's cheap reprints of important statutes, and will be

found especially useful to guardians, overseers, and other persons engaged in the administration of the poor laws. In an appendix, we find "the opinion of her majesty's attorney and solicitor-generals on the construction of the act," a subject upon which the legal profession are much at variance.

What is Life Assurance? By Jenkin Jones. London, Longman and Co.

This excellent and clearly written pamphlet is received at so late an hour, that we must defer an extended notice of it until next month. We shall only state, that to the insurer, it will prove invaluable.

A Treatise on the Human Teeth and Gums. By J. W. Merton, M. R. C. S. London, J. G. Collins.

There are few persons who would not profit by the perusal of this little work, which contains the amplest information on the subject of the teeth, their diseases, and their remedies, and is written in a familiar style, perfectly divested of all tech ical phraseology.

Counsels to Young Men.
The Young Lady's Monitor and Married Women's Friend. By Mrs. Maxwell.
The Lady's Guide to Epistolary Correspondence. By Mrs. Maxwell.
London, R. W. Winn; Edinburgh, Bowack.

The titles of these works sufficiently indicate their purpose and character; we now therefore only say, they are got up in a very elegant style, and would make appropriate gifts at this season of the year.

Notes of the Month.

Progress of Public Education.

If there is any point on which public opinion is assuming daily more reasonable shape and consistency, it is that of education. Thirty or forty years ago is a sufficiently long vista to look through to bring the dregs and dead carcase of the old system of education within our contemplation. After that date, there arose a heaving and excitement of the educational chaotic system, and several scholars arose who thought it advisable to remodel and improve the modes of conveying instruction both to the higher and lower classes of society. The names of Dr. Valpy, of Reading, and his brother, the Rev. E. Valpy, of Norwich, are cherished by many as having, both by their publications and their oral instructions, performed a mighty service by the improvements they introduced. In accordance with their efforts, the old habit of reading everything in Greek through a Latin medium—the use of grammars and lexicons written in the language of perfected scholars, instead of the native tongue of such as wished to make themselves acquainted with the ancient languages—then arose; and editions were no longer commented upon in notes equally difficult to understand as the passage they were meant to elucidate. The plainest and simplest ways of conveying illustration were now preferred to the old scholastic method of the middle ages, which had, doubtless, been useful in its time, but was now superseded, in accordance with the greater enlightenment of the age.

As to the humbler classes of the community, until Drs. Bell and Lancaster showed, in England, the possibility of educating them, and Fellenberg and his colleagues, on the continent, practically demonstrated what mighty stores of talent and intellect might be developed in them, they were altogether regarded as a body incapable of erudition and enlightenment. These steps aroused the strongest prejudices at the time, and there are even now people living who have, apparently, some misgivings whether teaching the lower orders to read and write is not something a kin with dealing in magic and the black arts, and who have a spirit of fear come over them when they contemplate the fact of footmen being able to read, and ladies' maids decypher their lady's hand-writing (often no easy task).

Matters, however, have gone gradually forward, and literary knowledge has no longer remained confined to a caste of literati. The gaping multitude no longer are struck dumb at the exclusive acquirements of the scientific recluse; nor can it be said of them now in the language of the poet—

> "And still he talked, and still the wonder grew
> That one small head should carry all he knew."

Year after year has witnessed further improvements, and several bold and startling theories have each had their day, while there has still been something crude and lame in the totality of education.

The university system was greatly remodelled and improved, and a more extensive and accurate investigation of classic literature and its tributary streams of knowledge was pursued at Oxford, and the flame thus lit up soon kindled emulative exertions at the sister university; but Cambridge still continued to make mathematical science her distinctive boast and characteristic. For a season, indeed, that kind of knowledge was so pre-eminently honoured, that it bore off the uncontested palm of superiority.

For several years, the material and mathematical sciences appeared to have the exclusive preference in public estimation. A tendency to materialism was apprehended; and the public mind recovered itself from the extreme devotion to these sciences to a conviction that the theory of education had not yet been fully developed.

A subsequent stage adding the sciences conversant with matter and its modifications, absorbed the public taste in such branches of natural philosophy, until a tendency to materialism, and a materialisation of truth created alarm; and the intellect of the country became aware that even this extreme devotion to the sciences above alluded to did not fill up the idea of a perfect culture of the man.

We next must glance at the movements on the continent. Everywhere a conviction seems to have prevailed that their ancient systems were deficient. The foreign universities increased their efforts to advance with the advancing tide of public opinion. They pursued with increasing ardour their course of instructions by the professorial system, and great praise must be accorded to what has been done in Germany, in Prussia, and in Holland, and to their mighty efforts to embrace, by a national system, all classes of the community.

There is, however, one grand defect in the continental systems; they aim at the accomplishment of particular objects—to make a man a lawyer, a physician, or fit him for any other special walk of life; but it has been felt and regretted that they do not mould and elevate his character and information on a truly broad and liberal scale,—they make the accomplished jurist, or elegant linguist, but they do not cultivate a high moral appreciation of his duties and responsibilities as one of the great *human* family. They prepare him for his art, or his trade, or his profession, but they do not elevate either his natural sentiments or his principles as a member of the vast human fraternity. They own this *abroad;* we are not displeased to find others feel their deficiencies as well as ourselves.

Is there any hope, then, of amelioration? We would not willingly incur reprehension for a conceited, overweening appreciation of the efforts of our own times, but we do apprehend that a better order of things is on the point of arising. A great deal has already been done that will prove serviceable. The efforts of previous years and various systems are accurately recorded. We ponder over their mistakes. We have gone through the process of an extensive induction, and it is no great praise that we who have the benefits of the experiments and experience of preceding ages, should be able to define to ourselves an improved course. We find in the records of the last half century, various theories have been shipwrecked, and the shoal or rock on which they split is noted down in charts for our mental guidance.

But it is not only in the subjects to be taught, and the balance to be preserved in the various departments of knowledge, that we have increased and daily improving information, but the *art of teaching* itself has fallen under the scrutinising gaze of modern enlightenment. The didactic art—the best method of conveying knowledge and developing the intellect of the scholar—in a word, the theory of education is now beginning to be accurately defined, and practically followed out.

In some countries this is sought to be accomplished by forming schools to train teachers, or, as they are termed, "Normal Schools," a good and praiseworthy effort, and one which has, to a considerable extent, been successful in Holland and Prussia; but we really believe it has been reserved for our own year to witness the rise of a still better and more efficient system for carrying onwards the march of civilisation. We allude to an institution which is now forming to embody scholastics as a regular profession, and to test the competency of such as are entering upon the important business of education. If we are rightly informed, this new institution, "The College of Preceptors," does not aim at any exclusive prerogative to itself, but in a way similar to the admission into the medical profession, it holds out a diploma to such as shall be found able to pass the examination it proposes as tests of their qualifications. While this collegiate body will be able to act with the power which collective intelligence confers—to concentrate and embody the improvements developed in our own country and abroad, the public will, at the same time, be enabled to secure themselves from the delusive pretensions of ignorant men who, without any certificate of their ability assume the post of teacher; and the *middle classes* of society will be especially benefited, for they have hitherto been the prey of every pompous pretender who could manage to secure spacious premises, and the aid of a village painter to emblazon some desperate word, "seminary," "academy," or what not, to the admiration of his simple-hearted neighbours. The *high* classes have already their protection in the diplomas of the universities, which the teachers of the higher order of society must possess. The lower classes are generally under the clergy, or great proprietors in their neighbourhood. But the middle classes, we repeat, needed some protection of the kind, which this new institution offers, and we altogether coincide in the high eulogiums which in THE MIRROR,

"Hood's Magazine," and in an extensive portion of the periodical press, have been expressed of this new collegiate institution.

May it prosper! May it be successful in raising that highly praiseworthy class of men into an honoured profession. For the classes, upon which the defence of our great social and political institutions depends, must imbibe through *these instructors*, principles which will continue to sustain and elevate their character—or prejudices inimical to the advancement of civilisation; and the sentiments of those who are instructed must always be tinged and influenced by the dignity and abilities of their preceptors.

COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

We present to our readers the following address:

"The Council of the College of Preceptors desires to address both the public and the scholastic profession, and to invite their most serious attention to the consideration of their plans, which have been hitherto most favourably received and universally recognised as well adapted for effecting the objects proposed. The society was established in the month of June last, and already it has enrolled a large portion of those private school-masters who are most anxious to raise the standard of education. It wishes also especially to address those young men who are desirous of entering the profession, because it offers them the greatest and most important advantages; it gives them at once, and at an easy rate, the full opportunity of certifying their acquirements by an undeniable authority; it gives them the power of placing an impassable barrier between themselves and the charlatans, and without limiting their endeavours to one trial, it is prepared to record their gradual acquirements as they continue to ascend in the intellectual scale. In its general plans, this society proposes to obtain legislative authority for the formation of a Faculty of Education with all the rights and immunities that are granted to the existing Faculties of Law and Medicine; to improve and extend the knowledge of the ancient classics; to cultivate and encourage mathematical acquirements, an acquaintance with mixed sciences and general literature; especially to introduce and promote a knowledge of the art of teaching: to discountenance and discard all illogical and empirical systems of education; to encourage learning and merit from every source: or, in other words, it proposes to establish a National Institution for the advancement and improvement of all the intellectual powers; and from the exhaustless mines of native intellect to draw out educators who will render our countrymen in every class not only competent, but even superior in their intellectual qualifications to the duties which society demands of them, and this without the necessity of engrafting any ill-suited continental system on our cherished habits and customs."

At the same time that we most sincerely approve of the exertions of the council and their views, and that we place in them the utmost confidence, as being men of practice and not of theory only, we would warn them that they have undertaken an Herculean labour, and that they must proceed. They are yet only on the threshold of their undertaking, and they must enter on their more practical department with the utmost energy and perseverance. They have the duty both of teaching parents and children; they have to create teachers and to remunerate their talents; they have to contend against obsolete modes and obsolete subjects; they have to untrammel the minds of the nation, and to teach them how to think, and consequently how to act. But they begin with the foundation, and if that be made sure, whatever is built upon it will be sure. We can almost hail the time when people will, everyone, think for themselves—when common-sense will be a common article, and mysticism and superstition will be heard of only in story. So, with what great ends may not the way be paved! We are advocates for peace, and wars would cease if the people were more wise. We are anxious for many and great social improvements, the realisation of which we scarcely ever did anticipate before this society came into existence, and we only hope that they possess mind and energy equal to their task. We shall anxiously watch their proceedings on the 30th of December, and at their forthcoming examination, and shall be glad to find that they realise our wishes. Heresies and fallacies have shrouded us, and do shroud us, on every side, and the first rays of truth and honest intentions break upon us like the first rays of the morning sun. We see not yet the full orb, but we would anticipate its brightness. We would see our country as great in learning and knowledge as she is in war and commerce. But when we inspect the examination tests of the college, we find the council have overlooked the necessity for establishing an examination in moral courage. The society have not, perhaps, felt the importance of this subject, but we shall return to it—with only stating at present, that its extension is very requisite, and well worth their attention.

BIRMINGHAM PARLIAMENTARY SOCIETY.

We are glad to perceive that this institution is receiving the notice it deserves. We copy the following from *Douglas*

Jerrold:—"We hail with pleasure every association which has an educational object in view, and this new movement in Birmingham, original in its design, appears to us of a very useful character. It is to consist of 150 members, and, in one essential point, to be constructed on the model of the House of Commons. An individual is to be elected premier by a majority of suffrages, and, out of the members, he is to choose his own cabinet. It is expected that each member of the administration will make himself master of all that may appertain to his official department, and thus that stores of useful information will be poured forth in the debates. They who aspire to office as the opposition, will be compelled to qualify themselves for attacks on their rivals, and by this plan of defence and assault, it is expected that political education may be materially promoted. This novel scheme is likely to do much good, if practically carried out with zeal and energy." The institution, however, originated in London, and the Birmingham is an offshoot from the parent society. A *soirée* will be held early in January to celebrate its establishment, and we purpose going down to Birmingham to attend it.

BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

For the information of our friends in Birmingham, we beg to announce that we shall lecture at the above institution on the 5th, 12th, 19th, and 26th of January; at all events, four times in January and February, though the dates may be not quite correct.

FRENCH EMBROIDERY.

We are happy to inform our friends, but more particularly our fair readers, whose welfare and interest are more immediately affected by it, of an establishment in this metropolis which is carried on, not by the artificial powers of machinery moved by steam or water, but by the aid of superior taste for the fine arts, requiring the application of thousands of hands, which can be genteelly and profitably employed, in producing the various articles manufactured.

We refer to the manufactory of embroideries, which has lately been introduced into this oountry by a gentleman well-known to the literary world, as the author of different statistical and commercial works, F. O. Hübner, Esq., the English correspondent of the Austrian Lloyd, who has proved himself not a mere theoretical man, but an experienced practical man of business.

The manufactory produces embroideries, on cambric and muslin, of the very best quality, to whose accomplishment several French and Swiss ladies had been induced to accept engagements to assist the manufacturer, not only by their own work, but more particularly by instructing respectable English females gratuitously, on condition of a short apprenticeship. Several of those learners have already made great proficiency, and are able to earn sufficient to support themselves, or to obtain in their leisure hours, sufficient pocket-money to be independent of their parents' purse. They work at home by their own fireside, a system which recommends the work, particularly to our well-educated, but not opulent countrywomen.

Hitherto, we have been solely supplied with these embroideries from France and Switzerland, but our fashionable retailers at the West-End had often a vexatious competition through the custom-house officers, whose ignorance of the wholesale prices have repeatedly induced them to seize the goods, under pretence of their being undervalued, although it has been proved they had been declared 10 and 20 per cent. above the original invoice prices, and then retailed by them at their sales. This shameful system, which sanctions the speculations of public officers, made it nearly impossible to import, the importer being unable to declare and pay duties on retail prices, when his object is only to sell to the wholesale; and had the effect of prohibiting the article.

There is very little doubt that we are chiefly indebted to smuggling for the beautiful handkerchiefs and collars which are displayed by the fair ladies in our distinguished circles; but as much as we like the result, we never can approve of the principle, and we are happy to see it altered by the new establishment.

It produces any article as cheap as the manufactories in France, and the goods display in the original designs, as well as in the execution, a high degree of perfection, which reflects great honour on Mr. Hübner, and praise to our young English ladies, who, in so short a time, have acquired the art of making such a new use of their needles.

In fairness to our Scotch friends, we must observe that they have for many years introduced the French needlework into their country, and have supplied our markets with large quantities; but important as their manufactory may be in regard to the national interest, their products are of an inferior description to those which we mentioned here, and are not considered the same kind of goods.

In some towns of France, the embroidery work forms the principal employment of the leisure hours of most of the young ladies of respectability, and however difficult it may appear to English ladies at first, the tediousness to the beginner is soon overcome by the interest that is created,

being occupied with such elegant work, and by the little exertion which is required afterwards, so that on the continent, ladies of 60 and 70 years, gain still their livelihood by it! When our fair countrywomen have such inducements, we are fully persuaded they will not be found wanting in taste and perseverance in aiding, by their ability, to accomplish the object of the introducer of these useful establishments, and to secure themselves at once profitable employment and tasteful recreation.

Whittington Club and Metropolitan Athenæum.

A general meeting of the members of the Whittington Club, was held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, on Monday, the 7th of December, 1846, for the purpose of taking into consideration a draft body of laws prepared by the council for the regulation and government of the institution.

Upwards of 500 persons who had already enrolled themselves as members of the club, were assembled and took a very lively interest in the proceedings throughout the evening.

It had been announced that Douglas Jerrold, Esq., would preside on this occasion, but that gentleman being prevented attending by indisposition, it was proposed that Mr. Jenkin Jones should conduct the business of the evening.

The Chairman considered the proper course would be for the secretary, in the first instance, to read the draft of laws as prepared by the council, and that afterwards they should be proposed and discussed *seriatim*, when it would be competent for any member to suggest whatever alterations he might think fit.

A Member asked whether the laws would take effect from that evening?

The Chairman said, that whatever laws should be agreed upon on this occasion, would at once come into operation, and remain in force until the next general meeting in February, when it was intended they should again undergo discussion and revision.

The Secretary then read the draft of laws, after which each clause was taken *seriatim*.

The preamble and the two first clauses, which declared a determination to found the institution and set forth the objects thereof, having been agreed to,

The Secretary read the third clause, which regulated the election of ladies to be members, by which it was declared, that no lady should be admitted a member of the club without being previously introduced by two lady members, and approved of by the ladies' committee.

Mr. Lewis objected to the wording of this law. It appeared to him to cast a reflection on a class whom he was sure they all held in the highest esteem. He saw no reason why so great a check should be placed in the way of ladies becoming members of the institution. The nomination itself would be quite sufficient without the subsequent approval of the ladies' council.

The Chairman: The best reason that can be given for the law, as it is framed, is that it has been prepared in accordance with the express wishes of the ladies themselves.

The law was then agreed to.

On the clause declaring that the annual subscription should be one guinea for London members, and half-a-guinea for country members, being read,

The Chairman said, this was a very important clause, and he hoped therefore it would be discussed in a calm and considerate spirit, for upon the amount of subscription depended the success of the undertaking altogether.

No gentleman, rising to make any objection to the clause, the chairman was about to put it to the vote, when,

Mr. Percy B. St. John said,—that as he was happy to see no member was disposed to raise any objection, he should offer but few words upon this clause; it could not, however, escape the notice of the meeting that this was, as the chairman had truly stated, the very pivot upon which the whole of their proceedings turned; for if they should make a mistake in the amount of the subscription to be paid by each member, either by fixing too high or too low a figure, their project must entirely fail. Now what was the first object they sought to obtain? most undoubtedly that of members. The very purpose for which the Whittington Club was originated, was to afford an opportunity to a very large and meritorious class of persons in the metropolis and throughout all the populous towns of the kingdom, to avail themselves of the advantages which the system of clubs and of literary societies that had of late years been introduced was calculated to confer. But this would be impossible, if the terms of admission should exceed the means of those for whose benefit the institution was professed to be established. It should be borne in mind, that the novelty of this institution consisted in the combination of the club and Athenæum. As yet, those individuals who it was to be expected would form the vast majority of a society like this, were at present compelled to resort to taverns, chop-houses and coffee shops, where they paid a high rate for those refreshments which it was intended to supply them with, by the means of a club, at very moderate prices. And if these young men wished to cultivate literary habits, they were obliged to become

subscribers to institutions, at sums that pressed heavily upon their resources, and might be very fairly inferred that great numbers of them were obliged to forego the advantages of those institutions altogether. In his opinion, *one guinea* would be quite enough to ensure success to their undertaking. He was the more inclined to believe this from the very principle upon which it was based—that of cheapness—since cheapness was now the commercial order of the day. Wherever that principle had been introduced, it had been invariably successful; and in no department, perhaps, had it been more conspicuously so than in that of literature. Who could estimate the vast amount of good which cheap literature had conferred upon mankind! and it was a very distinguishable feature in the case of literature that in proportion to the cheapness was the excellence of the productions. Without wishing to make any invidious observations, he might boldly challenge a comparison between a "Chambers," and a "Metropolitan" journal—a three-half-penny and a three-and-sixpenny work! But there would be something like a breach of faith if they were now to raise the subscriptions, for a great number of young men had joined them upon the distinct understanding that the amount should be only a guinea. If, however, it should ultimately be found that one guinea was not equal to the expenses they would have to defray, it would be quite competent for them, on a future occasion, to increase it. He however entertained no apprehension on this point, and should therefore propose the adoption of the original clause.

Mr. LAWRANCE was fearful that one guinea would be found too low a rate of subscription.—(Cries of "No, no.") Their expenses at the outset would be very heavy, and it was most desirable that the institution should not be involved in debt. It would be much better to subscribe a larger sum in the beginning, so as to realise an amount equal to their outlay, and then, if it were found practicable, to reduce the subscription hereafter.

Mr. HEBBERT entertained similar views to those of the last speaker.

Mr. HARPER thought they ought not to lose sight of the fact alluded to by Mr. St. John, namely, that almost every person who had paid his entrance fee had done so with the distinct understanding that the subscription would be *one* guinea. There appeared to him to be an unnecessary degree of alarm as to the large demands that they would have to meet. These could only be incurred gradually; and what, perhaps, would form one of their heaviest items by-and-bye, when they should have become fully established, would in the beginning be a mere nominal charge—he alluded to the library.

A Member thought it would be most beneficial to fix the sum as low as possible. The increase of numbers would make up for the lowness of the amount. It would shake the institution to its foundation, if they were, at the very commencement of their proceedings, to double the subscription, as originally announced.

Mr. PEACOCK was in favour of the higher subscription. He stated that the Mechanics' Institution started at the rate of one guinea a year, but the committee found it impossible to carry out their objects, and the numbers fell off. They then raised the subscription four shillings a year, and the institution had ever since been in a flourishing condition. As to the increased sum operating as a prohibition of juvenile members, that he considered a mere phantom, for the very gratuities which they now paid to the waiters at the coffee-houses, amounted to more than the whole subscription to this club would do.

Mr. YAPP, the secretary, could not help observing that all the gentlemen who had argued in favour of increasing the subscription, had proceeded upon an erroneous assumption. They stated that a guinea subscription would not be adequate to meet the expenses of the institution, and therefore it was necessary that the subscription should be raised to two guineas; but this was altogether an erroneous view of the case. The subscription money was not intended to defray the preliminary expenses: those expenses would be paid out of the entrance fees. Now, although at present the entrance was half a guinea, yet it was intended, as soon as there should be 1000 members, that the fee should then be increased to one guinea. This would afford an ample fund for houses, furniture, and every other expense. Reference had been made to the Mechanics' Institution; but the gentleman was incorrect in stating that the falling off of that institution was in consequence of the lowness of the subscription fee. The Mechanics' Institution went on prosperously enough for a little time, and why only for a little time? Because, scarcely had it been founded, that other similar institutions sprang up, and these drew away from the parent institution all those who lived in their immediate locality. The committee of the Mechanics Institution then tried the experiment of raising the subscription. This answered very well for a short time; but they soon fell off again, and they were now in a worse state than ever they were; so that increasing their subscription did not prevent their gradual decline. The Westminster Literary Institution was at the same time the lowest in charge and the

most flourishing in numbers and utility. The great failure of all these institutions was in the selection of lectures and lecturers. They gave too many, and upon subjects, oftentimes, too abstruse and uninteresting to attract an audience. He had known a lecture delivered to not more than twenty-five persons. The Aldersgate Institution presented a model of good management, and the result was a large surplus fund, after all the necessary outlay had been made.

The clause fixing the subscription at one guinea was then agreed to amid loud cheers.

The Chairman said, that at present the council was two unwieldy for working purposes, and he should suggest that a managing committee should be appointed.

Mr. St. John — While regretting the necessity of appointing such a committee, acceded to the suggestion, and proposed that fifteen should constitue the committee.

After a few observations the motion was agreed to.

A vast majority of the meeting evinced their desire by repeated acclamations that the institution should be available on the Sundays, but there appeared to be a select few who were very strenuously opposed to it, and they contrived to keep an uproarious clamour for some time, but they at last yielded the point, and the Sunday was carried, amidst loud applause. The whole of the resolutions having been gone through, it was then ordered that the same should be priuted as amended, and that copies be delivered to each member. The laws to take effect forthwith, but to be subject to revision at the general meeting in February.

The meeting, which continued crowded throughout the evening, and whose whole proceedings were marked by great business-like tact, broke up at eleven o'clock.

Burial in Towns.

The invaluable and generous services of Mr. Mackinnon, M. P. for Lymington, appear about to be crowned with success. The public mind is thoroughly imbued with the conviction, that a change must take place; and when the enlightened author of "Civilisation" introduces his measure into Parliament in the ensuing session, he will, we hope, be supported by the votes of men of all parties. The subject is placed in so clear a light, by the following speech, (delivered April 8, 1845) that we have no hesitation in transfering it to our columns:—

Three years are past since first I called the attention of the House to the practice of interments in large towns. My suggestions were in the outset little attended to, even much laughter was excited: the idea was by many deemed novel, if not visionary; but at length, with some reluctance, a committee was granted by the House to investigate the question. When the evidence of parties acquainted with the practice of intramural interments was brought before the committee; when the evidence of medical men, the first in this town, was given, the members of whom the committee was composed were astonished and shocked at the abominations disclosed; and they came to the unanimous resolution to recommend the abolition of interments within large towns and populous districts. Since that period petitions without number have been presented, aud the shocking practices prevalent in grave yards of the metropolis have appeared in various forms before the public, and have excited equal indignation and disgust. It is neither my inclination nor my intention to enter into any statement of the customs of ancient times; I will only observe, that from the time of our Saviour and of the early christians, until corruptions entered into the Church, no interments in churches or in towns took place. All the early christians were interred out of the precincts of the living. Not to take up the time of the House, I will at once proceed to the report of the ecclesiastical commission, which is as follows:—

"The practice of burial in the church or chancel appears to us in many respects injurious, in some cases offensive, in some instances by weakening or deteriorating the fabric of the church, and in others by its tendency to affect the lives or health of the inhabitants. We are of opinion, that in future this practice should be discontinued, so far as the same can be effected without trenching on vested rights."

Now, sir, by whom is this signed? Not by any members of Parliament hostile to the Church, or desirous of innovation; not by any members of the Opposition, but by the archbishop of Canterbury and the following names: Durham, London, Wynford, Lincoln, Tenterden, C. N. Tindal. Now let us see what say the committee of this House when it gives its Report:—

"Resolved (1842)—That the practice of interments within the precincts of large towns is injurious to the health of the inhabitants thereof, and frequently offensive to public decency."

On what is this report founded but on the most shocking evidence disclosed of the manner in which the remains of the dead are treated, and of the unhealthiness of the practice of putting the dead amongst the living. When Sir B. Brodie is asked, "Do you consider the state of the grave yards in the metropolis as one cause of fever and disease?" his answer is, "I have always

considered that as one cause." What states Dr. Chambers? "I have no doubt," he answers, "that fever called typhus, even in the cleanly quarters of London, owe their origin to the escape of putrid miasma. I should presume that over-crowded burying grounds would supply such effluvia most abundantly." When this last report was alluded to by me in this place two years ago, my right hon. friend the secretary for the home department declared he was not yet satisfied; that he must require further evidence; and a special commission was issued to a very able and intelligent gentleman, Mr. Chadwick, to investigate the subject. What says his report?—

"That all interments in towns where bodies decompose, contribute to the mass of atmospheric impurity injurious to the public health."

This able report is so well known, and has been so generally perused, that I need not comment on it any longer; but I will next proceed to the last Commission on the Health of Towns, whose report was published early this session, which says—

"Amongst other causes of the deterioration of the atmosphere in towns, our attention was called to the practice of interring the dead in the midst of densely populated districts. Instances have been brought before the commissioners of the great evils arising from the condition of the graveyards in several large towns, Shields, Sunderland, Coventry, Chester, York, &c., and we deem it right to draw attention to the existence of such complaints."

Now, sir, it may seem that quite enough has been said by the commissioners on the health of towns, and by the committee, to satisfy the most incredulous that the nuisance exists; but my right hon. friend still doubts, he is not yet satisfied: like St. Thomas, he is still incredulous. I cannot help thinking my right hon. friend does not like to believe in the nuisance, because it may be very difficult to remedy the same. One of the Popes in days gone by, when told the earth moved round the sun,—that such was discovered by Copernicus, said, "It may be true, and I believe it, but I shall save much trouble to myself if I say I do not believe it, and I will persist that such is not the case." Now the right hon. gentleman says the people are still desirous to continue the custom of interring the dead in the midst of the living; but I confess I am at a loss to see what portion of the community is so desirous. Not the upper class. I am sure the middle classes are not; and I see no appearance in the lower class: on the contrary, I have presented petitions signed by thousands against interments in towns, and none have appeared except from a few interested persons, speculators in grave-yards in the metropolis in its favour. What says the gentleman who is Principal of Clement's Inn? I will just read his letter to the House.

24, Surrey Street, Strand, 3rd March, 1845.

"Sir— Observing that you intend to call the attention of the House of Commons to the necessity of promoting the health of large towns by preventing interments within their precincts; I beg, as the principal of one of the minor Inns of Court (St. Clement's Inn), to furnish you with a few facts of the most startling and disgusting character, and which establish at once a case of great injury to the health of a thickly populated district, and of disgrace to a civilised community. Within one-eight of a mile from Lincoln's Inn, and abutting on St. Clement's Inn, is a building known as Enon Chapel, now used by what is called a temperance society in the morning for an infant school, and at night as an assembly room for dancing. The building measures less than sixty by twenty-nine feet, and the part occupied by the living is separated from the place of interment (a cellar) by an indifferently constructed wooden floor, the rafters of which are not even protected with lath and plaster. From 1823 to 1840, it is stated and believed, that upwards of ten thousand bodies were deposited in the cellar, not one-fiftieth part of which could have been crammed into it in separate coffins, had not a common sewer contiguous to the cellar afforded facility for removal of the old, as new supplies arrived. In the cellar there are now human remains, and the stench which at times issues through the floor is so intolerable as to render it absolutely necessary that the windows in the lantern roof should be kept open. During the summer months a peculiar insect makes its appearance; and in the adjoining very narrow thoroughfare, called St. Clement's Lane, densely inhabited by the poor, I need scarcely inform you, that fever, cholera, and other diseases, have prevailed to a frightful extent. Over the masses of putrefaction to which I have alluded, are children varying in number from one to two hundred, huddled together for hours at a time, and at night the children are succeeded by persons, who continue dancing over the dead till three and four o'clock in the morning. A band of music is in attendance during the whole night, and cards are played in a room adjoining this chapel-charnel house. The police have declined to interfere, alleging that the building does not come under the description of a place of amusement, as defined by the act of 25 Geo. II, c. 36; and as there is no probability of the inhabitants in the immediate neighbourhood giving evidence of their own amusements being a

, there is little prospect of the
ia being discontinued, unless the
ı which you may be able to excite
d to the adoptiou of some extra-
· means for removing the Enon
pot from the centre of the metro-
· have the honour to be, sir, your
dient humble servant,

"GEORGE BRACE."

m Alex. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P."
re is a highly respectable gentle-
awyer, the head of Clement's Inn,
ls you of the evil, and openly gives
e, and permits me to mention it to
ıse. Before I sit down, allow me,
llude to the opinion of a very good
e person, so early as the days of
II, Evelyn, the author of the 'Sylva'
rs,—
e custom with the early Christians
a urbe ne sepelito ne urito.' If then
ounted a thing so profane to bury
s, much less would they have per-
it in their temples. Now, after all
ould it not raise our indignation to
o many persons without merit, per-
to lay their carcasses, not in the
nd body of the church only, but in
ry chancel, next the communion
ipping up the pavements and remov-
seats, &c., for some little gratifica-
those who should have more respect
ency at least."

ir, I will only add, that in this me-
s, the number interred in the midst
living, is one thousand in a week
; in the whole of the kingdom that
r per day. What a hideous and dread-
ıprehension does not this number of
ıterred among the living create as to
ture consequences that may arise!
will this House have to answer for,
e end of an uncertain period, a pesti-
ır some direful malady should arise
population, and spread universally
h the ranks of society! What
what will be said by Europe and
rld, if in the nineteenth century, the
eful practice of interment of the
a the midst of the living, is not only
ted, but practised, by the most civi-
ıation, in the most civilised metropo-
l amidst the most wealthy population
world? Sir, I hope the vote of this
will at once declare the sense of this
, and put an end to a disgraceful
ıation, of which the most barbarous
in this globe would be ashamed. If
ed in moving my resolution, that in
inion of this House the interments
precincts of large towns and of po-
districts is injurious to the health of
ıabitants, and contrary to public de-
I shall then proceed to bring in a
that effect, not under a very san-
ıope that I can pass such a bill un-
less supported by her majesty's govern-
ment, but to keep up the public feeling, and
to act as a pioneer in a work which I deem
not only absolutely necessary for the health
of the people, but required by public de-
cency, and creditable to the legislature by
whom such sentiments are entertained,
which sooner or later will and must be
adopted. The hon. gentleman concluded
by moving—

"That this House is of opinion, that the
practice of interment in towns and crowded
districts is injurious to the public health,
and exposes the places of sepulture to de-
secration, and the remains of the dead to
acts revolting to moral and religious feel-
ings; and that such practice ought to be
abolished as early as it is practicable, con-
sistently with the object of making due
and proper provision for interment, and for
the protection of vested interests in all ac-
customed fees and emoluments."

THE ROCK BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

Nothing, perhaps, shows to a greater
extent the progress we have made in civi-
lisation, than the formation of companies
and societies. Thus, public works are
accomplished which would be beyond the
efforts and means of private individuals,
and persons of the lower classes are assisted
in the purchase of property, who, without
some such help, would be unable te do so.
If anyone would rapidly consider in detail
the immense machinery requisite to be set
on foot in the construction of a railway,
he would instantly discover the value of
the existence of such powerful corporate
bodies. Not but these may be subject to
abuse; but they will, no doubt, improve
and keep pace with the enlightenment of
the age. Among public bodies, building
societies deserve a prominent place. To
one of these our attentiou has been partic-
ularly called—we refer to the Rock Build-
ing and Investment Society. The object
of this society appears to be this:—By
the payments of its shareholders, to form
a fund, from which money may be advanced
to the members, to enable them to pur-
chase freehold or leasehold property; and
for this purpose every shareholder shall be
entitled to receive an advancement of the
funds of the society on every share, and
so in proportion for every half and quarter
part of a share he may subscribe for, after
the rate stated in tables which may
be found in the little pamphlet published
by the society. The payment of the ad-
vance to be secured to the society by a
mortgage of such freehold or leasehold
property. The object of this society is
excellent. Its provisions are framed with
a due regard to equity. Should any share-
holder, having been a member not less

than one year, be desirous of withdrawing any shares on which he has not received an advance, he shall be allowed to do so, on giving to the board one month's notice. Another excellent idea is, that the widows and orphans of deceased members are always to have the priority in the payment of the money paid by a shareholder.

In case of a member dying, no right or benefit of survivorship shall be had or claimed by the surviving shareholders; but the shares and interest of the deceased member shall belong to his executors, who shall have as much benefit as the shareholder could have had in case he had been living. What can be more fair or honest than this? No advantage is taken of the death; but, on the contrary, the money is paid over to the heirs of the deceased member, at or after the third monthly meeting subsequent to the demise. The subscription is ten shillings per month on each share. Every shareholder shall, from the date of his certificate, commence paying his subscription money (ten shillings) for each share he may hold, and shall afterwards continue paying the said subscription money of ten shillings per share, per month, with all fines that may be due from him, at every succeeding monthly meeting, until the termination of the society; such payment to be made at the office of the society, between the hours of seven and nine o'clock in the evening, or at such other times and places as may be appointed for that purpose. The offices are at present at No. 26, New Broad-street, City.

The name of fine always conveys an idea unpleasant to those who would join societies. We, therefore, hasten to show our readers that those in this society should not deter persons from entering. Every shareholder neglecting to pay his subscriptions at the time appointed, shall be fined on each of his shares as follows:—sixpence for the first month, sixpence for the second, a shilling for the third and fourth, and two shillings for every subsequent month. Any shareholder (not having received an advance) continuing to neglect the payment of his monthly subscriptions, until the fines increased thereby shall equal all the sums actually paid by him, shall cease to be a shareholder, and forfeit all his interest in the society.

It would exceed our limits to enter into any greater detail at present: we would refer to the prospectus printed in the present number. Rightly to understand the principles upon which this excellent institution is founded, our readers should procure the copy of the rules and regulations, which are written in so clear a style, as to be perfectly intelligible to all.

The Theatres.

There has been scarcely anything doing at the theatres during the early part of last month, with the exception of Drury Lane, that is worthy of being recorded in our pages, managers having, we presume, been so much engrossed by the preparation of the Christmas pantomimes and other season-pieces.

Drury Lane.

Another new opera from the prolific pen of Balfe was produced at this house on the 11th ult., the libretto being by Mr. Bunn. The plot, which is derived from the French, is as follows:—It turns upon the love of Madame Corinne (Miss Romer), a young widow, whose husband, a West Indian proprietor, dies, leaving her very rich; she has long cherished an affection for a young mulatto, Camille, but whom she has lost sight of; she sees Ardenford (Mr. Harrison), and thinks that he is Camille. The Marquis de Vernon (Mr. Weiss), wishes, however, to gain her hand for his son Count Florvile (Mr. Rafter), a young spendthrift. The usual mistakes and contretemps take place. Ardenford turns out to be Camille, the marquis, his father, and the young count his half-brother, with whom he was about to fight a duel, when Madame Corinne comes forward, explains the matter to the count, and gives her hand to Ardenford. The other characters introduced were Viscount Morliere (Mr. Horncastle), Malapropos, Ardenford's valet (Mr. Harley), Jaloux, innkeeper (Mr. S. Jones), Grisette, his wife (Miss H. Isaacs), and Frivole, lady's maid (Mrs. Hughes). In the first act, the scene is laid at Nancy; in the second and third, at Paris.

The success of the opera has been most triumphant, and Mr. Bunn has received his reward for the great outlay incurred in its production, and has had the rare felicity of receiving the almost unanimous praises of the critics.

The music is exceedingly beautiful; among the choicest morceaux we may mention the following ballads—"It is not form it is not face," "Go, memory, go," and the guitar song, "Love in language," which were all exquisitely sung by Miss Romer; a buffo air, "There is nothing so perplexing," sung by Mr. Weiss, and two songs "When fond remembrance," and "They say there is some distant land," which fell to Mr. Harrison. A chorus and *morceau ensemble*, which concludes the quartett, is also very good, and the grand *finale* is well worked up.

Of the performers it is our pleasing task to speak favourably. Miss Romer acquitted herself well in her part. Mr. Weiss has dropped into the old men's parts, as if they were made for him; he has lately much im-

roved, but more particularly in these characters, which suit him so well, that we hould hardly fancy him again in anything avenile. He sung the comic air we have lluded to exceedingly well, and has always een well received. Mr. Harley is an old stablished favourite. His vocation is to nake people laugh, and he does it so successfully that his mere appearance generally produces a risible effect. The subordinate parts were also well sustained. Miss Isaacs, as the grisette, acted nicely, and Mr. Jones, as her husband, an innkeeper, played the character well. We must not omit mentioning that on the first night Miss Romer, Messrs. Harrison and Weiss were called for; next Mr. Balfe made his appearance; and lastly, Mr. Bunn, who availed himself of the opportunity to address the house.

The Lyceum.

This popular theatre re-opened its doors last Monday, and commenced another season, under the Keeleys, with a version of Dickens' new Christmas tale, "the Battle of Life," which was produced with the sanction, and under the superintendence of its author.

As the plot of the piece is, no doubt, familiar to our readers, from having perused the tale itself, we shall not inflict on them the tedium of relating it, but proceed at once to state the cast of characters, &c. The character of Clemency Newcome was sustained by Mrs. Keeley, and never do we remember to have seen her to greater advantage. Mr. Benjamin Britain was played by Mr. Keeley, in his usual droll manner, and as though he seemed to appreciate to the fullest extent, the author's conception; and Frank Matthews was peculiarly happy in his delineations of the quaint old physician, Dr. Jeddler. Miss Daly, as Grace, we much admired, as we also did Miss May, as Marion; indeed the entire round of characters were ably supported, and the way in which the play was put upon the stage must be allowed to have materially influenced its success. At the conclusion of the piece Albert Smith appeared before the curtain, and there was a loud call for Mr. Dickens, but he was either not in the house, or did not care to respond to the call for him.

The Ethiopian Serenaders.

These amusing singers, after a prosperous tour in the provinces, have again favoured the metropolis with their presence, and with a success quite equal to their expectations, we should imagine, for the house was filled on Tuesday evening last. Those who have not yet heard them, we recommend to go, and they will not repent it; they sing their harmonised airs with much expression, indeed far superior to anything of the kind we have lately heard.

Sacred Philharmonic Society.

The "Messiah" was performed last Wednesday by this Society, to a full attendance, in the room of Exeter Hall. The performance was anything but satisfactory to our minds; the chorus and band require a vast deal of drilling to make them efficient.

Mr. and Mrs. Severn's Concert.

This entertainment was given in the Hanover-square Concert Rooms, on the 3d ult. It was one of the richest treats it has been our good fortune to enjoy for some time past. The chief item in the programme was "an operatic serenata," composed by Mr. Severn—"The Spirit of the Shell." It is a very elegant piece of musical composition, and the libretto by Francis Wyman, is far superior to librettos in general, and, did our space permit, we should much like to make an extract or two in proof. The solo parts were sustained by Miss Birch and Mr. Lockey, and the subordinate parts by Messrs. Shoubridge, Wetherbed, and Hawkins, and Misses Cubitt and Solomon.

The second part consisted of a selection chiefly of vocal music, by the vocalists mentioned, and Mr. John Parry, who sang his comic song, "The London Season," and was, of course, encored, and Mrs. Severn herself.

The Pantomimes.

Drury Lane.—The introduction to the pantomime of "Harlequin St. George and the Dragon" is not very conspicuous for literary ability. The first scene is the abode of Kalyba (Horncastle), the Enchantress, who summons her faithful ministers, Earth, Fire, Air, and Water, who have been, much to the satisfaction of their mistress, effecting shipwrecks and earthquakes, and burning down houses, "in spite of Mr. Braidwood and his new Fire Brigade." Intellect (Miss Payne), arrives in a small parachute, to dispute the magic power of Kalyba, and to tell her what he has done, notwithstanding the opposition of Ignorance and Superstition; and, in fine, to bid defiance to her and her crew. Kalyba laughs at the new comer; and, to show him her power, orders Air and Water to cause a shipwreck. Here is an illustration of a storm at sea—the lifeboat saves the crew. Kalyba is not to be baffled, and she commands an earthquake. This is treated in a similar manner. The Enchantress is not satisfied, so Intellect gives her a month or two, to "steal seven little brats" the Champions of Christendom. The scene is changed to an "Infant School,"

in which intellect certainly does not make much progress. "The Exterior and Barbacan of Coventry Castle," brings us to St. George, who is fêted on his birth-day. This scene is full of the fun of pantomime. The champions set out on their different journeys, after St. George (W. H. Payne), has emancipated himself, and enchanted the Enchantress. Egypt is the country of St. George's exploits. Almanzor (T. Matthews) is on the point of being married to the fair Princess, but, as the pantomime states, the lady "has a decided objection to be bound in Morocco." Amongst the tricks there are some that deserved and met with a hearty round of applause. They were mostly of a political character.

HAYMARKET.—"The Invisible Prince; or, The Island of Tranquil Delight," is a happy Christmas hit. The monarch of bombast, Mr. Bland, struts about with inflated importance, to the no small amusement of his audience. In this extavaganza he is the rival of Leander (Miss P. Horton), who, in his adventures, is assailed by the fairy Gentilla, and she presents him, amongst other gifts, with a cap, by means of which he makes himself invisible. With such advantages he entirely supersedes the Infante Furibond, and easily gains the affections of that exquisite Little Pet (Miss Julia Bennett), to the tune of "I'd rather have a guinea," "'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl," "The poor soldier," "The bold dragoon," "Pretty Polly, say," and "Get along home, you yellow girls." The house was very full.

PRINCESS'S.—"The Enchanted Beauties of the Golden Castle; or, Harlequin and the One-eyed Ogre," was produced at this house. The scenery is very beautiful. In the opening scene, the bird which carries Frizzlegit to the Golden Castle is of immense size, and its introduction was very cleverly managed. The "Isle of Parrots" has called forth the taste of the scene-painter. The distant figures climbing the balsatic rocks has a curious effect. There is also a very pretty idea in the budding and expansion of a rose, when the enchanted beauties suddenly appear; and the scene where the Princess is discovered through a trellis work, was in the best style of the artist of the theatre. The pantomime was highly successful.

LYCEUM.—The pantomime produced at this establishment is constructed on a somewhat novel principle, being divided into two acts. In the first part the poetical story of the "Butterfly's Ball" is developed, and the second act is entirely devoted to the harlequinade. Mr. Lauri made his first attempt to play the part of Harlequin. Collier fills the part of the Clown, and he is a truly droll fellow. Some of the transformations were made exceedingly clever, and the machinery worked uncommonly well. The scene of the Freemason's Hall afforded some capital jokes, which told against the "craft." The "grand secret" was cleverly worked. A huge sack was brought on the stage, and after some extravagant jokes between the Clown and Pantaloon, a tremendous red-hot poker was produced. The attempted swindle at the Egyptian Hall of "What is it?" was also burlesqued. Nor were the railway bubbles and the Wellington statue forgotten. The music, by Alexander Lee, was performed by a first-rate band. The pantomime is likely to have a long run.

ADELPHI.—A new piece in three acts, entitled "Columba; or, the Corsican Sister," was brought out at this theatre. Columba (Madame Celeste) is the sister of a young lieutenant, who has been in the French service, and has just returned to Corsica. Her brother, Antonia Della Rebbia (Mr. Howe), has been long absent from Corsica, and during his absence his father has been murdered by a rival family. According to the custom of the country, Antonia is expected, and urged by his sister to take blood for blood, but having imbibed gentler feelings, it is only when convinced by proofs of the guilt of the accused that he consents to avenge the murder of his parent. There is an episodal portion of the piece which turns on the love between Antonio and Miss Neville (Mrs. Yates), but the play concludes without giving any satisfactory account of its termination. Wright, as the Colonel's servant, was very amusing, and Paul Bedford and O. Smith, as two bandits, made the most of their parts. Miss Woolgar, as Chilina, a mountain peasant girl, was loudly applanded. Most of the actors were called before the curtain at the conclusion.

SURREY.—The lessee of this establishment has spared no pains in the production of the new pantomime. It is entitled—"The King of the Castle; or Harlequin in the Land of Dreams."

ASTLEY'S.—The pantomime of the "Forty Thieves; or Harlequin Ali Baba and the Robbers' Cave," was produced at this theatre. It would be a needless work to go over the plot of the "Forty Thieves," as we take it for granted that every one has read or seen it. Suffice it to say, that the plot was humorously written, and introduced "the animals" to the satisfaction of a noisy and well-filled house. The "effects" were numerous.

The Mirror

OF

[TERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

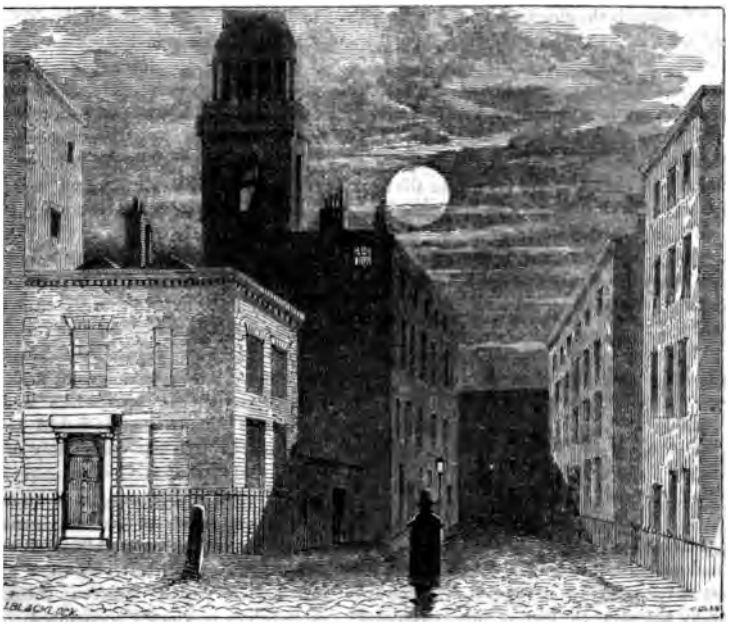
AND INSTRUCTION.

] FEBRUARY. [1847.

The Miser's Will; or, Love and Avarice.*

AN ENGLISH TALE.

BY THE EDITOR.



CHAPTER V.

NIGHT HAUNTS *(continued.)*

ion as the mechanic left the shop, oke.

y are inside."

o?"

regular ones."

n entered, followed by his new friend. erior was most gloomy and repelling. small room, black and smoked by ilst a few chairs, three tables covered by green baize, with one or two round tin pans filled with sawdust, composed its entire furniture. At one of the tables sat a party of whist-players, by whom Wilson was received with a general nod of welcome, to which he replied after the same fashion, and then seated himself with Smith at one of the tables.

"What will you drink?" said the apothecary.

"I am indifferent," replied Wilson.

"Then order a couple of bottles of sherry," continued Smith, throwing a sovereign on the table.

* Continued from page 16.

The players started, and one actually played a diamond for a heart, so novel and stupendous was the sound of a gold coin in that region.

Wilson, himself, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his senses, ran and spread the effect of the surprise, by requesting Jerry to send his wife in search of the necessary liquid. He then returned and resumed his seat.

"And it is here, Mr. Wilson," observed Smith with a paternal smile, "that you spend those precious evenings, which might be so much better devoted."

"Really," said Wilson with a blush, "I have no where else to go."

"That is some excuse. But pray who are the usual visitors here?"

"Variety is the characteristic. Clerks without a home, some few with; an idle artist or two, some tradesmen on the verge of insolvency, a cabman and an omnibus driver," replied Wilson in a low whispered tone.

"Really the locality is worthy of study, continued Smith; "when more company arrive, I will take a hand. It will be the readiest way of paying my footing."

Wilson coloured to the eyes.

"Why, man, what's the matter?"

"The fact is," said Wilson, hesitating, and looking excessively confused, "I am rather hard up."

"My dear fellow," said Smith, with a smile of peculiar meaning, which Wilson saw not, "*I am delighted to hear it!*"

"Sir!"

"Because it will give me an opportunity of proving my gratitude."

"Sir!" said Wilson, astonished.

"You have been disappointed in your remittances; you have overdrawn your banker. I understand all these little things. Well, will you at once prove your good feeling towards me, by accepting the loan of twenty pounds?"

Wilson raised his pale countenance, and looked searchingly in the other's face.

"Either," he said, with an excitement of manner which was painful, "you are acting a most generous part, or you are laughing at me!"

"You accept," said Smith, drawing forth his purse and pocket-book.

"Mr. Smith," began Wilson, whose right feelings and true heart made him hesitate to receive so great a favour from a stranger, whose motives he in vain endeavoured to fathom: the struggle was brief: poverty, the desire to appear well before the Cartwrights, whose acquaintance he looked upon as a and special blessing, conquered his sen right. "I shall never be able to repay

"Tut, man," said Smith, who had p pens, ink, and paper on the table, and drawing out a promissory note; "but I f have no stamp smaller than for forty po We will make it that by your leave."

"How can I ever—"

"No thanks! I may have a deeper o than you can fathom in all this. Then the bill, and there is the money."

Wilson, whose back was turned to players, did as the other directed, asto ment and bewilderment almost depriving of any consciousness of what he was d Smith then counted the money out upo table, which done, he carefully folded u bill, and placed it in his pocket-book.

Could any man have studied the ex sion of his face as he did so, he would been reminded of the expression which gination attributes to the countenance o father of evil, when the fatal bond of s poor soul has been signed and sealed, pr ratory to a career which leads to the dwe of the king of Evil.

The wine now came in, followed by men, who were greeted by Wilson with welcome, and invited instantly to join in prepared game, and to share the wine.

One of these was a man whose he moustache, sallow complexion, and pecu accent, seemed to prove him a foreig though of what nation it would be diffi to say. His garb was completely of the called seedy, while a German pipe appe the universal accompaniment of his existe

This man was introduced as Count Ma Rhino, but though he went through the fo of introduction with Mr. Smith, a glanc intelligence passed between them, wh proved them previously acquainted.

The other was one of the many who quented the unwholesome locality, but ther his name nor appearance are of any ment in this eventful history.

We shall spare our readers the remair of the events of that evening. Let it suf to say that play was kept up to a late h that Wilson and Smith played against another for heavy stakes, and that our l left the place in a state of perfect insensibil ignorant of the result, and only obtained mission to his domicile after half an ho persevering coquetry with his keyhole.

CHAPTER VI.

NUMBER SEVEN APPEARS IN A NEW REGION.

In one of the formerly fashionable quarters of this modern Babylon, is situate a certain small house, of rather elegant exterior, forming the corner of two streets, and connected by a garden wall with a mews.

In the garden wall, as will often be seen to be the case in similar corner houses, is a door, used generally for no purpose in particular, appearing indeed to be intended in most instances not to be opened.

The house we now speak of, had for a long period excited a degree of attention in the neighbourhood, which was very singular in London, where no man knows his next door neighbour, and where, as a rule, men may in general act as they please, without much fear of too particular a scrutiny into their deeds.

In the instance however of which we now speak, there was too much which was calculated to excite suspicion and attention for it to be overlooked, and accordingly the house in question was the object of most intense curiosity in the neighbourhood, forming even the principal topic of conversation; and yet the mansion had no architectural beauties about it, was no wise singular in its appearance, or in possession of any outward sign which might excite the thinking faculties of the good people around.

For about a twelvemonth, however, the shutters of the house had remained closed day and night, and not a soul was ever seen to leave it or enter its doors, while that it was inhabited was clear enough, as the tradespeople called each day for orders, and received them regularly from an antiquated crone, who made her appearance in the area. Butchers, bakers, greengrocers, fishmongers, oilmen, &c., &c., made their diurnal visits, by their representatives, that is their boys of all work, and furnished a supply of provisions, it was calculated, for three moderate eaters.

These boys, however, assisted materially in ministering to the curiosity of the neighbourhood, for not one of them ever was known to receive a farthing of money, or ever heard their different masters allude to any pecuniary details in connection with the mysterious mansion.

And yet none of the tradespeople ever showed any disinclination to continue the supply, and what was more mysterious still, always gave a distinct negative to any demand, which was made them, in relation to this portion of the secret.

"We know what we are about, I dare say," replied the baker, when interrogated by a next door neighbour, "but if a customer chooses to have odd ways about him, that is no business of ours."

The most vexatious part of the affair was, that every shopkeeper who furnished goods to the house in question, when conversation turned on this point, grew most mysterious and solemn, an unanimity of proceeding, which to say the least of it, was very remarkable.

Of course explanations, ideas, and hypotheses of every kind, were ripe in the neighbourhood in regard to the house, and as a natural consequence, no two persons could agree in their opinions on the subject. So many men, as many sentiments.

About half an hour after our friend Wilson quitted the locality described in our last chapter, and just as

"A moon of light,"

in something more than

"The noon of night,"

burst radiant from behind its silver curtain of clouds, a cabriolet stopped at no great distance from the house in question, and a man descended therefrom.

Paying his fare, and dismissing his vehicle, the stranger advanced slowly towards the door in the garden wall, wrapping his cloak meanwhile close around him, for the night air was cold and chill.

"I am over late to night," muttered he, "but for him there are no hours. He is not abed, for I plainly perceive a faint glimmer of light through yonder chink."

With these words, the stranger drew forth a key from some pocket beneath his cloak, and opened the door therewith, passed rapidly in, and closed it after him.

The garden, or rather yard in which he found himself, was utterly devoid of cultivation, a mass of intricate weeds, growing tall and rank, over beds, paths, and all remnant of former cultivation.

The stranger, however, took no note of anything, appearing indeed well used to the place, and passing quickly to the back door, he again applied his key and entering the house, found himself in a hall, lit by a diminutive and sickly lamp.

"All retired but *him*," muttered the man,

"I can tell by this lamp. It is as I wished. Did that day, which haunts my brain, hour after hour, ever come, this would serve my turn admirably well. But hark, my soul, no need perchance of that. He only who could frustrate me, is in my toils, and he shall there remain. But now for *him*."

Raising the lamp which lay upon a side-board, the stranger turned along a narrow passage, and soon reached the foot of a wide flight of stairs, heavily carpeted, as well as all other parts of the house, so that not the slightest footstep could be heard.

The walls in every part of the mansion were covered with paintings, whose splendid frames side by side with elegant little *statuettes*, and other ornaments, bespoke opulence in the owner of all around. But the stranger noticed nothing, and having reached the drawing-room floor, stopped, laid down his lamp, and then peered silently into the apartment before him through the open door, in which act we shall follow his example, and endeavour to record what he there saw.

The room into which he gazed was lofty and spacious, while its walls were wholly occupied by shelves, heavily laden with store of learning and amusement. The books were all elegantly bound and arranged in the most careful and regular manner. Busts of eminent men, portraits of illustrious warriors and statesmen, filled every vacant nook, but not one trace of female form could be detected.

A large table, over which open books, papers and writing materials of all kinds were strewed, a sofa, several globes, and the usual amount of chairs, ottomans, &c., completed the furniture of the apartment.

A bright sea coal fire burnt in the polished grate, near which was a small table of rare and excellent workmanship.

On this table was a book, and a brace of pistols lying within an inch of the open volume.

On the shelves were huge tomes of history and philosophy, memoirs, travels, poems, romances in extraordinary abundance, enough to tempt the attention of the most abstracted.

The book, however, which lay open on the table was the Bible.

Sunk in an arm-chair, arranged with cushions and furs, in the most luxurious manner, sat, in deep meditation, a man of middle age, whose pale face and thin hollow cheeks, told of deep thought and studies, which led far into the night, when perchance he was

> "Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
> That fruitless and unprofitable art:"

or else which spoke of some corroding sorrow, that scorching the liquid moisture of the brain, and chilling the warm blood of youth, had made here one of those many wrecks, which daily speak her might and power.

"He sleeps," muttered the man.

"Is that you, Habakkuk?" cried the other, "methought you were not coming to night. Even you abandon me."

"Hush, hush!" said Habukkuk Smith, advancing towards the fire, "I could quarrel with you, but that I am your friend. I could never abandon you. Besides, no one has done so; it is but your fancy."

"May be, it is so; and that 'tis I have shut out the world from me, closed my doors against man, and become a misanthrope; and yet, owning that I have acted thus, who in my place would have done otherwise? Have I not done wisely. Man! man! I hate thee. This night I have again been resolving how my wealth may be so disposed as to benefit no living creature. No man shall own it, no woman either, if means can be devised to annihilate it. I will play the miser well; but not as common misers do, fools that they are. I will not starve and pinch myself to fatten my gaping heir, when I am gone. No! I will live well on the best of everything, I will enjoy luxuries, while other men are coffined in in some prison,

> 'Where their bones
> May be forth-coming—when the flesh is rotten.'

No man shall be the better of my riches while I live, and when I die, if heaven send me of life enough to do the deed, it shall be the better for no living creature."

"Sorrow has made you utterly mad," said Habakkuk severely, "you will talk differently, when time shall have sobered your grief a little."

"Never!" continued the recluse, "never! True I had a sister once, a sister whom I loved, as not often brothers love their kin. When quite a girl she wedded, 'gainst my will, a poor obscure man, who died shortly afterwards. She followed him, driven to death, as he was doubtless, by that poverty I refused to remove. She left a child—had he, my sister's son, have lived, he had been the heir to all my fortunes. For towards her I sinned heavily, and for her sake would

rgiven mankind. He too is dead,
me, but how many times must I
dull story in your ears. What
y wife?"
ce of the recluse grew black and
he uttered these last words.
ear sir," replied Habakkuk, turning
tence of laying aside his hat, but in
conceal the emotions of different
ich suffused his visage with crim-
y return ever to this painful sub-

news of my wife?" continued the
rely.
last I heard of her," replied Ha-
vith a slight tremour, which always
him as he told his deliberate false-
his unconscious victim, "she was
it gaily in the French capital, under
ction of Count ——."
cluse gazed fixedly on his pistols, as
k spoke.
yet! not yet."
kuk trembled as the iron man be-
turned a vacant gaze upon the fire,
ered, "When will this maddened
when shall I earn the reward of
erils, when have peace, when con-

thou miserable wretch! Thou
thy very soul to the demon, for the
ld, and over thy brow, in words of
ritten, "Hope and peace enter not

realth of the man who sat before
enormous; it would be greater, and
k Smith, during many long years,
ted the possession of all this riches.
s but one means of earning it, and
was base and vile, requiring more-
; patience, and an enduring villainy
nmon order. The end, however, was
one, and that end Habakkuk Smith
loubt to gain.
her daughter?"
ll."
it matters not. An angel from hea-
ld scarce now satisfy me that child
e."
e, come, my friend, let us speak of
ings," said Habakkuk, to whom, as
urally be supposed, the conversation
thing but agreeable.
, well," replied the other, closing the
before him, and laying it, with the
side, "what money have you need of
for my week's expenses, and for the going to
and fro of these messengers to Paris?"

"My outlay has been unusual this week," said Habakkuk, "for I had some difficulty in tracing her. I am but a poor man myself, or I should never mention these things."

"Tut! tut! Habakkuk, let me wrong no man, if I right none. I have no wish but that you should do these things effectively; I pay all willingly. How much?"

"I do not rightly recollect me, if it be one or two hundred pounds, I need," replied Habakkuk, pondering.

The recluse raised his head, while he opened a cheque-book.

"I will write blank—hundred," said he, after a pause, "you can fill in one or two as is needed," and he handed the cheque to Smith.

"I had serious business to attend to, or I had not been so late," continued that gentleman, "and now, lest I detain you from your rest, let me retire."

"I am in no mood for sleep—sit you down; in yonder buffet you will find, as you know, wine and glasses. I am not often in humour for conversation—I am now. Let us talk."

"Willingly, my dear sir," replied Smith, going to the cupboard indicated, and bringing forth a couple of decanters and as many glasses: "I am always, as you know, entirely at your service."

Smith removed the Bible and the pistols as he spoke, to the presence of both of which he had a great objection, and then drawing his chair towards the fire, filled the glasses, and waited the pleasure of the other.

"Well, Habakkuk," said the recluse, raising his glass to his lips, "as you just now remarked, you are not a rich man."

"I am not."

While he made this reply, Habakkuk Smith's pale face flushed slightly; he rather liked the turn the conversation was taking.

"You are not. I know it. Now, tell me, Habakkuk, you who know that riches have not brought me happiness or content, you who know that had poverty been my lot, it had perhaps been better for me; at all events had it been allotted that I should be in a humble sphere of life, and had this humble sphere been unvisited by guilt, I could resign my wealth this hour: you, I say, who know all this, tell me if wealth and distinction were suddenly yours, would it make you happy?"

Habakkuk Smith had now a deep game to play. To answer as he felt, would be to betray to his friend a secret which for years he had laboured to conceal; to show joy and gladness on his face would be equally dangerous. He therefore sank back in his chair, his spectacles serving him most wonderfully, and affected to reply, in a careless tone,

"Happy I really cannot say it would, but like most men I should feel a certain degree of satisfaction in commanding an unlimited supply of money."

"Humph! but tell me, Habakkuk, did you in reality become possessed of this wealth, what use would you make of it—that is the question which I love to investigate. You are the only man that chance brings me: to study mankind is now my object, and I must study them in you."

"Oh!" said Smith, somewhat gaily, "at your old tricks, Harry, investigating the human heart. Ah! you philosophers and book men, despite your learning and wisdom, sometimes make very curious mistakes."

"We do," said the other moodily, "but you forget my question, Habakkuk?"

"Do with it—what would I do with my wealth? Excuse me, Henry," said he hesitatingly, "but were I to build castles in the air with sincerity it might, perhaps, not please you."

"Speak, man, I am proof to whatever fancy would make you say."

"Why, then, Henry, to be frank, were I as rich as you, for example, I would marry, retire to the country, live the liberal lord of the manor, do good as far as I could, bring up my children in the way they should go, etc., etc."

As he spoke, the recluse raised his head, and, ere the other had finished, sat glaring at him like a wolf at his prey.

"You would, you would, and you tell this to me. You would do as I did, you would, had you my wealth, place yourself in my position, as I was two years back, and this to me, from whose heart a word of yours has for ever taken hope; to me, whose happiness your tales blasted; to me, who, perhaps, had I not listened to you, had been still happy, sttll in the peaceful enjoyment of my once glad home?"

Habakkuk rose, took his hat, and prepared to depart, a frown gathering upon his brow.

"Henry, you forget yourself," said he; "but no matter, I feel too keenly how deep must be your sorrow, to be angered at your passion."

"I am wrong; but let us quit this subject, let us not speak of that which revives the thought of things better forgotten."

"Let us do so," replied Habakkuk, "but wisely to do so, let us speak no more to-night. You are too excited, my friend, to converse calmly."

"I am—good night, good night," and, as he spoke, Henry sank back in his chair as if exhausted by the efforts he had made.

Habakkuk Smith turned and left the , his pale cheek, paler than usual, and his eyes flashing from beneath his brows. It was evident that he was angry, though he thought proper to restrain whatever feelings of emotion were raging within his bosom. As soon as he was gone, the recluse rose, changed his garb for one as poverty-stricken as possible, and, went out, taking a direction which led to

"No. 7,"

where arrived, he entered by the door behind —being opened to at a signal—and went up to the chamber-door, where a light still burnt.

CHAPTER VII.

FREDERICK WILSON AT HOME.

When in the morning our hero, recumbent on his solitary couch, awoke once more to consciousness, it was in a state of considerable confusion of mind. His head ached with the potations in which he had too freely indulged, his tongue felt parched and fiery, his temples throbbed, his lips were cracked and painful, while, as far as he recollected the evening's amusement, it appeared not at all to bear the scrutiny of a morning's reflection.

Frederick Wilson, though at a loss exactly to make out how matters had finally ended, remembered having played cards, and having given a bond for something; he had a confused recollection of losing a considerable sum of money to some person or other, of having given promises to pay, and I. O. U.'s in abundance.

It is not therefore to be wondered at by the discriminating and sensitive reader, if Mr. Frederick Wilson, to use an American phrase, felt particularly small, and gazed round his garret without any inclination to indulge in the Bombastes vein, or even to imitate poor Robinson Crusoe and proclaim himself sole

monarch of all that fell within reach of his lasty survey.

There is no sinner so hardened but the till small voice of conscience will sometimes each him, unawares, perhaps, making but a light assault, but still laying siege to the oul, in a manner sufficiently powerful to ender the fact of its existence unmistakeable. Now, Wilson, with all his faults, was no adept in crime or guilt. His life was reckless and careless, his existence flowed in a rude and pebbly channel, his time was misspent, but then there was that in him, which, when alone and calm, pointed out the error of his ways. He had gone astray, but he loved not his faults; his errors were those of situation, and he wanted but good company and the opportunity of amendment, to be a steady and industrious young man, not even without the ambition to end by something beyond, as yet undefined. His heart and mind, indeed, might have been likened to some gloomy forest dell o'er which the leafy sweep of arching trees spread darkness and dreary associations, but which, when brought by the rude but well-meant axe of the woodman, into the broad effulgence of day, gave forth its myriad flowers beneath the sparkling rays of the warm sun. So, the real nature of Wilson, warped and concealed by unfortunate habits and evil company, wanted but the rectifying influence of position, and some powerful motive, to become the truly excellent thing which in reality it was.

Stretched upon his humble truckle-bed, opposite a black and dreary-looking grate, the young man took in the whole room at a glance, and grimly noted its poverty-stricken appearance.

It was, we have said, and we love always to come to the point at once, a garret, and, we may further add, a small and uncomfortable one. A bedstead, a chest of drawers, a table, and a couple of chairs, constituted the whole amount of furniture.

The fireplace was dingy and dirty, and guiltless of any sign of fire. No welcome kettle graced the hob, and not an article edible or culinary was anywhere to be seen.

On the table, however, lay a most suspicious-looking document, which had not yet caught Wilson's eye.

"Heigho!" sighed our hero, "no fire to get up to, no breakfast, neither, I suppose. But what is that on the table, a letter, a bill, a writ, or what?" and reaching out his hand, Frederick Wilson drew the document towards him.

It was a polite request for the sum of one pound ten, being the amount of six weeks' arrears of lodging, and a respectful notice for our disconsolate hero to suit himself as soon as possible with another domicile.

"Confound the old harridan," muttered Wilson, "was ever mortal in such a plight as I? Without money, without credit, without a home, what *am* I to do? Yesterday, too, I was out of debt, and now heaven knows into what an abyss I have fallen."

Rat-tat, at the door, very sharply.

"Who is there?"

"Please, sir, missus wants to speak with you as soon as convenient."

"Tell Mrs. Mussle, to walk up in ten minutes. I am dressing," and jumping out of bed, he suited the action to the word.

Perhaps there can be no conceived nothing more cheerless than for a man, on a cold bleak morning, in a miserable garret, to dress with no fire, no money, no breakfast, and in perspective, an interview with one's landlady, on whose books one is marked considerably in arrears. It is one of those positive ills which scarcely one of those Irishmen, whose luxury and comfort is to be found in a *dudeen*, would be able to hold up against. Under such influence, the heart must feel chilled and depressed; the veriest philosopher that ever studied o'er midnight lamp, and at that witching hour drank deep inspiration, would have burnt his books in sheer desperation. Imagine, therefore, our hero's sensations at the next stroke of fortune which occurs in this eventful history.

"My God, what is the meaning of this?" he next moment exclaimed, as stumbling against a chair, he sent his clothes on the floor, a heavy gingling of money being heard as they fell.

To seize his coat and pantaloons and to empty the pockets on the table was the work of an instant; a most varied and singular assemblage of articles repaid the investigation.

Broken cigars, play bills, notes, pieces of string, crumbs, and other innumerable abominations covered the table; but beside these there came forth, to his utter astonishment, nearly a hundred sovereigns, solid, bright gold, unmistakeable portraits of the reigning, and certain deceased rulers of the land.

Wilson stared like a madman at the golden heap, a mass of riches almost beyond belief.

"Have I robbed somebody, or is it possible I have won all this?" cried he, raising his hands, to press them against his aching forehead.

The latter fact now burst clearly upon him, and reflection coming to his aid, our hero returned his treasure to his pockets, and swept the refuse into the fire-place.

He then dressed, in utter silence, wrapped in deep thought.

"Can I come in?" exclaimed a female voice, in no very honeyed accents, as Wilson buttoned his seedy coat, in the very act of concluding his toilet.

"Certainly, Mrs. Mussle, walk in, very happy to see you this morning looking so charming, Mrs. Mussle; you come for your little account; very happy to oblige you indeed," continued Wilson, speaking with remarkable volubility, and handing the necessary sum to the presiding genius of the locality, "anything else I can do for you, Mrs. Mussle."

The namesake of that innocent animal to which the epithet lily-white is generally applied by the *oi polloi*, had entered the apartment, a fixed frown upon her stately brow, which, ere our hero had concluded his speech, had relaxed into a sweet smile, tempered by a slight dash of astonishment.

"Nothing, I thank you, Mr. Wilson, nothing. But is there anything I can do for you, sir. Pray excuse my giving warning, sir, but really times is bad —"

"I am quite aware of that, my dear Mrs. Mussle, so pray say no more about that. But do something for me, you can. I want breakfast, and I shall not breakfast alone. Will you be good enough, Mrs. Mussle, to procure me some coffee, tea, ham, eggs, some sausages, and let me have breakfast for four, as soon as possible. Mary can light a bit of fire, and then take a couple of notes for me. Here, Mrs. Mussle, is a sovereign to make these little purchases."

To say that the middle-aged landlady, with a large family of little children, and heavy taxes, was astounded, was to say little, but, like a prudent woman, she kept all her surprise to herself.

"They shall be done, directly, sir—I will just take off my apron and put on my bonnet, and run of all them little errands myself. Mary! Mary!"

These last words were uttered in a loud voice, which penetrated from the upper to the lower regions.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Come up and light the gentleman's fire; be quick, bring up the wood and the coal-scuttle."

"Yes, ma'am."

With this assurance, being satisfied, the landlady hurried down stairs.

Frederick Wilson sank into a chair, placing himself from habit near the fire, and was soon lost in a reverie.

The house in which our hero dwelt was occupied by a vast variety of personages, the most remarkable of whom being fated to play some considerable part in this history, we shall give some brief account of them at once.

The first floor unfurnished was let to a single young lady, by name Cornelia Pointer. Cornelia was a dress-maker, not one of your hard-worked white slaves who toiled from four in the morning until midnight for a wretched pittance, but a young lady who, being possessed of considerable ability in her particular line of business, and having, moreover, a very good connection among the very best of the neighbouring shopocracy of Oxford-street, etc., employed some half dozen assistants, who came to her at eight, and departed after twelve hours' labour. Miss Cornelia Pointer was therefore very comfortably off, had very elegant furniture, and kept a maid servant, who slept in the back-kitchen, where all her culinary operations were carried on. Having to make breakfast, to cook dinner, and to prepare tea for her mistress and six young ladies, it will readily be believed that her office was no sinecure.

As Mrs. Mussle reached the landing, Miss Pointer opened her door, and wished her good morning.

"Good morning, Miss Pointer; how do you find yourself, miss, this morning? Very seasonable weather, though rather cold; it takes a deal of fire to warm one these cold days, and coals is very dear. There is no knowing, too, what price they may come to."

"I am sorry for it, though really we are so many in one room that we warm one another. We mingle our calorics."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Mussle, who wondered what caloric meant, though sufficiently used to Miss Pointer's fine words, not in any degree to be astonished; "but as I was saying, I hope you are quite well."

"Very well, I thank you, but walk in just one moment, and let us have a little *morceau* —a bit of conversation."

"But, my dear Miss Pointer," replied the landlady, with an air of great importance, "the gentleman is waiting for breakfast, and I have a thousand things to do; I have coffee to buy, tea to buy, eggs to choose, ham to taste, and I know not what all besides."

"But of which of the gentlemen do you speak!" inquired Miss Pointer, as she closed her door, and fairly hemmed Mrs. Mussle in, who, however, while she was speaking, had been slowly entering, or rather sidling into, the apartment.

Imagine, reader, a capacious chamber, within it a presiding goddess in the shape of a fair, blue-eyed young lady, with long flaxen ringlets, taper waist, and not unhandsome visage, and six inferior immortals of various shape and hue, but all of the feminine gender, sewing, clipping, hemming, stitching, and surrounded by a whole peraphernalia of female garments—unfinished bonnets, half-made capes, gowns without bodies, and bodies without tails, pelisses half-made, sleeves, scattered over table, chairs, floor, piano, amid a perfect army of patterns and shapes, and with all this the hum of many voices, and he will have some idea of the scene which presented itself to the, however, accustomed eyes of Mrs. Mussle.

"Of which of the gentlemen should I speak, but of that dear creature, Mr. Wilson, so handsome in his payments, and who places in my hands the care of his domestic arrangements!"

"He certainly is a dear creature," replied Miss Pointer, "and I always told you so, Mrs. M, but I thought you and he were two."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mussle, in reply, "every body is liable to mistakes, one of mine was, even for one moment, to suspect the honour and gentility of that excellent young gentleman, who owes me no rent, and gives me a sovereign to lay out in his little domestic necessaries. Yes, Miss Pointer," continued the landlady who could own her faults, "I am not above saying I was mistaken. Gentlemen do not always get their money regular, but they as pays when they does get it, is real gentlemen, and they as don't, aint."

"A very correct observation of yours, Mrs. Mussle, that individuals, who, having pecuniary means within their reach, do not do honour to their engagements, I look upon as anomalies upon the face of the earth. And Mr. Wilson has paid you his rent?"

"Every blessed halfpenny." Here the six young ladies giggled, remarking, *sotto voce*, something, of which the words "queer" and "creature" formed the burden.

"But I observed, Mrs. Mussle, that you had an unusual degree of business to attend to this morning; Mr. Wilson cannot be about to give a *déjeûner* in that hole of his up stairs."

"Hole, Miss, Oh!" cried the landlady, somewhat indignantly, "hole, for them as pays five shillings a-week for lodging and attendance; I call it a perfect little paradise."

"For five shillings a-week, certainly, for that small sum—I may say, that very trifling sum, one cannot expect much; still, it is not exactly the locality in which a gentleman would like to invite his friends to breakfast."

"Ah! Miss P.; bachelors does many worse things;" and the good landlady shook her head and looked vastly mysterious, "there's my husband; well, afore he was married, he scarce knowed what it was to get a night's rest. He was always a-making strange bed-places—a lamp-post, a kennel, a door-way, anything, it was all the same to him. They says as how, Miss P., poverty makes us put up with strange bed-fellows; I should say, being unmarried, makes a man put up with very unpartikler beds.

"As to the dormitory part of the matter," replied the young lady, with a slight toss of head, "we single persons cannot be expected to know much on the subject, though, I may say, I have little doubt that being a bachelor—when a man must be miserable—makes him also very indifferent about coming home, and it may happen that he may for once take up with a lamp-post."

"Lord love you," said the landlady, with the gravity of a police-Solon, "it's quite common, and my husband has many a time said to me, 'Betsy,' says he, 'when I ben in that way, I never knowed the difference.' Oh, that huzzy Mary, she's a-spilling the coals all over the stairs. I never see such careless things as them servants is, in all my life!"

With these words, Mrs. Mussle bounced out of the room.

"Mary," cried she to the unfortunate delinquent, who was a story higher in the house, "you're a-spilling the coals all about."

"No, I ain't, ma'am."

"No answer, you huzzy, cos I heard you. What, do you think there is nothing else to be done in this blessed world but clean after you, you lazy wretch, seeing you won't do it yourself. But make haste, and light the gentleman's fire!"

Mary muttered some answer which was inaudible, and then Mrs. Mussle, conscious of having loitered, hastened to execute our hero's commissions, anxious, in part, to see how much per-centage she might venture to squeeze out of the sovereign she was commissioned to lay out, on the principle of spontaneous consumption so cleverly explained by a writer in a certain popular miscellany.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BACHELOR'S BREAKFAST.

About an hour after the occurrence of the events detailed in our last chapter, the gloomy garret, in which our hero had awoke, and therein dressed shivering and shaking all the while, presented a picture very different to what had been gazed upon in gloomy sadness, ere the unexpected golden shower awoke him to life and energy.

The grate, though none of the largest, and being, moreover, by no means elegant in its form, was filled high with blazing coals, which spread around a genial sense of warmth, in itself no mean concomitant of happiness—red, crackling and hot, with blazing summit and fiery front, it looked as if it might have said, come use me, to the thin slices of bread, which were certainly intended to be toasted thereat.

On one side stood steaming a small black kettle, not one of your bright, cosy, happy-looking, matrimonial, boilers of hot water, but a true bachelor one, all soot and coal, which was variously used by every member of the great human family, composing the denizens of that house.

A coffee-pot equally dingy in its outside garment, but diffusing around the aroma of a beverage, which cheers, but not inebriates, and which unlike more potent liquids conduces to, not destroys health, graced the opposite side, and seemed to vie in its efforts at sending forth both sound and vapour. Bright visions in the foggy days of life, how Wilson watched you and rejoiced.

But not Wilson only.

The table whilsome so bare was covered by a goodly array of crockery and provender. Four cups, singularly happening to be all of the same pattern, and still more extraordinary, the same number of saucers graced a small corner of the cloth, while a tea-pot kept them close company. Plates, knives and forks, bread, toast, ham and sausages, with various articles equally useful and agreeable took up the vacant space, around which four individuals sat engaged in lively discourse.

Beside Wilson was Count Marino Rhini, remarkable only for his rough moustache and the very apocryphal state of his linen.

On the opposite side of the fire, sat a tall young man, whose very seedy habiliments, turned-down collar, long hair, and pale visage, would have instantly proclaimed him an aspirant to poetic fame, had not every second word he spoke revealed the secret to his hearers. Naturally possessed of a good heart, and of abilities which might have aided to raise him to a very respectable station in society, this young man, by fond and enthusiastic parents, had been unfortunately christened Ben Jonson Walters. We say unfortunately, for no sooner did he attain to an age, when he was able to distinguish between a poet and postman, than, struck by the coincidence of name, he at once aimed at the former vocation. Sent to London by his father, a small farmer in Sussex, as clerk to a banking house, a situation he had obtained for him, through the interest of his landlord, Ben Jonson Walters soon found his duties too irksome for his aspiring mind; facts were all very well, but they should have been poetic facts; figures were excellent, that is figures of speech, and consequently, neglecting his duties to write sonnets (he had composed one on the back of a hundred pound note), he was suspended for three months, both in situation and salary. Mr. Wentworth, the banker in question, had the greatest respect for the integrity and superior mind of his father, and accordingly did not dismiss him, being anxious to give him a taste of what three months liberty, unaccompanied by cash, would bring about.

A month had now elapsed, and late hours, bad company and idleness had done much to cause a change in his outward man, while none had taken place in his resolution to live by the proceeds of his pen. His grand effort was an epic poem, the subject of which was a sketch of the history of the English people, with his views of and speculations as to the causes of popular misery, with remedies therefore. This grand undertaking, however, proceeded slowly, and meanwhile numberless small pieces had been executed, and patiently distributed among the vast number of reporteries for prose and poetry, which tempt many an unfortunate wight to devote nume-

to composition, in the belief that
in want of contributors, and that
of ability are always accepta-

mistake. Not every magazine,
periodical in the kingdom, if each
olied four fold, and twice four fold,
ain one half the articles, essays,
ices and poems, which in ceaseless
re poured forth upon an editorial
fecundity of the human pen is a
omenon of the age. Announce to
iew monthly publication, and ere
ek, if your undertaking has had
icity given to it, you shall have
of continued tales, whole three
nances, short stories, &c., enough
han a twelvemonths' use. Who
is a mystery to us. Your regu-
rking authors, whose productions
d, and whose labours amuse and
iblic are few in number, while of
he name is legion. Still we say
t is scarcely possible to compose
certain amount of thought, and
good for all.

son Walters, like all young be-
into the error of supposing that
ld greedily devour his poems, and
the honour of seeing his name in

His eyes were opened by de-
got answers, polite, nay, kind
all cases refusal accompanied the

But we forget Ben Jonson Walters. A the time we allude to, the young poet's funds had vanished into thin air, and had not his hopes been singularly great, despondancy would have come over him. But his was the poet's dream of greatness still. He sighed for fame and renown, he believed himself capable of commanding them, and nightly round his pillow came fantastic visions of glory, which cradled still his earnest desire to be one of the stars in the firmament, that was to cover the hundred years comprising the new century, with glory ever more.

Mr. James Wilkinson, "a gentleman of the press," and a very young gentleman of that fraternity, made up the number of the invited.

"This is what I call a capital *dejeûner*," said the Count, "and reminds me of the days when I was in my native country, and ate the heads of wild boars and venison off my own estate."

"That must have been a very long time ago," said the juvenile member of the fourth estate, winking slyly at Mr. Walters, "since you speak like a ——, I may say, like a live Briton."

"I am proud to hear you say so," replied the Count gravely, "I had always an aptitude for the *langue*, for languages."

"An instinctive perception of foreign tongues," put in Ben Jonson, "as my great namesake says, nature makes languages

'As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.'

"But, gentlemen," interfered our hero, who, aided by Mary, the kitchen-maid, elevated to the rank of waiter, pro. tem., had been preparing everything for immediate consumption, "the breakfast waits. What do you take, Count, tea or coffee."

"Coffee," replied the foreign nobleman, "we always take *cafe* for breakfast; tea, nevere."

"Coffee," exclaimed Ben Jonson Walters, "since I have heard that the French Academy of Medicine have declared it genial to the brain, and proper food for poets, I drink nothing else."

"Water, gin and brandy," said Mr. Wilkinson with a grin, "for my part, I have no great opinion of either tea or coffee. They

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a word to certain writers who paint publishers as literary cormorants, that ject what is sent them, who scarcely y to unceasing letters, or if they do so, heir refusals with insolence and cold- ig is further from the truth. Of course ure of matter offered to the eye of those ne critical judgment seat, must cause s of time, but we are sure that in the editors and publishers for the most part deserving the obliquy thrown upon ppointed authors. If a MS. be sent to n, with a polite request for its examina- e examined, and if the writer have any tely returned and accepted. If, how- it at a delay, which is often inevitable, urs upon the possessor of his lucubra- ter letter, at first polite, then cold, then ngry, he must expect the natural con- st living writers have been editors, and more gentlemanly and considerate than f Dickens, of Ainsworth, of Howe, of r, and hosts of others, to those who eir literary services to them. The er- has become a received thing, and how- the cause, will, we doubt not, while satirisers, be received as one of those truths, from which there is no appeal. The few exceptions which do exist, and they are marked and known, will always be the excuse for making so unjust a rule.

are all very well for women, but we of the stronger sex require something more potent. In the morning, however, when one's head aches, as mine does now, most confoundedly, they are good restoratives."

Mr. Wilkinson was a small youth, with a red visage, nose to match, eyes of varied hue, in which the sanguine predominated, but on the present occasion had also a slight tinge of pallor. It was quite clear that the mild beverages before him were not his habitual draughts, and that the stronger liquids were much more common than was at all wholesome or genial."

"Don't say no," exclaimed Mr. Wilson, "if you would rather have brandy and water and a cigar for breakfast, say the word, and its done. Anything to oblige, my dear fellow."

"Why no! you are very good," replied Mr. James Wilkinson, looking a little alarmed at the prospect of exchanging the good things before him for so apocryphal a breakfast as spirit and smoke, "but this morning I have a fancy that a little tea and coffee will do me good. Really, I drank so much spirituous liquid last night, I feel somewhat feverish."

"Perhaps," said the Count, who recollected the young man's hit about his long absence from his country, "perhaps the other would make the gentleman sick; I should rather say it would."

"Sir," said Mr. Wilkinson, looking very big, "Sir, I would have you know ——."

What he did not say, but his cheeks swelling out, and his yellow skin puffing up, gave no inapt idea of the frog in the fable.

"Come, gentlemen," continued Mr. Frederick Wilson, "fire away; the coffee waits. By the bye, Ben Jonson, where were you last night. We missed you at Jerry's, lost a chance, you did; I fell into a good thing last night."

"So I should say," observed Mr. Walters, with a peculiarly meaning smile, "so I should say. But you ask me where I was. I must say that is rather a difficult matter for me to answer, as I myself feel somewhat dubious on this point. I was, I fancy, a little elevated; you must know I was dining at the —— Head, with a few gentlemen, literary gentlemen, whom our mutual friend Wilkinson here introduced me too, when all the go was,

'Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,'

gained the victory over my senses, and we sallied forth into the streets, singing

'Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.'

Captivated by a little beauty in the streets, a sweet little creature, I would on her roseate lips have fixed a kiss, when some low fellow, so

'Rugged Russian bear'

took advantage of my inebriety, punched my head, and sent me rolling into the kennel."

"In glorious style," cried Wilkinson with a laugh, "and didn't make a speech when he got up!"

Having uttered this sage observation, while transferring a thin sausage to his plate, the devotee to brandy and water again relapsed into silence, while Wilson poured him out a second cup of coffee, and Walters added, "A hard blow he hit me;

'I think I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon spots of blood,
Which was not so before.'"

Our hero meantime could scarcely preserve his gravity at the discovery which he had accidentally made. An indistinct idea had taken possession of him, that he had in rescuing Mary, committed assault upon friends, and he would have readily avowed his share in the transaction, but that the instinctive desire to keep everything in regard to Mary Cartwright a profound secret, intervened and prevented him.

Breakfast continued, tea, coffee, ham, toast disappeared with an expedition which would have astonished even an Ojibbeway; at length though some stray morsels still remained upon the festive board, the quartett suddenly ceased, each man declaring his appetite perfectly satisfied.

HERE ENDETH THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE JAPANESE MINSTRELS.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. LEWIS.

Opposite No. 7, and forming one of the focusses, where gossip entertained itself in connection with the mysterious personage who inhabited the old house, which ever re-

ained its padlock—symbolical of the silence hich reigned within, was a shop, one of those ops only to be found in London. Neither rocer nor greengrocer, neither tea dealer, or oilman, neither tobacconist, nor cheese-an, it was all in one, and beershop to boot; utside were stalls covered with a perpetual id heterogeneous growth of cabbages, turnips, lery, oysters, &c., which appeared endured ith a power of always renewing themselves; r however great the consumption during the y, and however bare the boards at night, rly in the morning, long before any sensi-e individual had left his bed, they were gain replenished to the great satisfaction of l those whose credit was good with the pre-ding spirit of the house. Within—but to escribe what that shop contained, would emand a genius equal to his who catalogued ie ships before Troy. Let it suffice, that des-ite the multitudinous nature of its contents, was very small, and only served its pur-ose by being crowded with boxes, drawers, rs, cupboards, from ceiling to floor, and by aving lockers, to use a nautical phrase, in very possible and impossible place. To add its discomfort, it contained a staircase, or ither ladder, which led by an almost per-endicular ascent to the upper regions, let n moderate terms to single men, as a bill in ie window generously informed the public.

Mrs. Lewis, a middle-aged, hard-featured ttle woman, appeared as stationary as any her goods and chattels, she was perpetually hind the counter in one particular place, ighing half ounces, and half pounds, of all rts, and keeping a back parlour, for no her purpose than to show, that if she chose, ie could at any time retire within herself, id cause dreadful calamities in innumera-e families by refusing credit. Mrs. Lewis as a clever woman, for though a great many ople got into her books, they never staid ere, which, seeing the greasy nature of her dger was a blessing. Many of her rivals ould have given much to know the secret, y which she preserved herself from bad ebts, there was, however, no great magic in ie matter, it arose from the fact, that she ever trusted very poor people, she could not fford it; with her, poverty was a crime. In ct in character, and a little in appearance, ie had beard enough for a hussar; she was Jew.

The good lady's morals were of a peculiar st, so that people paid their way, she never quired whence came their money. It fol-lows that her lodgers were often of some-what a suspicious order. At the time of which we now speak, her upper apartments were occupied by some mysterious personage, whose presence had diverted public curiosity, for a time, from No. 7, over the way; from morn till evening, and almost from evening till morn, there emanated from Mrs. Lewis's lodgings sounds which provoked the most in-tense and lively interest. It appeared as if the bells of some good-natured church had been allowed a holiday, and were spending their vacation with Mrs. Lewis, which while it spoke volumes for their humility, said nothing for their taste. Their activity, no man within a mile appeared willing to dis-pute, for every tune, carol, air, popular or unpopular, domestic or foreign, had the be-nefit of their instrumentalisation. When Mrs. Lewis was asked questions, all she could say was, that her rooms were occupied by six men, who never went out, or showed them-selves even in her shop. Her apartments had been taken by a well-dressed gentleman, who wore moustaches and a cloak, and whose accent was slightly foreign; he paid like a prince, came at least once a day, and it was no part of her business to ask ques-tions.

A few mornings after the enrichment of our friend Wilson, Mrs. Lewis was alone in her sanctuary, dividing, with singular inge-nuity, a pound of tea into eighteen ounce packets, when an elderly female entered, in search of provender.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lewis," said the beldame.

"Good morning, Mrs. Peacock, what can I do for you," replied the other, leaning two hands on the counter.

"A quarter of cheese, a loaf, and a pint of beer."

"Very good."

"Ah! Mrs. Lewis," continued the ancient female, while the other was occupied in pre-paring the various articles ordered. "What can them darkened windows over the way mean? No good, I am sure."

"You may say that, Mrs. Peacock," ex-claimed Mrs. L., shaking her head myste-riously, "no good, I'm sure. People don't take big houses and old houses, and people too with plenty of money, for nothing."

"What can it be," continued Mrs. P. pass-ing her two hands under her apron, and rais-ing them convulsively to her breast, "body snatchers at the least."

"Burkers perhaps," replied Mrs. L.

"And your people," said Mrs. P., with desperate energy, for, though this was a forbidden topic, she was determined to elicit some information, "they puzzle me."

"Do they," remarked Mrs. L. drily.

"Not but of course they are highly respectable," said the antiquated dame in some alarm; she owed a score of eleven shillings, elevenpence, three farthings,—"of course, but them bells puzzles me."

"And between you and me, and the bedpost," whispered the half mollified Mrs. L., "they puzzles me. Their gentleman pays like a gentleman, and has everything out of this shop, but what six men are shut up, a continually playing on bells for, I can't think."

"Nor I," and the two women's heads nearly came in contact in their mutual energy.

"And then, Mrs. Peacock, he ain't been a near 'em for two days, and they never shows theirselves. Lor they must be starved."

"Lor! perhaps they lives 'avout eating."

"Without eating, Mrs. P. Bless you, they're the best customers I have, for eggs and bacon."

"Mrs. Lewis," said a deep hollow voice at the top of the stairs.

The two women, in visible alarm, looked upwards by one common impulse, and could scarcely restrain a shriek.

All they saw was the shaved head of a man, with pale, haggard face, and a tail of hair behind, carefully knotted with white tape.

Before they could make any more complete investigation, the apparition had vanished, leaving the door ajar, to carry on the conference, which was brief, but decidedly satisfactory.

"Mrs. Lewis," repeated the voice this time almost faintly.

"Yes, sir," replied the somewhat alarmed woman.

"Our gov'nors forget us, and we're starved. Send us up two quarterns, four pounds of bacon, two dozen eggs, six pots of beer, and leave 'em on the landing."

The door closed.

"These lodgers," said Mrs. Lewis triumphantly, "that's about their breakfast every morning. Aint they customers?"

"Well! I never," exclaimed Mrs. Peacock. "Good morning, Mrs. L.," and away the belldame hurried to spread round the neighbourhood, the news of the sudden appearance in Mrs. Lewis's shop, of twelve men with shaved heads, and pig-tails, who breakfasted on six quarterns, twelve dozen eggs, and pots of the best ale.

Mrs. Lewis, left alone, proceeded t the directions given her by the ma shaven crown, and calling to her auxiliary Jinn, one Tom Stop, the wh was speedily deposited at the top of t ing, whence through the half-open still more speedily vanished.

Scarcely had this duty been pe when a hackney coach drove up to and a man alighted therefrom. young, say thirty, of handsome m with little grey eyes, that gave a s expression to his countenance. I moustaches, and a pointed beard, wh a large blue cloak, gave him the ap of being a foreigner. Paying his far tered hurriedly.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lewis," he ed, "any news."

"Oh! no sir," said the lady, "o people were nearly starved, and I wa to give them breakfast."

"The devil? I ought to have k said the other, "whom did you see

"No one."

The man's momentary glance of a nished.

"My good woman, then how did nage."

"They called out at the top of t and I sent it up to the landing."

"Bravo!" cried the man, "that i ficent. Do the same always when come. Give them whatever they o cept you have it not. Hand me th when I come down," and he threw reign on the counter.

"By the way," he added, as he se on the stairs, "do they talk much the neighbourhood."

"The fact is, Sir, all the talk is o

"No. 7," said the man, "what m Mrs. Lewis explained.

"Hum," said the man musing, strange. What sort of man was it."

As far as she could gather fro Mrs. Lewis did so.

"Singular this, devilish singula rich old fool I expect," and the man stairs musing.

"Not half so singular as you," Mrs. Lewis to herself.

And she and Tom Stop both sh heads; leaving them thus interesting pied, we follow the stranger up stair

Scenes in the Parana.

EXTRACTED FROM THE JOURNAL OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

[The Parana is a continuation of the ver Plate in South America. It has ately been the seat of hostile operations etween the combined squadrons of Eng- and and France and the forces of Rosas, he despot of the Argentine republic. The following is extracted from the jour- al of an English naval officer, who, though ctively employed, found time to look bout him, and observe the manners and ustoms of the almost unknown country in which he was on duty.—ED.]

At day-break Captain A— and myself started in the gig for Goya, for the purpose of observation. We landed a short distance below the town, where several vessels were loading hides, salted beef, horsehair, and other commodities, in a desperate hurry, to enable them to go down under protection of the men-of-war past the batteries of San Lorenzo. The establishment at which we landed belongs entirely to an Englishman of the name of D——n, who, having married a native lady, a relation of the governor, and thus become naturalised, has laid out some capital in establishing a large distillery of canea, or rum, from the sugar cane; also a large cattle farm, or estancia. I was informed by him that he owned sixty square miles of land of a most fertile and productive nature, from which, in consequence of the very unsettled state of the country, he had been obliged to part, including the stock of horses, cattle, sheep, &c, on it, and 800 mares, in exchange for 4,000 head of cattle, to be immediately delivered to him at this establishment, which he was killing with the utmost despatch, to convert their bodies nto portable mercantile commoditi s, and send them through the hostile parts of the Parana, by this, in the present state of the country, supposed last chance.

The final instalment of cattle, comprising 1,500 head, arrived as I was conversing with him, and a noble lot of animals they were; he calculated that it would take five clear days to dispose of them, or rather to transfer their bodies into the staple produce of the country, consisting of hides, tallow, salt and gerked beef, and hair. Although a terribly revolting sight, I determined to see the operation of this wholesale slaughter.

Mr. D—— showed me an immense vat, nto which a small pipe was introduced rom a diminutive boiler. He informed ne it was intended to hold the bones f one hundred newly slaughtered bullocks, from which were expressed, by neans of steam, six pipes of juice or narrow; this, of course, is extremely valuable. He also showed me a sample of rice, grown in one of the Parana islands, which appeared to be of a very fine and excellent quality. I was much struck by an observation he made, which seemed to me extremely apposite and correct. "The islands in the Parana," he said, "are capable, with the least labour and expense, of growing more rice than the world can consume." I should add, from what I have heard of the cultivation of rice, that these islands are intended for it by nature, being overflowed exactly at the proper time of year to nourish the plant to perfection. It is indeed a melancholy thing to see English, American, and other foreigners, with all their enterprise, capital, and industry, working day and night to clear out their property from this most productive, most beautiful, and most healthy soil and climate.

I was quite delighted to hear this morning that the convoy were allowed ten days longer to complete their arrangements. I was pretty certain that this would be the case from my knowledge of our chief's character, whose surpassing quickness of perception as regards the language, customs, and feelings of the country, exceeds that of every person I ever met. Only conceive the benighted state of this country when the germs of civilisation in its European population are driven away. It is really dreadful to think of the disgusting immorality and horrible barbarism to which this country, most blessed by God's providence, but most cursed by man's wickedness, will return.

There is a peculiarity in this country and climate that, I think, in some measure accounts for the outrageous and horrible cruelties for which the inhabitants are famous both towards man and beast: I will divide it into three heads: 1st. The people being derived from Spain, a country notorious for their cruel and bloody propensities; 2d. Their familiarising children of all conditions (except the higher classes) with the sight of blood by the constant slaughter of cattle; indeed they provide their children with a knife as soon as they can walk; and 3d. The extreme excitability of the climate. These and the insecure state of life and property are the principal causes of the dreadful butcheries and murders we so constantly hear or read of; and I can only add, if I were to write down all the appalling scenes I have witnessed, I should be deemed a drawer of the long bow, and unworthy of belief.

But to return to the slaughter-house. Mr. D. very obligingly took me to his salaleira, or hide and beef salting place, and showed me the whole operation. The killing of the unfortunate brutes was conducted with horrid and revolting cruelty;

but the very skilful manner in which the lassos were thrown, and the extreme coolness and vigilance of the guachas, was admirable. Immediately that the animals were pithed, the guachas disentangled their lassos, and left them to the skinner, who proceeded with great skill and celerity in skinning, disembowelling, and cutting off the fore legs and quarters. A bullock-cart then took the meat and hide, and proceeded with it to the shambles or cutting-up place. The quarters were then hung on a sort of frame-work in long rows, and were taken off by cutters-up as required, who shaved off narrow flakes, and then returned the bones to the frame, leaving many pounds of good meat on them, which they utterly disregarded, as well as the meat of the heads. Carts then conveyed the meat, when ready, to the open sheds, where it was placed in vats twenty feet square, and laid in layers of salt and beef; these looked so large, that they resembled the commencement of an English haystack. Whilst I was there, I saw two hundred and three animals killed, and the pile of meat had reached the height of three feet and upwards. As the whole of this mass of flesh still quivered with vitality, you may suppose I was much pleased to see the arrival of the boat which was to convey me away from so horrid a scene.

But so thoroughly did curiosity conquer repugnance, that on the following day I went again to the saladeira, to see the concluding process, and found the daily butchery just over, 204 more having been slaughtered. I had the curiosity to examine the fire-place that heated the boiler for extracting the bone juice; the fuel was composed of bones and beef—yes, veritable beef—the coarser parts, which, with the bones that had been before deprived of their marrow, made a furious and very hot fire. Mr. D—— was kind enough to tell me the cost of each animal, which, as it gives a good idea of the profits to be made in this country in peaceable times, I will put down on paper. The price per head for cattle is about ten shillings sterling. The following is the value of the different parts of a bullock, by the last quotation from the Monte Video market. Wet hide, average weight 45 lbs., is 4¼d. per lb., equal to 16s. 10½d. The parts of the animal salted, say, although much under the mark, one cwt., £1 6s. per cwt. Fat, tallow, and marrow, average half cwt., at £2. 10s. per cwt. Adding, therefore, the three items together, it amounts to £3 7s. 10½d. on each animal, from which, by subtracting 10s. as prime cost, and 10s. expenses (by far too much), there remains a clear profit of £2. 7s. 10½d

"BETTER TIMES!"

[These are said to have been the words of Napoleon, when drinking from a small spring among the rocks of Elba.]

"Better times," said the desolate chief, as he drained
From the clear gushing spring of the cleft,
One cup to the land were his memory remained,
And the friends whom his fortunes had left.
"Better times," 'tis the hold of each storm-beaten heart,
That hopes against hope as it climbs,
Though the signs of their coming grow faint, and depart,
Yet the watchword is still "better times."

The young and the fearless, what temples of trust
They build on the promise of years;
It may bring them but wrecks, it will bear them to dust,
Yet how radiant the prospect appears.
There are honours to win, there are love tones to hear,
There are homes beneath leaf-laden limes;
And some, in the future, may find them, but ne'er
What they dreamt of in those "better times!"

The patriot believes, though the land of his pride,
In whose triumphs he trusted, hath found,
How wisdom grows feeble, and brothers divide,
When days of disaster abound.
But concord and victory rise to his sight,
Through the deluge of tears and of crimes,
And he sees his hope's banner still float, in the light
Of those future and far-better times!

Our friends, has their love grown forgetful, and far
From the hearts that remember them thus?
Let us hear of their weal, it will shine like a star,
Through the clouds that close darkly o'er us:
We speak of them often, and yet there are names,
Never uttered, though heard like far chimes,
Or voices that come, in the silence of dreams,
To our love, and their faith, "better times!"

Our foes, have we found them, whose fortunes or fears
Met ours, in the struggle of life,
And tasted the wormwood, it might be the tears,
That blend with those waters of strife.
Was the hand, armed with hate, grasped in friendship of old?
Against tried and true love were its crimes?
Let the olive grow green, where the Lara hath rolled;
To our memory and theirs, "better times!"

"Better times!" we have watched for their march to begin,
When the skies were as wintry as now;
But it may be the world was less weary within,
And the toil-marks less deep on the brow.
"Better times!" we have sought them by wisdom's calm ray,
We have called them with folly's gay chimes,
But they came not, and hope by her watch-fire grows grey,
Yet to each and to all "better times!"

Stranolar, 1847. FRANCES BROWN.

Two Huts on the Rock.*

BY OF THE SIERRA DE RONDA.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

" Ay, something must be done;
I know not: something which shall make
hat I have suffer'd but a shadow
d lightning which avenges it;
, irreversible—destroying
uence of what it cannot cure."—SHELLEY.

few years back, while residing in
th-west of Spain, I determined
king a tour to the little town of
which, from the wildness and sin-
of its situation, I had been inform-
vell worth a visit. Accordingly,
nade the necessary arrangements,
, accompanied by a guide, and was
h up on the Sierra or chain of
is where the town is situated,
hich it gives its name.
me miles, as we proceeded along a
idge on the summit of the moun-
he scenery around was highly
t and southern; the ground on
le sloping down into exquisite
where the lush-green vines, creep-
ng pendulous festoons from pole
ung out their heavy purple clus-
he sunny air. But this did not
; for gradually as we proceeded,
of the mountains grew more pre-
and broken into huge crags and
ances; the path more stony and
and the vineyards less frequent;
gth all signs of cultivation ceased,
ing but a bleak and rocky desert
l itself to our view.
y ridden on thus for several hours,
other interruption than an occa-
oppage to refresh ourselves and
re came about sunset to a place
ie narrow mountain ridge along
had been travelling, widened out
erably broad and flat piece of table
the entrance of which two gigan-
rees, standing not far apart, had
heir rank boughs into a kind of
chway. I conjectured that we
ear some *venta* (a small detached
n); and accordingly turned round
ide to inquire.
enor, no," he replied, with an ex-
which plainly told me he stood in
r of some real or imaginary dan-
ish it were. There *are* two houses
e sure; but neither of them are
, unless indeed by——"

He paused, and looked about him suspiciously.

"Unless by what?" I exclaimed; fancying that we had fallen in with some banditti's lair.

"Ghosts, senor, ghosts," replied the poor fellow, crossing himself, and adding, in a low voice, "Holy Virgin, protect us from the Evil One!"

By this time we had reached the two cork-trees above mentioned; and passing under them, entered a smooth grassy platform, bordered by the same heavy and solemn tree and quite dusky by reason of their long overhanging branches. And sure enough, as my guide had informed me, at no great distance stood a small house, or rather hut, for its diminutive size and mean appearance would entitle it to no higher name. The singularity of its situation, coupled with my companion's obscure hints concerning it, had interested me; and accordingly driving my mule towards it, I dismounted, and began to examine it narrowly.

A silent, melancholy, heart-depressing place!—a place which once had been a home, but now how changed! The little casements—from which every atom of glass had long since dropped away, though the fragments might still be seen lurking in the long grass beneath—drooped heavily upon one rusty hinge, as though they remembered the cheerful fires they once shut in, and mourned the change that now had come across them. The door had either fallen or been driven in; and all about the threshold, rank weeds and "vagrant plants of parasitic breed" crawled about in unseemly overgrowth, telling a mournful tale of the years that had passed since human feet had trodden that melancholy portal. The thatch upon the roof was thin and ragged, and in some places had crumbled away, leaving the rafters bare; while from the white stone walls, grotesque faces and strange anomalous figures, born of damp, seemed staring forth with grim and dreary earnestness. At a little distance from the door, stood a large wooden cross, which in Spain is generally erected on the site of an assassination; and on the transverse beam, the words, "*Orate pro nobis*" (Pray for us), were carved in rude gigantic letters.

A murder had been committed there some time back, the guide informed me. But it seemed as if there was little need to tell me so; for whether my mind had been unconsciously influenced by my companion's terrified hints, or whether the wildness of the spot, rendered doubly solemn by the deepening twilight, had infected me with its own gloom—certain it is that in every sight and noise around, there seemed an awful voice, that plainly

m of the following narrative (although it itten, for the sake of convenience, in the) was communicated to the author by a had travelled in the south of Spain.

cried out "Murder." Every throbbing leaf —every fearful blast of wind that came across that mountain-tract—every motion in the dank weeds underfoot, however slight and momentary—appeared to tell, with shuddering voice, the self-same tale, no more to be mistaken than the noonday sun. The very birds, methought, knew the story of the place, and kept aloof with dread:

"For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted."

Having thoroughly examined the place, I remounted my mule; and after proceeding through the rank and exuberant vegetation for about a quarter of a mile, came upon another deserted cottage or hut, the very counterpart of the former. The same air of gloom and desolation hung around; the same rank weeds choked up the windows and the door; the same cross stood before the mouldering walls; the same inscription glared upon the cross. The similarity was absolutely startling.

What was the secret of these forlorn tenements? What awful crime had they beheld, that thus they stood — the most melancholy sight in that melancholy region —fronting each other like two gaunt shadows stricken by some spectral curse? I turned round to my guide, and inquired if he knew the history of the place.

Again he informed me that a murder had been committed there; that the houses had been deserted for many years—longer, indeed, than he could remember; that they were supposed to be haunted; and that that was all he knew. It was plain, however, he *did* know more; but as he was evidently in a state of great trepidation, and as moreover it had now grown perfectly dark, and we had still a long way to go, I forbore questioning him any further; and we accordingly jogged on in profound silence.

Having arrived at Ronda, I was accommodated with lodgings at the house of a friend, though not a fellow-countryman, who had resided there upwards of fifty years. To him I communicated my discovery of the two deserted huts upon the rock, and asked him if he could throw any light upon their history.

"I can," he replied; "for though not myself an actor in that awful tragedy, I am some way concerned in it. About fifty years ago, I was one night suddenly called upon by an officer of the town jail, with an earnest request that I would immediately attend a prisoner who desired to make a confession of a murder. I accordingly went; and being conducted into a close and noisome cell discovered a young man sitting at a table, busily writing. For a time he appeared to be totally unconscious of my presence; but suddenly raising his head, and discovering, to my infinite surprise, the face of one with whom I had some years previously been intimately acquainted, delivered into my hands a roll of paper, the chief fact of which—namely, that the crime for which he was about to suffer, he had really committed—he besought me to make public; concealing, however, all the particulars. He said he had thus confided in me for the sake of old friendship, and because the levity and licentiousness of the priests in the village forbad him to hope for any sympathy from that quarter. Then, placing his elbows on his knees, he dropped his face into his hands, and so remained: as fixed and stedfast as if the hand of death lay on him. In vain I attempted to rouse him, by administering such consolation as was in my power. I might as well have hoped to shatter the Egyptian pyramids by hurling a stone against their sides. Nothing, accordingly, was left me but to withdraw, taking with me the poor convict's confession. That confession I still have, though no eye but my own has ever seen it. To you, however, as an old friend, I do not object to show it."

So saying, the old man produced the document from a private desk. The following is a literal translation.

June 13th, 1790.

I have now but one day to live; and standing as I do upon the utmost verge of the precipice of Life, and hearing, night and day, the surge of that mysterious Sea beneath, wherein I soon shall be engulphed, it behoves me, in this my almost final act, to speak for once the plain and naked truth.

From a child I have been cursed with a hot and passionate temper, which at the merest trifles would burst into sudden and impetuous flame, and even for long after the first outbreak would smoulder away in sullen but subdued ill feeling. Not that I think I could at any time of my life, without violent provocation, have committed the act for which I am now about to suffer; for I do not ever remember to have thirsted for the life of any individual, unless when under the influence of those tempestuous throes of passion to which, alas! I am but too subject.

This unhappy temperament, instead of wearing away (which is sometimes the case) as I grew up towards manhood, fastened every day stronger and stronger, till at length it held me as with the clenched fangs of a demon, keeping me in such complete subjection that even had I desired to throw off its terrible yoke, my efforts would have been unavailing. Fiery outbreaks of passion had become almost a habit with me—an intermittent madness, which I could not resist. I mention this,

however, only as the cause of my ill deeds; not as the excuse.

Many a bitter quarrel have I had with my father, who was one of the best men that ever breathed; and many a time have I threatened to run away from home and do some desperate act—ay, and would have done it, too, had I not, by means of these threats, extorted from my parents a full permission to do whatever I thought fit, without so much as being subjected to a question. This, however, did not last long; for my father died while I was yet a mere youth in years, though I was much older in appearance, leaving me sole heir to his property, which was very considerable.

Being now totally my own master, I drank, and swore, and gamed, and satisfied all the desires of my wilful spirit, without the slightest check or hindrance. I built myself a magnificent house on the rich plains at the foot of the Sierra de Ronda; and, strange to say, in a short time married. Yes, I married; and (stranger still) a peasant girl, whose sweet and gentle nature, no less than personal beauty, had, by some strange law of contrariety, fascinated my violent and impatient heart. Yet, though I loved her, I ceased, not long after our marriage, to take as much pleasure in her company as I had before; and every night saw me at the gaming house, watching with hungry eyes those shifting streams of gold that glided with snake-like silence and rapidity from hand to hand, mocking many an eager palm that seemed to have them in its grasp. Sometimes I won, and then I drank deeply to calm my intolerable excitement: sometimes I lost; and then I drank deeper still, till every sense was deadened into forgetfulness.

One night, after repeated losses, either in a fit of madness or passionate impatience, I staked my all, and lost again. To give the slightest, faintest echo of what I then felt; or to show in any colours, however failing and imperfect, the hell that burnt within my brain and glared out fiercely in my face; would require language such as no man has ever yet conceived. How, in the madness of my despair, I galloped furiously home; how I ordered my domestics to leave the house that moment, on pain of instant death; how I hurled the heaviest furniture about the rooms, with preternatural strength; how I bade my terrified wife not to question or even look on me at her peril; and how I finally collected a stock of combustibles, and, setting fire to my sumptuous mansion, galloped off with frantic speed into the adjacent mountains, not caring, scarcely knowing, whither I went;—all this, I say, must be left untold, for the hearer, by mere sympathy, might become as mad as I was then.

The portion of my history intervening between this act and the last grand climax of my life, must be passed over as briefly as possible. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that my poor wife followed me during the whole of that dreadful night, with the unquenchable love so often found in women; that we at length fixed our residence in a little hut, which had probably once belonged to a goatherd, situated on one of the highest and wildest peaks of the Sierra de Ronda; and that I gained a precarious living by robbing chance passengers, being too proud either to work or beg.

After living in this fashion for some time uninterrupted, our solitude was one night broken by the arrival of a strange man and woman, whose appearance plainly bespoke them above the common order, and who requested us to shelter them for the night. The history of this man afterwards turned out to be an exact counterpart of mine. He too had once possessed large property; had lost all by the gaming house; and had fled away into the mountains with his wife. There was something so curious in the similarity of our previous life, and in our meeting in that remote and uninhabited spot, that a friendship immediately sprung up between us, and we agreed to pursue a lawless course of life together, and share the results equally between us.

Accordingly, my new-made friend (whose name I found to be Antonio Padilla) took up his abode at another small deserted hut, distant about a quarter of a mile from mine. For some weeks we lived amicably enough; but it was not long before I found out that his temper united, at one and the same time, an unmanly suspicion and distrust of every action, even the most open, with intolerable pride and overweening insolence. He was eternally taunting me with the humble birth of my wife, whom he had known before her marriage, and averring that *his* wife might, for family and fortune, have been wedded to a prince. Out upon it! were we not equal then? What signified the riches that had long since passed into other hands? and let me see the man who cares for the phantom, Family, unless it wear a golden coat! Show me, who can, the hair's-breadth of a difference between us two, dwellers on a barren rock, with no better chance in life than our own ingenuity, and no other prospect than the gallows.

Long did I strive to bear this intolerable insolence, though it galled me to the quick; for I was afraid of coming to any quarrel, lest my comrade should deliver me into the hands of justice, and thus, by aiding the law, save his own neck. One evening, however, as I sat before my door in company with my wife, my co-partner came

swaggering by with an air that made my blood boil and throb within my veins, and pausing before where we sat, commenced his usual jeering taunts.

"Antonio Padilla!" I exclaimed, starting up, and fiercely menacing him with my fist; "lay a curb upon the insolence of your tongue, before I hurl you headlong from this cliff into the gorge below. I have borne with you too long already; longer, indeed, than I ever bore with any other man. My blood is hot and fiery. Beware!"

"Fine words, i'faith, from a man like you, to a man like me!" returned Padilla, coolly seating himself upon a piece of rock, and playing leisurely with a blade of grass. "Why, do you know, sirrah, that at *my* best days I could have bought you at *your* best days twenty times over?"

"Talk of your fortune to the wind," I exclaimed, half mad with rage; "and hear it laugh to scorn a thing as empty as itself. And as to titles, show me your title now, and calculate its worth if you can."

"My title, sir, is in my blood; one drop of which is worth all the base and watery stuff within your veins."

"It is a lie," I retorted, tearing up the earth with the heel of my foot, in the torrent of my passion; "a lie: and as such, I cast it back into your teeth."

"Sirrah," said Padilla, rising slowly from his seat, and turning livid with suppressed rage, "you have given me the lie. No man ever did so without afterwards repenting of it; and, mark my words, you too shall repent it, and that ere long."

He turned upon his heel, and sauntered slowly away; twirling his rapier between his fingers as he stalked along.

For a full hour after he had left, I sat stone-still, totally unconscious of surrounding objects, and thinking deeply and painfully of his last words. What could be his intention? Did he mean to set the officers of justice upon me; or was it murder that he contemplated? I weighed these questions over and over again, now inclining towards one side, now towards the other; till at length I accepted the latter as the most probable contingency. "Ay!" I exclaimed aloud, "he means to murder me. What then? Am I not as strong a man as he? Is not my dagger as keen, my hate as deep, as his?" My own words sounded strangely in the night-silence. It seemed as if some one else had spoken: not myself.

At this moment I looked up, and saw that it was dark. Black clouds had crawled up into the heavens, knitting there into one solid iron roof, and throwing a profound shadow on the earth. The darkness was intense.

And now, for the first time, the thought came across me of murdering *him*. Yet even then it came upon me, not suddenly, or as a flash of lightning, but gradually—almost imperceptibly; like the slow coming on of dawn. I thought of all I had borne from that man, and of every insult he had given me since we were first acquainted; and as each new scene arose, my hatred of him grew more and more intense, till at length the phantom of my future deed came looming on my mind: at first, shadowy, and vague, and indistinct; then like a giant in its strength.

The night, as I have said, was unusually dark; and my wife (for I went into the hut to see after her) was fast asleep. Now, then, was the time. No one could be looking on. The distance was not great; and then—— Before I was aware of having moved, I was half way thither; and had my naked dagger ready in my hand.

Another instant, and I was in the hut. Padilla was not there; but his wife was seated by the fireside.

"Where is your husband?" I shouted, clutching her by the throat. "Speak quickly, or I'll tear you limb from limb!"

"On my soul, I know not," she gasped out. "He left the house but this minute."

"Liar!" I exclaimed, scarcely knowing what I did. There was a struggle—a shriek—a blow from my dagger, delivered by my arm, if not by Satan's—a gasp—a heavy fall—and there she lay, dead and bleeding, on the earth.

Panting, and aghast at my own act, I staggered out into the open air. At that instant—rising up into the night like an accusing voice—I heard another shriek: a loud, long shriek of human agony. It could not be any echo of the cry that my act had invoked: no echo could be so terribly real—so full of ghastly pain. It came, too, from the direction of my house.

The truth flashed upon my mind in another moment. I hurried back; and there, oh, God! just inside the threshold, lay the weltering body of my wife, the very shadow of the fearful Image I had left behind. In the same attitude too!—her arm across her face.

Let no man seek to know what I felt all through that hideous night. Such things are better hidden in the breast that breeds them.

When morning came, I went out into the air: not with any definite intention, God help me! for I cared not what became of me, and only wished to die and be at peace; certainly not with the intention of seeking out that man and wreaking my revenge. But it so happened that I met him; that we came face to face; that he saw me; that we dashed at each other like wild tigers; that a fearful struggle ensued,

:o breast, on the edge of the preci-
ıat I gained the upper hand, and
him into the gulph beneath.
ıt over the brink of the cliff—though
ɔther time it would have made me
ith giddiness—and watched the
ɔle wretch as he fell down, down,
nto that vast vacuity. I saw him
ɛr and over again; I saw him grasp
ıt projecting crags; I saw him drop
through the air, a dead corpse
ɛfore he reached the earth; I saw
attered into a formless mass upon
ɛks below; and I laughed. Yes,
l—laughed as the devils laugh—
ɛn I reeled away.
: same evening I was arrested, and
in the gaol where I now write this.
'cumstances that led to my capture
ɔwn to all; but it may not be so
own that no mercy will be extended
and that to-morrow this weary soul
—where?
'od have mercy on me!

RODERICK SOTO.

sequel of this man's history pre-
o his capture, it may be as well to
He was found seated near his own
ı a complete state of abstraction, by
of soldiers from Ronda, who had
ıcovered the two dead bodies; and
ing Soto of the crime, they con-
him to the town gaol, where he
he above confession.

ıbakkuk Sallenbacha ;j

OR,

MERCHANT OF JERICHO.*

"Auri sacra fames."

CHAPTER V.

the souls of the sleepers been, like
ɔf some ancient philosophers and
derwishes, able to leave their clay
s on the ground, and still to be ac-
ıilst the body was taking its natural
hey would assuredly have seized
ıis opportunity to float up along the
ɛs of the pensive old trees that bor-
he highest cone around, and to have
abroad upon the scene that pre-
itself.
ɾ would have beheld before them a
r valley, surrounded on most sides
hills that swelled away westward
the loftiest pinnacles of Lebanon,
the cedars, but otherwise sank by
s towards the sources of the Aussy.

From between every swell a small glassy stream issued and rolled its living water towards a diminutive lake, or rather extensive pond, which had settled in the lap of the valley, and which was evidently partly discharged by a pretty considerable torrent, that might be seen, through the mist of night, wending its way down amidst green eminences, partly by secret conduits. The whole of the soil was covered thick with vast cedar, chesnut, and beech trees, between which, all over the valley, the streams sparkled and shone as though the wood sprang from a great lake, and allowed it to be seen only at intervals.

The forest was intersected in all directions by long avenues or winding pathways, continued across the numerous watercourses by the neighbouring peasantry. And over all this the moon walked with her silver feet, and shed a pale, cold light, whilst the expansive vault of heaven beamed with innumerable stars, whose smiling aspects might be supposed to portend now nought but good to us mortals here below. The feathery summits of the trees were intermingled with the pearly rays of those glorious luminaries, but the rest was embraced by the mist, the exhalations of the earth, that now and then curled like spectres of the night above the crests of the forest, and were wafted away by the soft wind that breathed across the land.

Hours and hours rolled over the heads of the sleeping hermits, but of them they took no note, wrapped up again as they were in golden visions. At length the moon paled at the approach of day, and descended beneath the pinnacles of Lebanon. The stars sank like lamps into their azure sockets, and the dewy morning came on its rosy wings. Up sprang the birds, and carolled in the mid heavens; the deep green trees, the purple flowers, and the cerulian vault above, painted the face of the waters, now ruffled by the passing breezes, now sleeping calm as the firmament they reflected. And thus it is with our minds. When basking in the quiet of prosperity, all without seems cheerful and full of joy; we can even bear the misfortunes of our friends with patience; but when the winds of adversity trouble our souls, the world and the pictures it presents are distorted and discoloured by them, even as that tiny lake breaks up and disturbs, as the breath of heaven passes by, the scenes it had before reflected so faithfully.

But all this would have been unnoticed by the sleeping pilgrims, had not a sound fallen upon their ears, and at length compelled them to awake. They rubbed their eyes, as if unwilling to trust their senses; they looked around, and saw nothing but

* Concluded from page 36.

many trees, a little stream on whose bank they lay, and its green precincts rising around. Yet a melody, sweeter than had heretofore charmed their ears, was just dying away, and it was with greedy attention that they awaited its renewal. They had not to wait long; for presently some voices from the hills above poured forth the following lay:

The magic moon, that late rode high,
Lights no more the wrinkled wave;
The cloud that lingered in the sky,
Its azure floor no more doth pave;
So all things here below must die,
And beauty sink into the grave—
The grave, the grave, the grassy grave—
Can kings a softer pillow have?
The air in silence sheds its dew;
The lake without a murmur heaves;
And zephyr noiselessly plays through
The lattice that the forest weaves:
Yet the grave's more silent where the yew
Droops her melancholy leaves.
The grave, the grave, the silent grave—
Can kings a softer pillow have?

Long after the sound had died away, did the delighted hermits continue to listen. Their looks became pensive, and melancholy thoughts stole upon their minds, the train of which, however, was soon broken by a voice exclaiming,

"A sad song for a wedding morning, comrades. Let us choose a merrier!"

And without more ado, the speaker began to sing alone:

Let others sing of leafy shades,
Of moonlit lakes by hoary forests belted,
And fairy-haunted glades;
Of jagged glaciers which the sun ne'er melted,
Of streams that murmur as they flow,
Of ocean by the heedless north wind blown
In billowy ridges to and fro;
Perchance of goblets filled with rosy wine,
Or other climes
And other times.
Go, go, let others therefore subjects own;
To sing of thee be mine!
The stars that form the milky way
Are bright, but yet much brighter they
That singly shine, above, below,
And round the heavens rolling go.
Yes, these are bright, but brighter far
The morning and the evening star;
Yet when the moon her lustre throws
Around, and chastely, purely glows,
Or else in wanton vapours dight,
The misty tracery of the night
Their boasted beauties low are laid,
Their beams are shorn, their glories fade.
So, Zuluka, when thou art near,
No equals unto thee appear;
The very charms that pleased before,
Are thought, are gazed upon no more;
That stately step, that rounded form,
That hair as black as midnight storm,
The beaming lustre of that eye,
Struggling 'twixt love and majesty;
That cheek, bright gem of womanhood,
Mantling high with virgin blood;
That soft, delicious, luscious lip,
Where bees their sweets might choose
Thou smilest—thy eyes cast twofold sh
And purled lips show pearls between.

The singer, whose song many have since imitated, seemed in lo his subject, and might probably ha ceeded stringing couplets together *nitum*, had not an extraordinary ap interrupted him. The seven hermi broken heads, and torn and dus ments, emerged from among the tr came upon a group of rustics, who just to have partaken of their firs They occupied a beautiful little gla were all reclining about, with the intently fixed on the youth whose had brought the visitants thither. rose to receive the holy men, and, evidently surprised at their rem appearance, saluted them courteou invited them to partake of thei cheer. This offer was received, readily be believed, with great th ness by the wayfarers, who mana an exceedingly short space of time pose of the excellent viands set them. They then explained to th pitable entertainers, that, having l way in the forest, they had tumble deep hole, whence they had only tricated themselves. They had learned to temper truth with fa Their hosts were more ingenuous, a were soon informed by one of th they were a party of young men c from a neighbouring village to holiday they had taken upon the of the wedding of the young ma song their arrival had cut sho youth blushed deeply, when this w tioned, especially as it was coup praises of his talents as a poet, a exquisite beauty of his mistres speaker concluded his piece of inf by inviting the pilgrims to acc them to their village, and spend a day with them. The invitation dily accepted; and after some rest, the party returned to their ho

It is not my intention to enlarg wedding. Suffice it to say, that th couple were united, and that Isn Zuluka were loved and respecte their neighbours. In their comp hermits were induced to stay d day, and week after week, unt bruises and contusions were quite and until the memory of the trea almost faded from their minds.

Chapter VI.

"I always see the beast eat its corn myself," quoth an old gentleman, as he led is mare into the stable of a khan. "I ever trust to any man's word, especially he owner of such a phiz as thine."

"God is merciful!" ejaculated the khan-keeper.

"She has carried my carcase all the way from Jericho, and I'll not see her ill-treated until I get back, when I'll give her perhaps to the jackals. Eat, good Fatima, eat thy fill, dearest, for I shall certainly sweat it out of thee afterwards."

In a very brief space of time, old Habakkuk, for it was he, was seated over a cup of fragrant coffee, with a long pipe suspended from his mouth, from which was exhaled the delicious odour of the best Latikia. Whilst the fumes rolled from beneath his enormous moustaches, he occupied himself with studying intently the cobwebs in the ceiling, which he did as industriously as though he had some secret means of communication with the weaving community. At any rate, he continued for some time in a kind of contemplative trance, until his eye, in some of its vagaries, happened to alight on a form which had not previously come within its range.

It was that of a young man, who seemed to have taken even less notice of the traveller than the traveller had of him; for he had remained for a long time in a perfect brown study, although the old keeper of the khan had often come to the door to examine his appearance. He was very handsome; tall and majestic in person, with a grave and somewhat thoughful countenance. His costume was magnificent, and his arms, though sufficiently formidable, were, by the costliness of their appurtenances, more likely to attract than to repel a bold robber.

Upon this personage the old traveller fixed his eyes for a long time, and at length appeared to get very uneasy, as if his usual penetration were here unavailing to assist him in discovering who the stranger might be. At length, however, he seemed to have hit upon an expedient that might enable him to enter into conversation with the object of his curiosity. Pouring out a cup of the smoking beverage before him, he raised it in the air, and remarked, addressing himself to the stranger,

"Remarkably fine coffee this, eh?"

No answer was returned. Habakkuk bit his lips, but resolved upon another trial. Accordingly, rising from his seat, he advanced towards the young man, and with a profound bow offered him his pipe, in so harsh and querulous a voice, that the person he had addressed turned slowly round, and gave him such a look, that without more words he retreated backwards to the seat he had previously occupied, and fell into it, with his eye still fixed on the profoundly mysterious stranger, who had resumed his former attitude. Indeed, Habakkuk Sallenbacha, when he returned to the place whence he came, declared to his brothers that that look cut him to the marrow—at least, so it was reported, my informant not having any very certain means of communicating with those desert regions.

The old merchant's confusion seemed now to increase, and he bent rather wrathful looks on the stranger. His fingers almost crushed the glass that was between them; his rage gradually increased, until it was almost ungovernable. All his endeavours and conjectures had proved vain. They informed him of nothing but that he saw before him a richly-dressed young man, to know whose history he would gladly have given his eyes. At length, wound up to a desperate pitch of curiosity, he exclaimed:

"Who the devil are you?"

The dark eye of the stranger was again bent on him from beneath his gorgeous turban, and a contemptuous smile curled round his bearded lip; but he spoke not. The doughty Habakkuk, who had browbeaten seven hermits, quailed again beneath this glance, and he beheld the young man rise and leave the room without another word. He soon, however, mustered courage to turn to the window, and beheld him mount a superb charger, led by two Saracen horsemen, and ride away, not, however, without pausing a moment to examine a number of persons who now arrived in front of the khan. To these the attention of the merchant was also directed, and, by the mazaloth! he recognised in them the individuals who had placed his nonce in jeopardy some time ago. He accordingly slank away to the vast room common to all late comers, and ensconced himself in one corner thereof, hoping to be concealed from the wrath of the enemies who had so suddenly come upon him.

Let us now return to the hermits. It was some time ere they snatched themselves away from the abode of Ismael and his mistress; but they at length mustered up courage, and again set out on their pilgrimage to Jericho. After a variety of adventures, chance had conducted them to this khan, in which they determined to tarry the night. Passing over the various preliminaries, which it would be tedious to describe, let us imagine them at length sitting on their heels round a smouldering fire. The subject of course discussed was that of the treasure, which brought them to examine the state of their funds, consisting of a few dozen distems, collected

from charitable persons in the course of their peregrinations, and to which their friends in the village had contributed the first pieces. These were given out rather reluctantly by Mustapha, and divided scrupulously among the brethren, for indeed each took good care that justice was done him. This operation concluded, they retired to rest, and were soon stretched on the mattrasses that lay on the floor of the great room before mentioned. They were scarcely all asleep, when old Habakkuk raised his head, and rolled his organs of vision around the apartment. At first, the darkness prevented him from seeing two yards before his nose; but at length, as the faint light of the lamp that burned in a little niche on one side struggled through the vast apartment, and a few rays of the moon found their way by means of several holes and corners in the wall into the building, he was enabled, guided all the while by some violent snoring, to obtain a full view of the hermits, now wrapped in sleep. Upon them he looked with a half suppressed chuckle, and had just attained a sitting posture, when he was alarmed by observing the lump which he had identified as Mustapha slightly move, and after some time raise itself to its feet. This was not the work of an instant, but was performed with long intervals, taken up in listening and cautiously peering around. At length, however, the operation was accomplished, and now the observant merchant could clearly distinguish the half timid, half resolute expression with which the old hermit looked at his companions. The latter expression by degrees gained the ascendancy; and while Habakkuk with outstretched neck eagerly awaited the event, the hermit continued looking at his sleeping companions. His brow was contracted, his lips closed, his eyes rounded, and glaring with a fire that had not lit them up for years. One of his hands was placed within his vest, clasping, as Habakkuk conjectured, some instrument of destruction; the other was clenched, and pressed against his forehead. This scene had now wound up the venerable merchant to a most dangerous fit of excitement. His moustaches curled up to his eyes, those little grey eyes that were now fixed with the expression of a wolf upon the actions of the hermit. His eyebrows were raised, his nostrils distended, his upper lip fixed, his lower dropped, disclosing his long yellow fangs close set together; his beard was gradually becoming perfectly straight, his whiskers stood on end, and his very ears seemed to share the agitation of his face. Yet the expression that sat on that face was not fright, nor compassion, nor disgust; it was almost satisfaction. What he expected to behold, is not known; but a long, low "pshaw!" testified the disappointment he felt, when he saw the old hermit move towards one of the windows, which he silently unbarred, and, after another long and anxious examination of his friends, drop himself into the road, and disappear. The merchant of Jericho, who, when he understood what the other was about, instantly saw and enjoyed the humour of it, had scarcely done laughing to himself, when another of the hermits shook off his drowsiness, and, to his infinite amusement, vanished in the same manner. Another and another followed, until at length the last had made himself scarce.

Now the good old gentleman who had been the silent observer of all these manœuvres, scorned to forego imitating a good example; for such he considered he had just beheld, when he saw seven holy Muslims each run away from the other, and each forget to pay his reckoning. He accordingly, with his usual agility, gained the open air, proceeded to the stable, and, rubbing his mare, leaped upon her back, and trotted away, marvellously well pleased with his night's adventure.

Chapter VII.

It were useless at any length to detail the adventures and incidents of travel that variously befel each of the treasure-seekers. Let us follow Mustapha on his course. Guided by his good angel, he pursued his journey until he fell in with a caravan bound for Egypt, in which direction he had resolved to seek for Jericho. The captain of the captah no doubt thought it a peculiar blessing that he was enabled to add another lugubrious face to the long row of saintly pilgrims that formed the bulk of his company. For, be it observed, in proportion as the internal piety of the old hermit diminished, did the demureness and holiness of his exterior become more manifest. He was now, in fact, a very reverend-looking personage. Nor were his masticatory efforts to be despised; for, though this may be scandal, it is said that a famine prevailed for a whole week in the villages laying in the track of the caravan. Certain it is, the presence of the worthy man did not prevent the arrival of a large party of Bedouins, who set upon the travellers, and robbed them, without the least compunction.

"Ah," said the captain, as he proceeded on his journey afoot, "had it not been for your presence, we should have been all murdered."

It may here be mentioned, that among the pilgrims in the Muslim habit, Mustapha beheld the visage of a stout, square,

half military-looking man, which he thought he had seen before. He knew not wherefore, but, as if by instinct, he kept close in the rear of the caravan, lest by some accident he should come across this person, upon whom he looked with an eye of suspicion.

After a journey of twenty days, during which Mustapha was very assiduous in his inquiries for Jericho, the caravan reached a poor village at the northern extremity of the Dead Sea. The place, however, was now pretty lively, for two caravans had crossed each other, and were preparing to rest for the night. The arrival of the third increased the bustle, which, however, afforded but little delectation to the weary pilgrim. He was indeed so buoyed up by his avarice, that he did with little expectation of success venture to make the round of the village, asking every one he met how far he was from Jericho, and was at length nigh giving up the search in despair, for no answer did he receive, but only counter inquiries what place he meant. He was, I say, about to retire to his corner of the vast khan, when, on his way thither, he passed by a large house that he had not hitherto observed, before the door of which sat an aged man. He went up to him, and made his usual inquiry.

"My son," replied the old man, who was really old enough to be his father, "thou art the seventh that has asked me that question to-day. *This was Jericho.* Go in, and wait till sunset."

Mustapha mechanically obeyed the command, and entering under a low porch, found himself in a long dark passage, at the further end of which he perceived an open door. Towards this he advanced, and soon reached a small, dismal apartment, around which ran low divans. These were occupied by six figures, silent, immoveable, and each appearing to wait his arrival. A place had been reserved, upon which he seated himself, and had no difficulty in recognising his six brethren, among whom was Abd-el-Atif, who had performed the journey with him in the same caravan. The mutual recognition, though cordial, was dashed by a sense of shame for the duplicity of which each had been guilty, as well as with a slight jealousy, and a fear that after all no treasure would be forthcoming. But the dominant feelings were, wonder at the strangeness of the meeting, and curiosity as to who and what the old man was, who seemed alone to be able to give them an answer.

Anxiously did they wait for sunset. Already was that glorious luminary suffusing the west with those dolphin hues that lend an unearthly grandeur to the deserts of Arabia and the Holy Land. But yet it seemed to them to hang motionless in the heavens, as though Joshua's influence were again exerted.

If time be to be measured by the number of ideas that the mind of man dwells upon, the hermits lived as long as they who count by the waxing or waning of the moon do in one of those revolutions; for the deeds of months passed in review before their mind's eye, ere the sun's orb, dipping down, sank beneath the far horizon. Many breathless seconds succeeded, but the old man came not. The wheel of time still rolled on, but he was not there. The shadows thickened upon the earth, the scope of heaven contracted, and a dull grey curtain hid its blue depths from the eyes of the watching hermits. The buzz of the caravans subsided, all sound ebbed away from the face of the earth, yet still did they tarry; for they felt that an invisible power prevented them from going in search of him whose presence they expected. There they waited until the short twilight of the south had passed away, and darkness sat brooding on this broad hemisphere. A stillness, as that of death, prevailed around; not even a breath of wind disturbed the hushed world. A mysterious awe gathered round the heart of every of the hermits, as the forms of his companions faded from his eyes. There sat they in silent rows, scarce permitting their breath to come and go. What time passed whilst they were in this state, they knew not, for their thoughts were directed from those minute circumstances which serve to mark time to men in common situations. The treasure was now the polar star on which they fixed their eyes; and by degrees, all consciousness of ought beside was not. There is an abstraction from the world when one sits, intent on one thought, in the skirts of darkness, be that thought of good or evil, of much or little moment. Memory for a while is paralysed, sensation is dull, and all but that one engrossing thought is cast aside. The infinity, past and to come, sinks into mere nothingness, and an instant expands into an age.

At length, while the hermits were in this state, the door opened, and a flood of light pouring in disclosed to their eager glances the old man standing with an antique lamp in one hand, whilst the other was raised in the act of beckoning them to follow. They rose and followed him through a long corridor, different from the one by which they had entered, into a small court. Of this they were apprised only by the freshness of the air, for nought but the four walls rising up into the darkness overhead was visible to them. Still following their mysterious guide, the long train entered a portico of black marble, and began descending a flight of steps of the same sub-

stance. Downwards they swept, their footsteps awakening echoes that seemed by the appearance of the place to have been long dormant. The sound rolled away in front, as if into the very bowels of the earth, muttering along the walls, and sinking at length to a whisper, that came, however, painfully distinct on their ears, until it sank away entirely as another volume of sound rolled after.

The wondering awe which had seized upon the hermits now changed to a sentiment of utter terror, and many of them would almost have renounced the uncertain treasure for one breath of the pure air of the desert; but the old man still continued descending before them, gathering his flowing garments around him with one hand, and with the other raising high the dim flickering light to guide the footsteps of his terrified followers. Suddenly he made a pause, and the hermits perceived that they were in a vast cavern; for they had emerged from beneath the arched roof of the descent, and now away on all sides around them the dim and gloomy perspective stretched indefinitely. This they were enabled to distinguish by means of a clear, steady light, that was seen in the distance, whose influence reached partially to where they stood, but whose origin was concealed by a projecting buttress of rock. Towards this their conductor led them, and soon disappeared behind the rock, on turning which they perceived that he was gone, and that their further progress was impeded by vast metallic gates, which emitted a subtle and steady light. These, however, rolled aside as they approached, by some invisible agency, and disclosed to their astonished senses a scene unparallelled for beauty and grandeur.

A dome of white marble, crusted tastefully with the most costly gems, and so lofty that its summit became misty through distance, spanned a vast hall, silent and desolate as the tomb. Myriads of lamps, disposed in crescents around, diffused a clear and steady light, that laid the search of this subterraneous abode as open as though the sun blazed there. Eleven vast portals, like the one by which they had entered, and which now had closed behind them, seemed to hide the entrances to the caverned depths of the earth. Downs extensive enough for the inhabitants of a thousand cities stretched far away in seemingly endless succession on either side. Gushing and fantastic fountains cooled the air, which was loaded with the balmy odours of a spice forest. The carpets over which the almost fainting hermits trod were stiff with jewels and gold, and variegated with all the blended hues of the rainbow in the sky, and the flower in the garden.

On all this they gazed around, as though wonder had struck them dumb. Onwards they wandered, their trembling limbs almost refusing to support them. Strange thoughts swept their brains, terrors unknown before contracted their hearts and blanched their cheeks, and at length the dream of wonderful things that beat against their senses, and solicited their attention, beat and solicited in vain. What if they were in the abode of the dead? A prayer lingered on their lips. Doubts, misgivings, late repentance, agitated their souls. But now soft and silvery voices were heard, chanting from above. Was it in mockery? They fancied that they perceived the flappings of wings overhead. Were these the messengers of death? Suddenly the floor shook, as though an earthquake had passed along. The twelve doors flew open with a loud crash. They rush on their faces, believing that the dome above them would fall and crush them. Thought for a moment had passed—the stream of life for a moment stood still.

After some time a benignant voice bade them rise. They rose, and behold, the hall was filled with countless myriads of beings ranged in due order around, whilst in the midst a throne appeared of massy gold, on which sat a young man, whose countenance showed a mixture of severity and kindness, that at once reassured the hermits and inspired them with respect. A glossy beard curled over his chin, and his magnificent dress bespoke a prince at least. On either side stood a Saracen slave, as if waiting his orders, and all around were bending their looks upon him. He beckoned them to advance, and approaching the foot of the throne, they waited the event, whilst the dark eye of the owner of this marvellous palace glanced rapidly over them. At length he spoke, addressing the crowds around him. To them he detailed the history of the hermits as minutely as though he had been present at every transaction. Their original holiness, the arrival of the Merchant of Jericho, at the mention of whom an angry murmur passed from lip to lip, their setting out in search of the treasure, and their success hitherto. Then turning to the attentive hermits, he told them that he was the twelfth Iman, waiting in that palace for the time to be accomplished when he should resume his dominion over the world and reign until the accomplishment of all things. He then waxed severe, enlarged on the blessings of poverty, and the many evils of wealth—upbraided them for having perilled a heavenly crown for earthly lucre—but to acknowledge that riches were but impediments to virtue, and told them that it was now in their power to prove their constancy in the path

ommed, and to show themselves
to the temptations of this world.
ondering and contrite derwishes
but saw not the meaning of his
A mist swam before their eyes,
y again sank senseless at the foot
hrone.

Chapter VIII.

irst rays of the morning fell upon
es of the hermits, and awakened
om a profound slumber. They were
in the room they had occupied the
before, waiting for the arrival of
ıter of the house. All things ap-
in the same position and state, ex-
ıt before each was placed a casket
ly manufacture, containing both
gold and precious stones. But it
h an incurious eye that the hermits
ed these things. Their contact
e divine nature of the twelfth Iman
ged their souls of all the meaner
es, and they looked at what they
ned by so much labour as dross, in
ison with the happiness they had
xperienced in their cell. Thither,
me consideration, they resolved to

At that moment the spell that
hem to their seats was broken, and
se, and found that they were in an
ed house. They called, but no an-
ıs returned, save that the wild echoes
l through the passages, halls, and
casements of the ruin, and finally
ay. They now began to suspect
old man who had sitten at the
ten each arrived was a being su-
ral.

this conviction settled in their
hey emerged from among the rub-
d stones which surrounded the
one of which had they noticed the
before. The village was now in a
he camels were kneeling to receive
rdens, men were hurrying hither
her bearing packages, others were
water from the wells, others more
were superintending, pipe in hand,
ations of the rest; asses were bray-
rses neighing and prancing, the
were dashing hither and thither,
oaks and brilliant shawls waving
ir, spears flashed and glittered in
of the rising sun, and the min-
mpling of the cattle, and the hum
drivers, added to the excitement of
e.

ntly one of the caravans moved
As it filed by, Mustapha raised
ır, and directed the attention of his
ons to one who seemed at first to
etaching himself from the line, in
o address them. His look was
wrathful, his aspect menacing—indeed, the Merchant of Jericho was before them, evidently meditating mischief. But something appeared to impede his progress, for he merely cast a grim side-glance at his former companions, and then passed on in his usual abstracted manner, carelessly swinging his long legs to and fro, as if he neither knew nor cared anything about the seven individuals to whom he had been the source of so grievous and manifold misfortunes. The caravan continued its route to the sound of cymbals, clouds of dust rose around it, and finally the throng became so dense, and so obscured by the whirling sand, that the form of Habakkuk and his mare were lost amidst the crowd that was pouring along over the desert. Still the hermits continued to gaze until the caravan, having wound its way along the accustomed track, the last stragglers disappeared beneath the horizon.

About noon-day another caravan left the village, and as this was bound to Haabel-Hosn, they joined it, and proceeded in perfect amity together to its destination. A happy voyage was the commencement of the good fortune they afterwards enjoyed. Returning as soon as possible to their valley, they established themselves again in the old cell, founded a vast mosque at no great distance, and in a short time had redeemed their dwelling-place from the neglect and ruin into which it had fallen during their absence. For some time the voices of the Muezzins calling all passers-by to prayers brought, every morning and evening, the events that have been described to their minds. But soon it was forgotten, except that now and then a phantom, a remembrance, might flit by in the dim recesses of their memory, of what they had thought, what they had done, what they had suffered, in that eventful year; but presently new images of passing or late occurrences would show themselves in sedate procession, and the old merchant and his mare, their journey in quest of Jericho, the treasures of the twelfth Iman, and their various mishaps, appeared unto them but as a wild and horrible dream.

ABD-EL-KADER; or, THE CAVES OF DARAH.

An Ode, Allegorical and Descriptive.

[Introduction. The French having possessed themselves of an African village, and the inhabitants refusing to acknowledge their authority, eight hundred men, women, and children, with their cattle and effects, were forced into the cavern of Darah, and wood piled outside and set on fire! Thus perished, amidst flames and horrors too terrible to

record, the entire native population of a district. The shrieks are represented to have been so fearful, that the soldiery (who fed the flames, and were ordered to drive back such as attempted to escape by the bayonet, and not *mercifully* shoot them) at last retreated, unable to bear the cries. After a lapse of two days, the caverns were opened, and some found still alive, though much gored by the horns of the infuriated cattle. This "razzia" was shortly afterwards avenged by the Arabs cutting off in ambush two hundred of the French, with their officers. Such are the scenes perpetrating in Algeria!]

ADAGIO.

I saw the caverns to volcanoes turn;
I heard the shout, "We burn! we burn!"
The flames were fierce, like lightning's flashes;
I saw the ground was strewed with bones like red-hot ashes,
Yet bore the forms of men.
Methought I saw the rushing demon fly,
And light his brand at Acheron's dread fire;
Then to the caves of Darah swift apply
The lurid torch. And now, the son and sire,
The maid, the wife, with frantic moans,
'Midst shrieks and dismal groans,
Pour out to God their wrongs;
While flames, above, beneath,
Entwine them in their circling folds of death!
The spirits of the dead alone,
A form seraphic bore away,
To Heaven's eternal throne,
Unhurt amidst the tempest and the flame.
Who shall avenge them?—say!

ALLEGRO.

What voice rings in the blast? whose irate form,
Sitting gigantic as of sculptured stone,
On foaming steed, swift o'er the desert borne,
In majesty and might, alone, alone!
'Tis he!—The Prophet's chosen one!
Now say—and hushed be every sound,
And hark! around
The shout is Abd-el-Kader—"He!
He shall avenge us!"
And Abd-el-Kader thunders on the ground.

AIR.

He came o'er Afric's burning sands,
A conqueror, a king!
His banner waves o'er prostrate lands,
His praises warriors sing.
He stands upon the battle-field,
He dares the foe to come;
He laughs to see the vanquished yield;
He is unharmed alone.

RECITATIVE.

Behold, 'tis done! He comes,
And vengeance doth pursue the foreign band,
And not one man returns again,
But welters in his blood on Afric's lurid plain.
'Tis done!
The dream is o'er;
The vision dies away;
The shriek, the glare, the moan,
The wild simoon, and lurid sun,
Their terrors lose, and now
End in a solemn close—
'Tis done!

STUART FARQUHARSON, D.C.L.

The Waterfall.

It was in that loveliest time of the whole year when spring is ripening into summer, and all nature is full of promise, the green corn, with its half-formed ear, swayed in the gentle wind, shaded here and there with bright poppies, and richly contrasting corn flowers. The little birds flew busily to and fro, with nurture for their unfledged nurslings; the young of the flocks and herds, in the newly-found enjoyment of existence, gambolled in the meadows. All was new and vigorous.

It was Sunday morning; merrily pealed the good church bells, and, obedient to the summons, men and women, in seemly order, proceeded to offer their tribute of prayer and praise to the Great Being from whom their blessings were derived.

From the man who had numbered seventy winters, to the child who could barely lisp his Saviour's name, equal in this great privilege, the inhabitants of the little village of Anan went to hear the word of truth delivered in the simple language of their earnest pastor.

No disunion had as yet marred the unity of their worship; by its unimportance, the village had escaped; the people still worshipped as their fathers had done before them, imperfectly indeed, but in the strength of faith; no strange doctrine had disturbed their hearts, or shaken their trust; what they could not understand, they were content to believe, and in this at least they were happy.

But there was one among them of a higher station, a woman of unbending mind, and of deep sorrow, who was regarded with a certain reverential fear by the simple villagers. The men touched their hats, and the women dropped a curtsey, as Mrs. Fenmore passed them on the road.

Who she was, or whence she came, none exactly knew; she lived in a little cottage at the end of the village, with her daughter, and one servant almost as stately as her mistress; hither her son came occasionally to visit her, and whenever this occurred it created a certain "sensation" in the place, for he was a young man of singularly handsome presence and winning manners, and not yet of age.

He generally attended his mother to church, and the people guessed, and not without good reason, that her hurried walk, and unusual severity of expression, were in some degree attributable to his absence on this day, for it was during one of his visits that our story opens. Her daughter, a lovely girl of nineteen, was stricken with consumption, and could rarely walk as far as the church.

But perhaps it will be as well that we afford you a little further information res-

he lady and her family before we further,

·ly life Mrs. Fenmore had been shed for her beauty, and the quick- ·er intellect; she had married a gen- ·f considerable property, to whom deeply attached, and whose love as unbounded. Naturally facile, rustful of his own abilities, he al- ·o much weight to her's, and thus ·y her character acquired a self- , if we may be allowed the expres- ; in any case desirable, least of all man.

enmore, as we have said, owned a tate, and his wife quickly found ıt the head of the fashion ın the ding country. What Mrs. Fenmore as received without dispute; her as the model for her neighbours; ɔn to her frequent parties, the acmé ambition.

·ally fond of power, this false posi- once pleased and brought forward ıt points in the wife's character; and band, content to see the object of ration thus looked upon, spent all e in devising new plans for her ent, fondling his lovely children, h small trifles as make up the sum ife of an easy gentleman in easy tances.

passed on years in comparative ss; but in spite of all, there was ng wanting to satisfy Mrs. Fen- nind. She felt, though she would nowledge it even to herself, that as an emptiness in the pursuits lled up her time. Yet she had no to fly from them, till a sudden ·vous calamity awakened her to a ısness of her condition.

ificent preparations for a grand en- ıent to be given on the birthday of were interrupted by the sudden ·ming illness of her husband. A ·d cold had generated inflammation, ıe was naturally of a delicate con- ı, he had no strength to rally it, and the morning that was to ıered in the day of rejoicing, broke ıouse of mourning.

ffect on the wife's mind was mark- not inexplicable. When her hus- ıs borne from his threshold to rest fathers, she shed no tears, though w that she was a widow, holding in r her son an estate considerably l by her extravagance.

id not remain in the scene of her triumphs; abruptly she left the ·igning no explanation to the many tances who were dying with curi- ɔout "poor dear Mrs. Fenmore." ıse was let, and a careful steward r the estate; but of the mistress ıew ought.

Meanwhile, she went to London, and her mind, which had formerly shunned all reference to religious subjects, greedily swallowed the gloomy tenets of one of the numerous self-deceived and deceiving sectarians of the day. When man once abandons himself to the guidance of his own reason, it is impossible to imagine any absurdity to which he may not lend himself.

This infatuation had now in part yielded to the mild influence of Mr. Stratton, the clergyman in whose parish she had at last resolved to settle. Mrs. Fenmore was daily becoming more and more a Christian, but it was a hard doctrine for her to learn —she, who had been so idolised, so rarely thwarted in a fancy, how could she unlearn the lesson of years, and feel herself a creature full of sin and weakness?

Such was the woman who hurried along the road to the church, clasping her books, and bending her brows as one whose spirit was ill at ease.

In many respects, her son was like her; but the loveliness of youth hung richly about him. It was hard to think or speak ill of one so graceful and so cultivated as George Fenmore.

"George," said his mother, as she entered the room, dressed for church, and found him still sauntering near the window, by his sister's side; "are you coming?"

"No, mother, I shan't go to church today."

"And pray why not, sir?" demanded Mrs. Fenmore.

"Oh," returned he, carelessly, "I'll walk with you, if you like; but it is such a lovely day, that I intend to go and see the waterfall that the people here talk of so much."

"George, George," replied his mother, severely, "are there not days enough to waste, without desecrating the Lord's day?"

"I see no desecration," returned the young man, warmly, "in admiring the beauties of nature. Do you, Mary?"

"Words! words!" replied the mother; "deceits of the flesh—carnal vanity. What will the beauties of nature avail you at the day of judgment, young man?"

"George, dearest," whispered his sister, clasping his hand, as he was about to retort. The appeal availed so far that he was silent.

"Well, sir," said his mother, after a few moments; "are you coming?"

"I'll walk with you, certainly, if you desire it."

Mrs. Fenmore, without deigning reply, turned away abruptly, and leaving the house, was soon on the road, pacing rapidly towards the church, as we have described her.

"I wish you would go, George," said his sister, gently.

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing, Mary. My mother is so imperious, there's no enduring it. As if there was any harm in taking a walk on such a lovely day."

"But Sunday!"

"'The sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath," retorted George, striding angrily up and down the room.

The sister said no more, but she trembled, for she remembered that Satan can quote Scripture to serve his purposes.

After a few moments, her brother left the room, and she heard his impatient step above. The poor girl sighed and prayed; but a deadly sickness was at her heart.

Presently he returned.

"Good bye, Mary," he said, kissing her forehead; "you are a dear creature. Don't be anxious, if I am not home till evening."

"Poor mamma will be so uneasy, George."

"Let her," returned the boy, angrily. "She has no regard for my feelings; I don't see why I should distress myself about her's. Never mind, Marianette; I shall be my own master one of these days, not far off either. To be tied to a woman's apron-string, now petted, and now scolded, like an infant!"

Muttering some such sentences as these, and spurning with his foot the smallest pebble that lay in his path, he left his sorrowing sister. Heavily hung the time till the mother returned. When she came back, her presence was little fitted to give comfort; the few words she spoke were fretful; and after some moments, she retired to her own room on the pretence of reading.

A couple of hours had elapsed when the servant appeared.

"Will you have dinner now, ma'am?" she inquired.

"Of course, Evans. Why not?"

"Mr. George has not come back. I thought perhaps you'd wait."

"Is it quite ready?"

"Yes, ma'am, it's an hour later than usual already.

"Then why was it not served at the proper time?"

"I thought you'd like to wait for Mr. George, ma'am?"

"We shall wait long enough, if we wait for him," returned the mother, bitterly. Her anger was rekindled at this fresh mark of neglect; he had always before observed the dinner hour.

The viands were served, and sent away almost untasted. Few were the words that passed between the mother and daughter. It was not that Mrs. Fenmore did not love her fading child; but her heart was full of bitterness. Her admiration and affection for her son were intense, but she was too proud to allow herself the indulgence of complaint; and much as she was wounded by his neglect, her vexation was not diminished by the consciousness that she had asserted her authority somewhat roughly towards one whose temper so nearly resembled her own.

Evening came on; still he returned not: Mrs. Fenmore made no remark; but a deadly paleness overspread her features, and as the tardy night at length threw her mantle over the earth, an indistinct dread filled her heart.

The moon rose clear in the star enamelled heavens, the mother sat alone by the open window, and a more deadly pallor overspread her face—all her features were concentrated in the single power of listening. She saw not the wondrous glory of the unfading heavens, or solemn grandeur of the still landscape; the odour of the roses and jessamine that veiled the window, reached her not; the very power of thought was suspended. The moon has waned, and the morning star heralds in day, rising mists veil the surrounding country—still the wretched mother listened. The bright sun scatters the darkness, and the stir of life begins anew, the birds flutter, the herds low, the insects murmur, but the longed-for step came not.

Day is now full blown, and occasionally a human form passes the gate, her daughter is beside her, but her gentle words convey no comfort to the heart-stricken woman.

Unmoved, unconscious she sat, the wretched one, night and day. The tidings have reached Mr. Stratton, a message has been sent by the daughter; he came, awhile he talked to her of hope, of the possibility that her son might have gone to town to some of his friends. The words gave her no comfort.

He suggested that inquiries should be set on foot, and her animation was in a measure restored. She entered into his plans, and gave some necessary directions; this done she returned to her silence, and seemed to demand to be alone with grief.

"God help you, dear madam," said Mr. Stratton, as he rose to take leave.

"Help her!" returned the mother, looking towards her daughter; "let me not have her blood to answer for. Take her away—this is no place for her!" No more could be extracted from her, the visits of condolence attempted by one or two she steadily refused; no one but Mr. Stratton was admitted, partly out of her respect to him, but more because the search that was set on foot was under his direction; but this was quite useless, and each attempt at discovery seemed only to make the young man's disappearance more unaccountable. Still his mother sat by the window, and hardly could she be induced to stir

rom it day or night. Still she earnestly vatched for him who came not, and in this eemed to find her only comfort.

Another Sunday came; there was gloom hroughout the village. The men and women sighed, as they glanced at the empty pew, where, in sunshine or in storm, the stately mother had been wont constantly to sit. Mr. Stratton's voice was unusually solemn; the theme of his sermon was the uncertainty of all things human.

Again began the business week. Monday brought to some its customary round of pleasure; but the son of Mrs. Fenmore was still unreturned.

In Sanfield, a village some five miles distant, all was gay, for the squire had just brought home his bride, and a large party of guests, who were to spend a week or so in visiting the surrounding country, and in such enjoyments as it affords.

And first was to be visited the waterfall —the pride of the place. It was a merry party. The young wife, in all the tenderness of unsullied love, hung on the arm of her newly-won protector, proud of her dependence. Before and behind went many a happy face—brothers, sisters, cousins, friends, full of talk and happiness; while, last of all, came the servants, with provisions and furniture for a rustic table.

Gaily leaped the waterfall, dashing its foaming tide from a precipitous crag into a natural bason, where part of its waters remained, while the rest undulated away into a fertilising stream. Two crags on either side seemed to cradle the bright water spring, so cloudy did they enfold it, and from their ragged edges hung lichens and mosses of wondrous loveliness; higher up, especially from a projecting corner, hung flowers of such loveliness, that when once seen, they were forthwith desired by all the ladies.

But the ascent was extremely perilous, and for awhile none would attempt it, till a young sailor, who had been loitering behind with a bright-eyed cousin, hearing of the difficulty, slipped off his shoes, and without a word commenced the ascent.

The party watched with breathless anxiety, the ladies not without some self-reproach; he had just reached the flowers, when his foot slipped—a moment, and he was lost; but no; he recovered himself in time, the flowers were gathered, the descent made, and they hastened to congratulate him.

But by what a ghastly look were their words answered; he gave the flowers, and drawing the bridegroom aside, he whispered;

"Good God! there is a man at the bottom of the waterfall."

"A man!"

"Yes, Edward, did you not see that just as I was reaching for the flowers my foot slipped? Well, I looked down to regain it; and right under me (the water is calm and undisturbed there, you know), right under me, at my feet, his face upturned to mine, at the bottom of the lake, lay a man. He must have been drowned in trying for those very flowers!"

The pleasure party returned home, sad and silent; drags were procured, and the body rescued. Need we say that the mother's doubt was satisfied? She again looked upon the features of her son, swollen and defaced indeed, but still unquestionably his. Doubt and hope were extinct together.

The sailor boy was right; the rock flowers had been his death, for the sodden remains of some were clasped in his stiff right hand.

Mrs. Fenmore uttered no cry, but the anguish she endured was painful to behold.

"God is just!" she exclaimed: "God is just. This was my son! I had no pity on his waywardness, my son, my son, too much my own; would that Heaven had struck me in thy place!"

It was well for her intellect that the increased illness of her daughter almost forced her from the exclusive indulgence of overpowering sorrow, and the simple faith of the dying girl did not fail in softening her heart.

She stil lives in the same house, in the same valley, an old and stately woman, waiting in patience till she shall be called home to that Father, whom at last she knows; every day in sunshine or in storm she visits the churchyard, where side by side lie her children, and in the summer evenings the shadows fall thick around her before she leaves those green hillocks, yet with what different love does she regard them; upon her daughter she looks as one early withdrawn from a world of sin and sorrow, whom she hopes soon to see again, but undying and hopeless is her sorrow for him who on the Sunday morning found his grave in the gaily leaping waterfall.

ACLETOS.

PICTURES OF THE TIMES.

No. I.—The Crime of Poverty.

With limbs scarce covered, though the winds blow cold,
And frosts bite keen, a man, worn out, not old,
Drooping for sorrow, not through age, his head,
Crawls to the rich man's door, to ask for bread.
The rich man, lolling in his chair at ease,
A *Malthus* close at hand, from window sees
The beggar, and with grave judicial face
Orders his servants to report the case.
Whence comes he, and why comes he here? His claim
To charity, what is it? What's his name?
Where was the curse of life to him first given?
Why seeks he help from me, and not from heaven?

The servants of the economic great
The tale of woe at second-hand relate,
Whilst the poor man stands shivering at the gate.
He had received, where fiercest is the strife
For food, the doubtful blessing of his life;
Doubtful, since man, in search of pelf engaged,
Successful war against high heaven hath waged,
Just as of old 'tis said the giant brood
Of earth o'ercame awhile the pagan god;
Doubtful, since laws no more protect the poor,
But wealthy men enrich, the strong secure;
Take from the wretch that hath not, to bestow
On him whose purse and coffers overflow.
In Lancashire, some forty years now past,
This beggar naked on the world was cast.
Who watched his infancy? What woman's breast
Pillowed and rocked the helpless thing to rest?
What song, if any, soothed his early cries,
When sleep, by hunger chased, forsook his eyes?
Who gave him words, his misery to paint?
Who taught him first the language of complaint?
I know not, and he knows not; but he says,
Far in the rear of his remembered days,
A form of sorrow sometimes takes its stand,
And waves a farewell with its white, wan hand.
But this may be a vision from above,
For sure the child ne'er knew a mother's love.
An orphan in his native village, he
Was early trained to fight with poverty.
His little hands soon learned to work, and soon
The infant worked from morning until noon,
From noon to evening, 'till his aching brain
Whirled with the whirling engines, and in vain
He laid him on his wretched bed, to try
To win a respite from his misery;
For scarce had feverish thought to sleep given way,
Than, lo! the noise and turmoil of the day
Beset his senses, and besieged his mind.
Oh, that the poor in sleep could always find
Forgetfulness alike of pain and sorrow,
Which yesterday they felt, which they must feel to-morrow!
No joy his childhood knew, no sport, no play;
The Sabbath e'en was scarce a holiday.
Something he heard by chance of heaven's glory,
And thought it was a very pretty story;
But God to his untutored mind appeared
A being to be talked of, and not feared;
And Christ, no Saviour, but a man of woe,
Who loved his kind, and perished long ago.
"Had he lived now," the child would sometimes cry,
"He must have hated men as well as I."
Spurned and despised, the orphan struggled still
Through this huge world of mingled good and ill.
Good was the lot of others—his was toil;
He fought the fight, but others took the spoil.
Such the ivision which our laws have made!
Laws, which 'tis almost treason to upbraid!
To you, the luxuries of life; to me,
Unending work or penal charity;
To you, joy, honour, rank, and wealth are given;
Labour to me, death, and a doubtful heaven;
For even virtue is denied the poor;
Sin's a disease they can't afford to cure.
No time have they to hear their God's behests;
Untaught they live, unblessed they die, like beasts;
Like beasts they feed and drudge the live-long day;
Like beasts they lodge and snore their nights away.
Abandoned to their instincts by the state,
They treasure up a long arrear of hate,
Abide their time, and for their miseries past
May pay a bloody recompense at last.
For ofttimes men—whose minds in darkness brood,
And though they seek it, know not what is good;
Who feel they suffer, and accuse the law—
Strike at the instruments, and spare the cause;
As tigers wounded bite the quivering spear,
And slaves wreak vengeance on the chains they wear,
When power's perverted statesmen may apply
A temperate and a legal remedy;
The people roused, evil with good confounds,
As when a swollen stream o'erleaps its bounds,
Wrapping the country in a general flood,
Driving its turbulent waves o'er field and wood,
Drowning the farm, uprooting bush and tree,
And bearing all things headlong to the sea;
So wrathful multitudes, when they rebel,
Act as their passions and blind zeal impel,
Destroy, and not reform, and aim their blows
At high and low, poor, wealthy, friends, or foes.
Where are the leaders of the people now?
Who guides them, and who teaches them? And how
Can they be good, when left so carelessly
To work, to eat sometimes, and then to die?
James Thornhill (thus the beggar gave his name)
Had lived a life of labour, not of shame;
Less than his fellows had he sinned; his heart
Had throbbed with pure emotions; and this part
Of the sad tale was something brief. It seemed
Carelessly hurried over; yet there gleamed
In that dull eye the likeness of a tear;
But the poor fellow, lest he should appear
Womanly weak, brushed it away, and said
(Turning, t'avoid the weeping, round his head),
That love to even humblest souls was given,
Their only foretaste of the joys of heaven.
He had loved; but whom he loved it matters not;
For in an oft-digged churchyard is a spot
Where all his hopes lie sleeping side by side.
What boots it to prolong the tale? He tried
Still to work on; but life was sweet no more.
Soon failed his energies; and yet he bore
Manfully up 'gainst fortune, 'till disease
Came to oppress him with a doctor's fees.
Besides, prosperity forsook the land;
The workman starves, when mills are at a stand.
So forth upon the wide world was he thrown,
In which he called no foot of land his own,
A stranger and intruder everywhere,
To ask for alms from those who have to spare.
But first unto his parish he repaired,
From thence by workhouse guardians he was scared;
They knew him not—in truth, the poor man's face
Is ne'er remember'd in his native place.
Such was the story, scant the comments, told
To him whose rent-fed purse is gorged with gold.
Mark the reply! "John, thrust him from the door,
And let me see him and his rags no more.
I might to prison send the begging rogue,
But spare him; if he tarry, loose the dog."
By this experience now wiser grown,
The beggar left that quarter of the town,
In poorer streets more largely to disclose
The oft-repeated story of his woes.
This tale is true; but seek to fix on none
The odium. Does our Dives sin alone?
Do not our statesmen and our learned teach
What it were blasphemy for priests to preach?—
What future times with infamy must brand?—
The poor are troublous strangers in the land.

Lloyd's Coffee House.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

Among the lions of London, it is strange ıat so little should have been written of Lloyd's Coffee House"—so little, or rather nothing, recorded of its origin and perations. Turn to cyclopædias and to-ıographies, and you will find that some neagre half-dozen lines are all that are ;ranted to an institution, the sphere of vhose influence is co-extensive with the vorld of commerce. I have lately been at he pains to collect materials towards sup-)lying this deficiency, and now present he reader with the result.

It will be recollected that, in one of his :arly numbers, "the Spectator" speaks of :he Royal Exchange as "making the me-:ropolis of England a kind of emporium :or the whole earth;" praise, however, which is specially due to one portion of that building rather than to the whole. It is not to the body, but to the head, that we can properly ascribe creative power. The nether body of the Royal Exchange stands certainly as the palladium of commerce, an august representative of its great and almost universal empire. But it is in "the upper story," as befits the order of things, that we must look for the brain that guides and governs all. On the Upper Floor, on the north-east side of the Royal Exchange, there were, before the late fire, two, and, on the east and north sides, there now are three long and lofty rooms—the abiding place of a club, composed of merchants of the earth, and universally known, from its local habitation, by the name of "Lloyd's," or "Lloyd's Coffee House."

It appears that the first sessions of this society were not held in a region so elevated, but in a humble tavern or coffee-house, kept by an obscure individual of the name of Lloyd. There is, indeed, some reason to believe that the custom of such clubs was introduced into this country with the French refugees; and that they, for the most part, took the name or sign of the house at which they were assembled. It would be desirable perhaps to know something of a man, however humble, whose name has accidentally become so distinguished as the appellation of an extensively-powerful society. Scarcely anything, however, but his name survives; all remains in impenetrable obscurity, except the mere circumstances of his successive residences in Lombard-street, Pope's-head-alley, and Freeman's-court, where the earliest meetings of the association were held, at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

To return to the society. Having explained its origin, I may refer the reader to the history of commerce, as indicating the progress of its influence and authority. Both rose into importance together; both now flourish and are triumphant together; and are likely, in conjunction, to lead to results which must considerably modify the tone of government and ameliorate the condition of society. But I confine myself to the present actual state of this great mercantile body. Here, then, in the three lofty rooms of which we have spoken, the great business of insurance against losses by sea is conducted, between brokers and underwriters. It is through the medium of the agents of Lloyd's that the needful information is obtained, as to the arrival and departure of vessels in all parts of the globe. It is on this latter account that the society of Lloyd's has been compared to that of Ignatius Loyola: the world sees the agents of both universal over its surface, but the "omniscient" intellect of Lloyd's receives information with even more effect and certainty than the head quarters of Jesuitism. Thither, accordingly, the merchant and shipowner throng, as to a temple, morning after morning; and many an one reads in its "great book" his own doom, good or evil.

I have said that Lloyd's now consists of three compartments. These correspond to its constituent offices. First, there is the underwriters' room; second, the merchants'; third, the captains'. The first two have their chambers exclusively to their own use; to the third the public are admitted. The subscriber to the underwriters' room has the privilege of frequenting the merchants' room; but the subscriber to the merchants' room has not a similar right.

The committee vote medals to those who distinguish themselves in saving life from shipwreck; and thus (to use the words of one of their associates, who we are happy to say is as poetical in his feelings as he is commercial in his habits) "recognise the heroism of nature."

The affairs of the subscribers are managed by a committee, consisting of nine members, three of whom retire annually by rotation, and are eligible for re-election at the end of three years. The committee for the present year consists of the following gentlemen:—George Richard Robinson (chairman), William Wilson Saunders, Thomas Chapman, Thomas Octavius Powles, John Simpson, William Chapman Harnett, John Poole, Adolphus Pugh Johnson, and Charles Bladen Carruthers. A list of agents to Lloyd's is now lying before us, but is of course too long for reprint. Specific instructions accompany the appointment, which the agent is directed to exhibit on all occasions where

he may be required to act, so that no misunderstanding may arise with the parties assured, or their representatives, as to the extent of authority vested in the agent. "No power," says the appointment, "from the subscribers to Lloyd's can divest the assured, their agents, or assigns, or the masters of vessels, of that right over property which the law has given them; but it is presumed that the assured, or their representatives, will readily avail themselves of the assistance of an agent, who is appointed by the general body of subscribers to act on their behalf, and whose co-operation will facilitate the settlement of loss or average with the underwriters." No direct pecuniary emolument is attached to such appointment of agent; but the committee state, that from the numerous applications made by persons of the first respectability when vacancies occur, they are satisfied that such appointments are held in high estimation, and that the many commercial advantages which arise from it are an equivalent for the efficient discharge of its duties. The committee add, that they expect to be furnished with prompt and regular lists of the arrival and sailing of vessels; advices of losses and accidents, or other circumstances of danger or distress that may occur; intelligence of speaking of vessels, of the appearance of enemies' cruisers or privateers; with any other general information that may be considered of importance. After making the requisite communication to the secretary of Lloyd's respecting wrecks or accidents, it is the duty of the agent to correspond with the parties immediately concerned. Thus also when vessels are in distress, or are driven on shore in the neighbourhood of the part where the agent resides, he is to offer to the master such services as the nature of the case may require; and in cases of shipwreck, where neither the owner of the vessel or goods, nor their representatives, are on the spot, the agent is to take such steps as he may deem the best for the preservation of the property, giving immediate advice of the circumstance to the assured, and following their instructions in all cases where he can obtain them. Where salvage or remuneration is claimed for assistance rendered to vessels, it is proper for the agent to attend the meetings of the commissioners, magistrates, or other legally authorised persons, to determine the amount, in order to rebut any exaggerated statements on the part of the salvers, by the evidence of the master and crew. Similar duties belong to the agent relative to the repairs of vessels. Should also a ship arrive in a disabled state at an intermediate port, so as to be incapable of performing her voyage, he is to offer to co-operate with the assured, or his representative, in p an expeditious conveyance for th to its original destination, and tc against its sale for account of th writers, unless unavoidable. T other regulations to prevent th vessel and cargo for the paymen vage for recapture, and to regu ascertainment of sea-damage, and tainment of the certificate relati same from the master or mate of sel.

From these particulars we ma conjecture, that such an inspecti gradually acquire a moral influen irresistible. The fact is so, and tc extent, that Lloyd's is frequentl as a cardinal instance of the v association which clings to a n there is, I take it, something mo name to justify the faith which in Lloyd's—real, substantial be good. It is true, that in almost e of the civilised world, the word h manic influence; but why? the banner of commerce waves ir breeze, Lloyd's is a recognised great Fact! Hence it is, that as the Indian empire undoubtec empire of Lloyd's is more so, havi where her ambassadors. Not a sail, but it is noted down at th point." In one "highly-condens in Cornhill, rests the commercial or rather the knowledge wanc scattered elsewhere over the glo reposes the shipping activity of t It is an oracle, whereby mercha when it is the time to send silks, other commodities to the antipod mysterious direction, the shipo patches ship upon ship, and f fleet, to bring back the weal Indies.

As an association of the mos ened subjects of this great natio also has a high social, not to sa cal, interest. One of the pr thinkers has affirmed, that "if w get a glimpse of what the future nation will be, we have only some such association, and ol mode of operation and governme Lloyd's selected as a test, it has that it would foreshadow an ele narchy for England, and that t achievement of merit, utility, a will effectually and legitimately influence of birth in all ranks of

To the literary mind Lloyd's endeared by the association as t mercial. We cannot help thinki Spectator" and "the Tattler," i tion with Lloyd. It is the boast that every literary man is an member of its society. "Sir Ro

verly and Will Honeycomb," says its associate before quoted, "linger about it; and many an underwriter's day-book and broker's policy are turned over by the breath of their passing and their presence. Sometimes even the roguish gipsy peers into the room, and under the influence of her spell the unwary underwriter subscribes the policy which, could he 'read his fortune,' he would shun as the plague."

It would, it has also been suggested, form a subject for an epic of immense variety and interest. There was, indeed, in 1700, published a poem called "The Wealthy Shopkeeper," in which the hero is celebrated for his visitations to Lloyd's:

> "Then to Lloyd's Coffee House he never fails,
> To read the letters, and attend the sales."

But the subject is capable of more than mere allusion—it admits of great expansion and depth—it excites observation and profound reflection: for Lloyd's may, as I have said, be considered the brain of the commercial system; wherein every nation has her representative. Descend a step from the emporium of Lloyd's, and you are at once landed in the midst of the world's epitome. Let an Esquimaux be shipwrecked on the lower coast of Lloyd's, and he finds a country or a countryman. The spirit of commerce is cosmopolite, and so destructive of national prejudices, that on 'Change, a man feels as much ashamed of boasting of his nation as his parish; but, in return and compensation, it opens, expands, and regenerates the human heart. What patience is to man, commerce is to the world—the secondary principle; the worker of those difficult problems, of which philanthropy dreams one day of cutting the gordian knot. Commerce, however, seeks patiently to untie and not to cut. It is not the Warrior but the Worker. It does not, like the drunken despot of Macedon, waste the cordage it cannot unravel; but carefully aims at its preservation, in reference to its future possible utility. It systematically progresses; never anticipates, and always conquers.

The throngs and the silence of the rooms at Lloyd's are equally impressive. There clearly is some mystery transacting—a mystery, multiform and important as the secrets, nay, the worlds which commerce has discovered, and of which not even poets had dreamed—blessings of which it has been the pioneer, misdeemed even by the Christian philanthropist as ideal and visionary. Alas! commerce has had its evils too; arising, however, rather from its imperfect development, than from any inherent vice in the system. It were indeed, to be trite and common-place to enumerate the highly important functions which commerce exercises in the business of the world—economy—order—discipline—forethought. "How wonderfully," says our eloquent associate, "it works out the fermentation of the masses; it is, in fact, the *yeast* of the world! It leavens the mass, which else would hardly recognise an intelligible motive for civilisation. Commerce," he continues, "is the feeder of the millions—the common-place miracle of the world—providing daily for the multitudes that would otherwise die in the great desert of human nature. It makes a duty of sentiment; rendering perpetual the evanescence of benignity; daguerrotyping the passing smile which otherwise would fade on the human face; and propagating and continuing what would else become traditional or fabulous. In short, 'it gives to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name:' and thus, in the words of our greatest poet, we sum the merits and write the epitaph of commerce."

We must not omit, in conclusion, to notice a society which is a kind of pendant to Lloyd's for conducting the "Register of British and Foreign Shipping." Of almost recent introduction, it is only within these last few years that this association has attained the power which it undoubtedly exercises over the greater part of the shipping property of the kingdom. Let it be acknowledged as a happy after-thought. A classical friend has facetiously informed me, that there was a "Lloyd's Register" in the days of the Trojan war—witness the shipping list in the first book of "The Iliad." May I venture to suggest an improvement to our modern generalissimos of "Lloyd's Register?" We hint it in all modesty. But could they not contrive, after the illustrious example of Homer, to give some account of the commanders of the vessels? Another friend has likened the institution itself to the inquisition of Rome—every ship is here registered with all its virtues and faults; every unsound piece of timber faithfully chronicled; and the general condition of the ship denoted by a symbol—an A 1 indicating the summit of a ship's excellence.

While the present Royal Exchange was building, the society of Lloyd's was under the necessity of renting chambers at the South Sea House. From the account of the receipts and disbursements for the year 1844, with which I have been kindly favoured, I am enabled to calculate the annual expense at which the mighty business of this great institution is transacted. The rent they then paid for the whole of their accommodation at the South Sea House, was £983 10s.; which sum includes an item of £108 10s. for servants. Their taxes amounted to £32 8s. 4d.; and for Christmas gifts they paid £35 15s. 6d.: thus sacrificing more to benevolence than

loyalty. The annual expense of newspapers, foreign and domestic, is about £400, after deducting near £100 for the proceeds of those sold. The cost of intelligence, registers, and lists, during the last year was £492 12s. 5d. The law charges, including £200 on a special case of fraudulent sinking the Native, were £255 11s. 2d. Postage is rather a large item, £513 1s. 5d. So is stationery, £617 3s. 2d. Housekeeping amounts to £366 17s. 1d.; the salaries to £3532 10s. 8d.; that of the secretary is £750. Besides these must be reckoned those of the annuitants; amounting to £790; the committee receive £500. The fittings at the Royal Exchange are put down at £1875. The total expenditure during the year is £10,650 16s. 1d.; leaving a balance at the Bank of England of £2841 4s. 2d.; besides the sum of £15,000 three per cent. consols, invested in the names of trustees. From this statement we may perceive, that while the payments are upon an exceedingly liberal scale, the total amount of expenditure, considering the interests and objects involved, affected and accomplished by it, is remarkably small. With England's merchant princes, it is clear, that generosity and economy go together; and this is what from their character and judgment we should expect.

A singular instance has just occurred, showing the increasing influence of Lloyd's. Captain Grover, who has directed his attention to the short-comings of the Foreign Office, after having corresponded with Lord Aberdeen in relation to the case of the crews of the ships Margaret and Conner, who were murdered or imprisoned by the Moors, while, a year and a half ago, in search of guano on the coast of Argum, an island in lat. 20 deg. 27 min. N., and long. 16 deg. 37 min. W., but a few days' sail from Plymouth; and having received unsatisfactory answers to his inquiry, bethought him of applying to the committee of Lloyd's. A copy of his application now lies before us. Government having failed in procuring the rescue of the captives, Captain Grover proposed that the committee of Lloyd's should provide, without delay, an armed steamer for the purpose, commanded by Captain Northwood, and dispatched at the same time a copy of his proposal to Lord Aberdeen. This course of proceeding was at once respected by his lordship, who lost no time in writing to the mother of one of the sufferers, stating that Government would take steps for their deliverance, and the punishment of their captors. Captain Grover accordingly suppressed the appeal he was about to make to the merchants of London, Liverpool, and Bristol. The unfortunate men, after being in captivity about twelve months, owed at last their liberation to the kind exertions of the master of a merchant vessel, Captain Isemonger. It was thus granted to the spirit of commerce, rather than to that of Government, to vindicate the honour of the country. Repeated instances of similar abandonment must tend to stimulate the same spirit to yet further exertions, while Captain Grover's application suggests an extension of its authority and influence, which cannot fail of being beneficial in some high places of the state.

Our Patron.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

It was said, we have forgotten how long ago, when Athens was the athenæum of the world, that all her citizens were comprehended in two classes—the patrons and the patronised. Doubtless the judicious observer was tiled into exile for his remark by the ostacism that punished the justice of Aristides; but the truth has outlasted alike the freedom and the bondage of Greece, and may be still illustrated, not only at the Piræus, where they speak of king Otho, and not Themistocles, now (for a change has passed over power, and glory, and wisdom), but in every land where men have learned to congregate, from the huts that rise in the shadow of the rank green forests of Africa, to the wealth, and splendour, and toil of our European capitals: all departments of the social state are governed by patronage.

The old patronise the young. How often could their attention be dispensed with! The rich patronise their financial inferiors with a peculiar bountifulness of counsel and admonition. The learned patronise their admirers. The pious patronise the world in general; and, readers, all these reflections have been fished up from the depths of our philosophy—alas, but sandy shallows, at the best—to introduce the fact that we had once a patron.

Counsellor Carrington, as he delighted to be called, was the Lord-Protector of those briefless days which we reckoned, in common with other legal aspirants; with us, in sooth, they seemed longer than usual, and were somewhat scanty in the supplies; but broad upon them rested the shadow of the distant woolsack, with that of many a height which we have never gained.

Why it pleased the Counsellor to become our patron, remains among the problems which time has not yet solved. Our paths were different from his in religion, politics, and fortune; but we were said to resemble a mild, graceless uncle, who had once saved his life in an election riot, before he

iled for America, never to be heard of, to e great regret and very small loss of his mily.

However, it was Counsellor Carrington atronised us with all his soul; his advice, bservation, and experience, were ever at ur service; and if at times unseasonably s well as gratuitously administered, they often came with the savour of better things and more tangible friendship; for in the scenes of our early experience, Counsellor Carrington was a great and an important man, possessing a reputation which, though unknown in the outer world, was current and unquestioned as the coin of the realm in the bounds of his native parish, a handsome house built on his own property, a well-connected lady, and seven children.

The scene of his practice was a north-western county of Ireland, which, thanks to its remoteness and frequent faction-fights, afforded him but few rivals and many clients. Yet life's perpetual something wanted was observed, even in the sum of Carrington's felicity. Curran was the dream, aye, and the theme of his days —the only remnant of that folly called enthusiasm which time wears out of us. The only undisciplined spring in the Counsellor's regular soul was poured forth in boundless admiration of the star of our legal horizon, then in the zenith of the celebrity that has so long survived him; but Carrington had never beheld his corporeal presence. Many and long, at least to the listeners, were the tales of his endeavours and disappointments in this respect; and often had his hopes approached their goal; but, like many nobler aspirations, some unlucky chance had always intervened, and Curran was still to him like the cuckoo was to Wordsworth—"a shape, a voice, longed for, but never seen."

We had heard his narrations with all becoming attention and surprise, for the hundredth, and assuredly trusted for the last time, as the scene of revelation was a family party at the house of a mutual friend in Dublin, whither both patron and patronised had gone, in hopes to discover the clue to a case intricate as the Cretan labyrinth, though neither of us was a Theseus.

Observe, readers, travelling was not then exactly what it has become in these days of steam and celerity; yet Counsellor Carrington went right joyfully on that errand, for Curran was in the metropolis, being then engaged in the celebrated case of Hamilton Rowan.

Few among the trials of that prosecuting period had excited a greater degree of interest, and much of the evening's conversation turned on the subject, as it was known that the following day had been appointed to open the defence, and Curran was expected to put forth all his power.

We shall not say how far the effort surpassed that expectation. Life has few such disappointments; but Counsellor Carrington waxed eloquent, even in the anticipation. On and on flowed the torrent of his recollections, till, as the circulation of our glasses increased on the retirement of the ladies, earlier memories began to mingle with those of his unsuccessful attempts at lion-seeing, and he finally reached that era to which so many forward, aye, and backward looks are cast, from every point of existence—the period of his marriage.

"I was a young man then," said the Counsellor; "but no matter; it is eighteen years ago, and only think, gentlemen, I won my first suits, legal and matrimonial, at the same instant. There's an example for you."

The last sentence was emphatically addressed to ourself, and we received it with a faith that might have removed mountains; but the company were clamorous for an explanation, and our patron continued:

"Times were not so prosperous with the profession when I entered upon it, as they are at present; and it was with something of surprise as well as satisfaction that I received a brief almost as soon as my admission to plead was announced by the newspapers. It came from an old cousin of my sister-in-law, who had magnanimously declared that he kept the case back 'on purpose,' to use his own appropriate expression, 'till I should be finished, as the work would be cheaper done by a relation.'

"The story did not come to my ears in time; but all Ireland knows old Blake was a miser; however, he had a ward. Upon my honour, gentlemen, I speak under the rose, but the lady was on a visit at my aunt's at Dame-street, and she fell desperately in love with me at the second ball; of course I went and did likewise, and nothing remained but to gain over her guardian. Let me tell you, gentlemen, that was no easy task; for you all know' (and the Counsellor cast round him a look of ineffable self-complacency) 'that my Agnes had good connections, and three thousand pounds in her own right—not a farthing less, gentlemen.

"Well, the case was a glorious opportunity for securing his good graces, and you may be sure I did my best. It was tried at the summer assizes of Wexford, where old Blake resided. Never had there been such scorching weather, and all the roads leading to the old town, as well as the inns which it contained, were thronged by an eager and hurrying crowd, who though they did not adopt exactly the same style of travelling, shared at least

one part of the old serpent's destiny, *pro tempore*, for dust was their meat, aye, and drink too, as far as mixture could go; and I got my share. But what did it matter then; had not I my first brief in my pocket? and was not Agnes to be won? Gentlemen, I saw her in the court-house (come on my account, of course), I caught the light of her eye through a thickening crowd, which I sincerely believe could be paralleled only in Ireland; for the case was regarded as one of extraordinary interest, having somehow or other, after the fashion of most matters among us, got into the breakers of party strife. Yet it was as regular a piece of business as any legal gentleman could have chosen to begin with; having a disputed lease, of whose imperfections Mr. Blake, a Protestant gentleman and a landed proprietor, wished to take advantage, namely, of having the farm to which it related at his disposal, and its validity was defended by the Catholic family then in occupation; but they were of the lower order, and had voted against their landlord, at a previous election.

"Still, there were difficulties in the case which might have puzzled me in the hands of a skilful lawyer; but Providence, gentlemen, Providence overrules everything, and at the first sight of the opposing counsellor—by the way, the defendants had engaged but one—I felt the suit was gained.

"He was a little, shabbily-dressed wretch, who must have got his education at a charity school, and had the fear of the parish overseer hanging on his spirit yet. There was something mean, I thought, in his very tone, as he commenced to state the case; the fellow had evidently never been brought up a gentleman, and I felt indignant, now in my first trial, to have nothing to contend with but such a paltry simpleton.

"His first sentence was half audible amid the rush of the crowd and the jostling for places; his second sunk into a whisper, as the noise subsided; he commenced the third with a stammer which bid fair to be perpetual; and between whispers, stoppages, and stammering, the case was stated with more fear and trembling than ever it was my lot to witness in a court. I could have pitied the unfortunate fellow, had he not disgraced my profession; the jury complained they could not hear, the judge admonished him to speak more audibly, his clients—three tall, handsome southern Irishmen—looked as if they could have eaten him, and the crowd began at length to crack jokes at his expense—'Say your catechism louder,' said one, 'or the dickens a confirmed you'll be the day.' 'Maybe it's the seven deadly sins you are at.' 'Let the decent man alone,' cried another, 'sure it's his dying speech he's at:' and the noise and confusion at last increased to such a degree, that the crier's voice was in requisition; but before silence was restored, my valiant antagonist had finished his oration, and escaped to his seat.

"Gentlemen, I cannot describe, but some of you understand, what it is to address a jury for the first time; and I rose to the work with perfect confidence, for victory and Agnes were before me. I remember the speech yet—it was extemporary, upon my honour—but there is a difficulty in speaking of one's own achievements; suffice it to say, that I complimented the 'twelve good men and true' on their impartiality and discrimination, dwelt at large upon the rights of property, and the injury my client had sustained by being obliged to bring this action, and hinted that Protestant ascendancy required a verdict in his favour.

"The crowd had begun to murmur, for their sympathies went with the three brothers, who, it seems, shared the disputed farm between them, and lived peaceably on it till then, with their respective cabins and families; but when I addressed myself to compliment the learned and eloquent counsel on the opposite side, their feelings took another turn, and the changeable multitude shouted with mingled laughter and applause, in the midst of which I finished my address; and the jury, without leaving the box, delivered a unanimous verdict in favour of Mr. Blake.

"Oh, how warm was that gentleman's congratulatory grasp, as the proceedings closed. I feel it yet on my fingers in dreams when attacked by nightly cramps; how ardent were his commendations of my legal abilities; but, gentlemen, he invited me home, aye, simple man, and introduced me to his ward, who went through the ceremony with a perfect composure that would have charmed any barrister—not one lady in twenty could have done it, but it was all talent, you perceive, and how was old Blake to know what passed in Dublin?

"That day was all over sacred to my good fortune. I concluded its achievements in Mr. Blake's drawing room, by charming him with what he was pleased to call my sensible views of the rights of landed proprietors, and his ward with imitations more true than flattering of my unlucky opponent.

"It is strange, gentlemen, but in all the years that have passed, and the courts I have attended since then, the poor soul has never come in my sight; perhaps, indeed, one lesson was enough for him, yet they said he was married and had a large family; and at times I wish, lucky as that

; to myself, that things had not
ıe so hard; he might have made a
clerk, and I have asked for him
t could gain no intelligence, not
the poor devil's name. I only
r it was John, and something
vulgar, no doubt, by way of sur-
.t that had escaped my recollec-
ery probably he has by this time
nature's intention, by taking to
ı last and awl, or some other suit-
ng."

ıere Counsellor Carrington swag-
rawing-room-ward, to join the
ith the air of a man who knew
aid something to the purpose.

ollowing was a great day for
or Carrington; he was up, yea,
roused us also, while the summer
was yet grey. Many, though not
ere his steps in front of the court-
fore the doors were opened: but,
the uncertainty of human designs,
we were hastening to secure our
usiness came upon us in the form
attorneys, attached to the case
ıad afforded our ostensible errand
n.

was no tenable excuse for ad-
nt, and great was the conflict be-
he anxiety and the prudence of
ton; but he at length compromised
by a very sudden and capitally
t of illness, which dismissed them
o hours of blundering consultation,
ıbled us to squeeze our way into
sely crowded court, at the very
when a company of military with
ıyonets were marched into the en-
ınd Curran had risen to commence
ıgnificent defence whose memory
as long as eloquence and justice
wer upon the earth.'

ıaid the court was crowded; and
might be, for the influence, the ta-
d the distinction of Dublin were
ıames that have found place on
e of history. Leaders in the then
ıt path of politics—lights among
rati of the day—mingled with the
ıe youth, aye, and the beauty of
h capital, in one vast and silent
y, that seemed to hang heart and
the lips of that single orator.
it may be that hast read; and if
st not, we can never convey to thee
er and pathos of that far-famed

We have found it since on many
ınd heard its praise from many a
but never again did it flash with
ıe sunburst over us as in that day
ory, when poured from the living
ı of the heart that gave it birth.
ent the speaker, bearing our souls
im from one terrible denunciation
ession and wild lament over his
trampled country to another. He had thrown the spirit of his land and times into that speech, and it keeps the echo yet. At times there were murmurs of rising hearts, that were stirred to their very depths with many a low and long-suppressed swelling of applause, that would have burst into thunder, but could not break the spell; and some did cheer at last, though the defence could not win an acquittal, for it moved everything but the judge and jury. But there was one by our side on whom the spell of listening silence had fallen with a double power. There was but standing room; and through the shadows of many years, Counsellor Carrington rises to our vision yet; his face was fixed, as though petrifaction had passed over it; but the expression was that of concentrated and unmixed astonishment. Had a portrait of wonder been required to grace some history of marvellous events, Counsellor Carrington might have sat for the likeness. The whole time that Curran spoke, he stood without moving or uttering a sound; but when the defence was concluded, we found ourselves grasped by the arm, and slowly the Counsellor squeezed on, and dragged us after him out, through crowd, military, and all, to the open but scarce less thronged street. There his progress became exhilirated to a pace that amazed us; but follow we must; and time was not given for speech, till, on reaching the door of our own hotel, the Counsellor seemed in some degree to recollect himself, and turning full upon us, with a countenance we can never forget, for the woeful wonder that was in it, he shouted into our very ear, but loud enough to be heard over half Dublin, "But would you believe me, that's the little lawyer that lost the case at Wexford."

Readers, Counsellor Carrington and ourselves went quietly home, after unravelling to our satisfaction the meshes of that difficult case. We believe the story has been told by our own lips, but never by his, except to Mrs. Carrington, whose remarks on the subject, however edifying, have never transpired; but from the date of that eventful journey, we remarked that our patron spoke no more of Curran, though the newspapers were searched most diligently for his speeches, and often were they found, for the trials of the time were many. From that period too his inclinations for patronage seemed to increase, but they were shown less ostentatiously, and specially benefited young men commencing like ourselves the career of the law, particularly if in contracted circumstances, and not over-strong in the faith of assurance. Peace to his memory! Counsellor Carrington has long preceded us on his journey to that land of which di-

vines delight to remind us; yet it may be that many a rising spirit has been mistaken and miscalled because of the clouds that encompassed its early goings, by more than our patron.

Stranorlar, 1847.

MOTHER GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGG.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Once on a time—a long time ago,
There were women call'd witches, as most of us know;
Little old women, scarce four feet high,
That rode upon broomsticks high up in the sky.
Now the lady I sing of had chosen a goose;
Or p'rhaps, as the French say, it was but a *ruse*;
For my part, I own I am much in the dark,
And school-boys will tell you, her goose was—"a *lark*."

Now this very same goose was fast sailing in air,
And a sight 'twas that made all the people to stare;
While her mistress was mounted so stately thereon,
That the poor simple goose might have pass'd for a swan;
Nor was this so strange, when reflection awakes
To the very great difference circumstance makes;
For a goose, if *exalted*, will 'scape much abuse,
When a goose on the *ground* will be—nought but a goose.

It was famed Mother Goose who to Colin had sped,
And thus to the rustic she smilingly said:
"I have not forgotten how bravely and stout,
When the rabble were driving me rudely about,
You saved me from falling a prey to the herd;
So, grateful, I've brought you my favourite bird;
And while kind remembrance my present endears,
You'll find she is not the goose she appears."

Then Colin ran home to his mother in glee,
But crusty and crabbed old Goody was she;
And rated him soundly for idling his day,
To bring her home nothing for pleasure or pay.
"Nay, mother," said Colin, "pray cease your abuse,
I've brought you myself——I have brought you a goose."
"No wonder," said she, "thus to see you together,
Remembering the saying of 'birds of a feather.'"

"Yet listen," said Colin, "for I have been told,
This goose layeth daily an egg of pure gold."
Just then a loud cackling they both of them heard,
And a large golden egg soon found under the bird.
Then quite overwhelm'd with delight and surprise,
Says Goody, as hastily seizing the prize,
"Oh, Colin, forgive me for scorning your luck;
This goose is a darling! this goose is a duck!"

"And now," thought young Colin, "'twill sure be no sin
To sue fair Laurette's sweet favour to win:
Her father no longer consent will withhold,
When he finds I've a goose laying eggs that are gold!"
But the sordid old man replied, "Boy, you're a dunce,
For not grasping all the bright treasure at once;
So cut up your goose, 'tis the readiest way,
And the wedding shall be upon Michaelmas-day."

"Ah no!" answered Colin, "'tis clear that I must,
If faithful in love, prove as true to my trust;
And no treasure on earth do I ere wish to find
More than content, with my portion assigned."
Just then her bright tribute the bird did produce,
And out of the egg popp'd the famed Mother Goose.
Both wondered how thus she just came the nick in,
Since 'twas pretty well known Mrs. G. was no *chicken*.

"Right well have you acted, generous Colin," said she;
"Content with sufficient is wealthy to be;
The bird is a fairy, that still doth watch o'er
The honest and faithful to add to their store.
And all her goose-down will she henceforth make
A shower of gold-dust, for gratitude's sake;
And you'll find, my good Colin, whate'er your surprise,
This promise is not throwing dust in your eyes."

So the youth soon obtained fair Laurette for his bride,
And prosperous days did their fortune betide;
While they learned from the story of old Mother Goose,
How the simplest of causes great ends oft produce.
And Colin's good luck doth the meaning unfold
Of a tale that to babies full often is told;
When winter snows fall to fill barns with increase,
Folks cry "the old woman is plucking her geese!"

The Moon.

A calendar! a calendar! find out moonshine.—*Shak.*

We have a word or two to say on behalf of our old friend, the Moon. We grieve to declare that in spite of all the endearing epithets bestowed by poets and lovers on the gentle luminary, popular prejudice has for two thousand years cruelly and unjustly assailed her fair reputation. In the first place every mutation of the weather is charged upon her caprice, though in reality she is as innocent of the whole matter of rain, wind, and sunshine, as Murphy himself. It is astonishing with what tenacity our countrymen cling to this false notion, which has been over and over again repudiated by the unanimous voice of the most eminent practical astronomers. The latter have not been led to this conclusion by merely theoretical reasonings: they have not rested their judgment solely on the impossibility of discovering in the moon any powers adequate to produce the effect attributed to her; but they have carefully examined numerous and lengthened series of recorded observations, made with extreme accuracy, and the result has been the most unquestionable demonstration,

that changes of the weather do not more frequently occur at any one quarter than at the others. But innocent as is the poor dear moon, it is a blessing that she is at the safe distance of 230,000 miles from us. We would not for a trifle be the man in the moon, in bad harvest weather, and within reach of some of our agricultural friends—of that sturdy old Gloucestershire farmer for instance, who smashed his barometer with a blow of his stick, because it had tempted him with a promise of fine weather to cut his wheat, at a time when it should have known very well it was going to pour down a deluge.

Again, the moon is said to blight with her baleful radiance the young buds in spring, and to putrify animal substances. Captain Marryat introduces a long description in his "King's Own," in which he enumerates most of the moon's enormities; telling how exposure to her beams in the tropics causes a strange affection of vision, those afflicted with which can see perfectly well by day, but cease altogether to discern objects as soon as dusk sets in; how fish exposed to her light rapidly putrifies; how paroxysms of madness are governed by the moon; and how no soul, however weary of its earthly bondage, can think of quitting the flesh until the turn of the tide. By my troth, captain, these be very bitter words: and how are they substantiated? We will quote the passages in which the theory of these phenomena is touched on. "In what manner does it effect the eyes? The moon can act *but in one way*, sir, replied Macallan, *by attraction*" . . . . . "The effect of the moon upon fish and other animal matter hung up in its rays at night . . . If under the half-deck they would remain perfectly sweet and eatable, but if exposed to the *moon's rays* in the tropics, they will in the course of one night become putrid and unwholesome." What, the moon can only act by attraction, and yet it is necessary to shelter living and dead animal bodies from her rays in the tropics! Does her attraction then lie in her beams, like Sampson's strength in his hair? Or is the interposition of a few inches of plank a protection against its force? And this shallow slip-slop, its shrewd and clear-headed author would palm on his readers for a philosophical digression!

Now to examine these charges. Many chronic affections of the brain besides insanity have from very remote times been supposed to undergo exacerbations at certain stages of the moon's revolution round the earth. The prevailing opinion amongst medical men in the present day is not in favour of this doctrine, though, to the reproach of their science be it said, they are not in possession of a sufficient amount of statistical data, to treat the question in the same convincing manner as astronomers have treated that concerning the weather, But even were the fact fully established, that certain diseases of the brain affected monthly periods, it would not follow from thence by any means that this so-called monthly period was all determined by the moon's motion, or had any other relation to it than a bare, accidental, numerical coincidence. Why might it not, like the period of a tertian or quartan ague, or like so many others observed in our economy, both in health and in disease, be simply a period of so many rotations of the earth round its axis? "That perod of 24 hours," says Hufeland, "formed by the regular rotation of our earth, in which all its inhabitants participate, is particularly distinguished in the physical economy of man: this regular period is apparent in all diseases; and all the other small periods, so wonderful in our physical history, are by it in reality determined. It is as it were the unity of our natural chronology."

The other offences imputed to the moon are all in reality chargeable upon the atmosphere. Cold alone is enough to nip vegetation in the bud; moisture is a "sore consumer" of dead animal substances; and with or without a moon, woe to him who exposes himself to the tropical night dews! Now every one knows that a bright uncloudes night-sky is one of the conditions most favourable to the generation of cold, and the formation of dew. The reason is that the earth and the objects upon it give out by radiation at night the heat they have acquired by day: but when clouds are present in the sky, they act not only as screens to limit the indefinite continuance of this process, but they even reciprocally radiate heat to the earth. So then a fine clear night is the time when the evils already cited are most to be apprehended, and this is just the time when the moon, if she is above the horison, is most conspicuous. Accordingly, she is blamed for mischief, though her dreaded rays, concentrated by the most powerful reflections, exhibit no heating, and very feeble chemical properties. Captain Marryat's fish then, placed beneath the half-deck, was protected not from the innocent rays of the moon, but from emitting its own radient caloric into the vastness of space, cooling down to the dew point, and becoming saturated with moisture.

Captain M. cites Shakspeare as "a true observer of nature," and *therefore* a believer in the doctrine he advocates; because the great poet makes Mrs. Quickly say of poor Sir John's death, it happened just at the turn of the tide. Now so help us poetry, logic, and common sense, we protest against this unfair treatment of the "true observer of nature," who painted human whims

and crochets as he found them, and whose authority might with as much reason be quoted to prove the sovereign virtues of parmacity for an inward bruise, or that stewed prunes were good for a green wound. The gallant captain refers to a paper of Dr. Mead's in the Phil. Trans. But why has he omitted to favour his readers with the very cream of that essay? Here it is. "The learned Kerckingius knew a young gentlewoman, whose beauty depended on the lunar force, in so much that at full moon she was plump and very handsome, but in the decrease of the planet so wan and ill-favoured, that she was ashamed to go abroad till the return of the new moon gave fulness to her face and attraction to her charms." Alas! alas! that beauty should be physically as well as morally as unconstant as the waning moon! The thought is too saddening. We turn for consolation to the more cheerful philosophy of the Irish poet:

"O, success to the moon! she's a sweet darling creature;
She shines in the night to give light in the dark:
While the sun only shines in the day, which by nature
Needs no light at all, as you all may remark."

W. K. K.

The Blind Men's Banquet.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

I have met in the course of my career with many men who to me seemed enigmas, and into the mysteries of whose existence I would have given much to penetrate. My temper is naturally inquisitive—my enemies call it prying—and I am perhaps often disposed to invest with an extraordinary character events and persons that pass before me, and are in reality, or at least are generally considered, not removed out of the broad circle of the common-place. However this may be, my curiosity has many times been disappointed; whilst on the other hand, persevering investigation has frequently put me in possession of secrets which I must not yet divulge. Occasionally also I have entered into spheres of human life where few probably have trodden. I am about to describe one of the simplest of the adventures in which the mere appetite of knowledge has made me play a subordinate part. The revelation will not be complete. I shall add nothing and retract nothing. The conjectures and surmises by which I have endeavoured to work out the picture to my own satisfaction would fill a volume. The reader must supply them himself.

James Barnard, Esq., of Percy-street, lived, it is supposed, on a moderate annuity, and occupied the first floor of a very respectable house. He was an old bachelor, a very old bachelor indeed; having passed his seventieth year. But there were no signs of decay in his erect and still agile frame. Thin, it is true, he was, to emaciation; so that his skin seemed to cling to the bones underneath, and scarcely to allow space for the free play of the shrunken muscles, but every function of life went on with unabated vigour in his frame. And yet he lacked one blessing, the want of which, for all the useful purposes of life, seemed to render the child just escaped from the nurse's arms, and the decrepit centenarian, infinitely his superior. *He could not see.* And as he felt his way along the streets, with his vacant eye-balls turned towards the heavens, and the childish smile peculiar to blind men on his lips, even his respectable beaver, his smart coat and shining shoes, could not protect him from many an exclamation of pity from the more tender-hearted of the community. The apple-women especially, with whom he sometimes spent a trifle, never allowed him to pass without expressing, somewhat humorously, their compassion for "that nice old gentleman wot had lost the use of his hies!"

These remarks occasionally reached Mr. Barnard's ears, and seemed by no means agreeable to him. Whenever he heard them his stick was observed to tap more energetically on the ground, and a greater amount of animal spirits flew into his legs, by which means he was soon carried beyond the reach of these unwelcome expressions of condolence. The additional physical agitation which he thus underwent served also as an outlet for the slightly choleric emotions that were excited in his mind; for nothing so effectually calms the more violent passions as a brisk motion of the limbs. The bite of the tarantula is cured by dancing; and if every person who felt within himself an inclination to be angry, and commit some desperate deed, were to put on his hat and run for a couple of miles, we should hear less of assassinations and suicides.

But to return to Mr. Barnard. Very little was known in the neighbourhood of his life. The policemen, who are better acquainted with the movements of most people than is imagined, could tell nothing more than that he went out regularly at ten in the morning, and walked till about one, at which hour they supposed he dined. After that he was not seen until the evening, when he generally again made his appearance, and going down Tottenham Court Road, could never be traced further than St. Giles's church. His time for re-

entering the house was as near as possible eleven o'clock, and it was noticed that if he had passed that hour his step was unusually hurried as he drew near the corner of Percy-street, whereas, when it was early he advanced slowly and cautiously, as if desirous of prolonging the pleasure of his stroll.

The people of the house knew very little more than this. They could tell that he got up early, shaved with his own hand, and with cold water, before breakfast; took coffee and toast, with now and then a rasher of bacon or an anchovy, or an egg, or a few prawns when in season. After this—and here their accounts tallied exactly with the policemen—he went out, they supposed, indeed they were sure of it, to order what he intended for dinner; for after he had gone some time, the knocker and bell would begin to grow very active, and a succession of boys with baskets or trays would make their appearance, hand in what Mr. Barnard had paid for, and go their way. The amount of information to be extracted from these humble ministers to the luxuries of the wealthy was not great. All they could have have proved in a court of justice was the fact of buying and selling: but if they had nothing positive to communicate, the shrewder among them contributed to swell the deep current of surmise and conjecture which already circulated in Percy-street, and sometimes really as to mislead Mr. Barnard's simple landlady by the ingenuity of their suspicions.

If the information to be obtained of this gentleman's morning proceedings was meagre, that concerning the occupations of the rest of the day was equally so. Having dined rather sumptuously for a single man, he amused himself during an hour or two in playing on an old richly toned violin. He used then to give orders for a cup of tea, after which he sallied forth, and did not return, as the policeman averred, taking out his watch, until hard upon eleven o'clock. He had evidently supped, for he went to bed immediately.

These were the ordinary incidents of Mr. Barnard's life. To interrupt the monotony, however, it was his wont to receive after every quarter-day three friends to dinner, which was then postponed until six o'clock. The strangest circumstance of all, however, was, that these three friends were all blind, and as nearly as possible of the same age with their host, One of them —a fat, rosy-cheeked fellow—was quite a dandy in his way; wore a wig and a pair of green spectacles, and seemed desirous of deceiving himself and the world concerning the inroads made by time on his agility, by the constant restlessness which was fostered, encouraged, indeed provoked, by the incessant torture inflicted by a preposterously light pair of boots. Another of these blind guests was a tall, gaunt individual, whose eyes where concealed by a huge green shade. and who wore a respirator, so that it was absolutely impossible to obtain any idea of his physiognomy. He was somewhat shabbily attired, and walked with an ivory-headed cane in his right hand, by which his bending form was supported, whilst his left arm, from the moment he entered Percy-street until he reached the door of Mr. Barnard's apartments, was invariably passed behind his back, and rested on the dilapidated buttons of his great coat. The third was very different from his companions. Not only had he lost both his eyes, in place of which were two black patches, but he seemed one mass of wounds. One of his legs was useless, and the hand which supposted the left crutch had lost the middle finger. He was short in stature, and seemed to have been formerly a sailor.

Something might, doubtless, have been gleaned from the conversation of these three worthies with Mr. Barnard, had not the latter, on occasion of their visit, invariably declined the service of Mary, the servant of the house, who usually attended on him at meals. At soon as the cloth was laid she retired, the door was locked, and not a word that was spoken at these extraordinary meetings ever transpired.

In all this there was sufficient to excite the curiosity of a young man like myself. The reader therefore must not think meanly of me if, lodging in the same house, I was devoured by an intense desire to unveil the mystery that covered the proceeding of Mr. Barnard. At first I tried the ordinary way, and endeavoured to contract an acquaintance with the old gentleman; but I speedily found that this was impossible. I next compounded with my conscience, and resolved to listen at the door; but I soon had the satisfaction of discovering that I had committed a breach of decorum without profit. It was in the inner room that these blind recluses perpetrated their orgies. I next, growing desperate, resolved to wrench up one of the planks of my floor, and bore a hole through the ceiling; but this, a carpet being laid down, could not be done without the concurrence of the landlady, to whom I was ashamed to confess my weakness.

Three of these perplexing banquets had taken place during my residence in Percy-street, and a fourth was approaching. This time I resolved at all hazards to be satisfied. Accordingly, having resorted to the story of the barber's brother, in the "Arabian Nights," for advice, I prevailed on Mary, by a few soft words and a guinea, to consent to admit me into the apart-

ment when she took in the dinner, and give me an opportunity of secreting myself.

Having made this arrangement in time, I anxiously awaited the arrival of the eventful day. As it drew nigh, a paroxysm of nervous excitement succeeded my ordinary state of tranquillity. Sleep gradually forsook my pillow. I could think of nothing, dream of nothing, but the horrors I was to hear disclosed at the blind men's banquet. The day at length arrived. I reminded Mary of her promise; she hesitated; I increased the bribe, and condescended even to beseech her; for I was not only purchasing the gratification of my curiosity, but buying back again the delights of sleep and the ordinary pleasures of life, all of which had by degrees become insipid, so intent was I on one idea.

I am ashamed to confess all the extravagant conjectures in which I indulged respecting Mr. Barnard and his guests. Certain it is, that my imagination had succeeded in investing them with colours so repulsive, that I almost shrunk from pursuing the adventure I had undertaken. However, I succeeded in mustering up courage, and when Mary came and gave me notice that she was about to bring up the dinner to the first floor, I slipped down in my felt slippers and stood close by the door like a thief or a sentinel. Mary now went down, and returned anon with the table-cloth and a knife-basket. She knocked, and presently the door opened about a foot. The old gentleman held it in his hand, leaving the girl only just place to squeeze herself in, and then shut it, leaving me gazing very foolishly at its smooth side, and inwardly cursing his precaution.

The five minutes that elapsed ere Mary again made her appearance seemed an age, during which my feelings were so highly wrought up, that I would have lavished I know not what upon any one who would have kindly given a jog to the wheels of time, and brought me at once to the catastrophe. But the more impatient I grew, the more reluctantly did the minutes drag by. At length, however, the door did open, but as cautiously as before. Mary issued forth, and the entrance of Mr. Barnard's apartments once more closed.

I now began to curse my own folly in having allowed the gratification of a, perhaps, criminal curiosity to become necessary to my happiness. But so it was. The old gentleman's secret once discovered, a thousand delightful things were to happen; and now that it appeared I was to remain in ignorance after all, it is scarcely possible to describe the despair which I felt, or the sense of humiliation that accompanied it, for having allowed myself to be engaged so far and so hotly in the pursuit of an object, to attain which, I must at least transgress some of the conventional rules of morality.

These thoughts passed very swiftly through my mind; but still I remained sufficiently absorbed in them to allow Mary to trip down stairs and disappear before I could recover myself. I was just about to follow, to obtain, if possible, some explanation, when a smart rap at the street door announced the arrival of the first guest. It was the old gentleman with the respirator, who came up stairs hastily, his left arm resting on the small of his back and feeling before him with his stick. When he reached within a few steps of the landing place, he leaned forward, and with a scientific sort of passado sounded his arrival with the point of his weapon against the door. It flew open instantly, and the old gentleman passed me without pausing, and before I could recover sufficient presence of mind to follow, the skirts of his brown great-coat had disappeared, and the unmerciful Mr. Barnard had again closed the entrance of his apartment.

I now looked upon the inhospitable old rascal as one of the greatest enemies I possessed on earth; and clenching my fist, shook it at him through the pannels of his door, at the same time setting my teeth together, knitting my brow, and exhibiting all the tokens of excessive rage. Any one who had seen me at that moment, and marked my hair standing on end, my glaring eyes, and the tremulous motion of my frame, as I leaned for support with one hand on the banisters, and with the other performed, in the face of no other enemy than a two-inched board, the indignant gesture I have before described, would without doubt have inferred that I was a monomaniac, and fitly disposed to commit some awful act of atrocity. I cannot indeed maintain that my despair at the succession of disappointments to which I had been subjected did not amount to a certain degree of frenzy; and am not prepared to assert that my relations, had I possessed any, would not have been justified in taking out a commission of lunacy against me. For what business had I to pry into the secrets of these unfortunate old men? Perhaps they had reasons cogent and imperious for enveloping themselves in the mystery which surrounded them. Perhaps if I succeeded in carrying my intentions into effect, I should become involved in a series of circumstances, the existence of which I had better never have known. Perhaps I was going to break in upon the mansion of grief, and desecrate the rites of friendship. "Who knows," I thought, "what are the extraordinary links which bind these four afflicted old men together? Who knows whether, by invading their privacy, I shall not be laying up for my

self a bitter store of thought, which by its constant presence may render miserable my future existence? I am young. I know but a very small part of what is to be known in the world. There may be things which the mind is not prepared to receive until age shall have imparted to it a finer temper, and purged it from the impurities of the passions. By becoming acquainted with these, I may grow prematurely old, and my unprepared mind may sink beneath the weight of a secret with which it has come in contact out of time. We are surrounded by mysteries. We are ourselves mysteries. My own experience teaches me that, in the progress from youth to manhood, new functions develope themselves in mind and body; fresh sources of thought and reflection have been opened; novel temptations have beset me. Secrets have been revealed which, had they been communicated at an early period, would probably have oppressed my infant mind beneath their weight. I fed formerly on milk; I now feed on meat. But I have scarcely yet traversed one-third of my career; and it is not possible that in the infinity of strange things in this strange world I can know one-quarter of what I am destined to know. It has doubtless been wisely ordained that all revelations should be made in due season; that as man acquires strength, more nourishing food may be given him; and that if he partake before his time of the viands intended for his elders, it will not be with impunity. It is only lately that I have acquired any very definite idea of death; it is but lately that this idea germinated in my soul, and pushed up its ill-defined form amid the rank vegetation of more common-place ideas. It is evident that it must acquire expansion by degrees; that it must grow unceasingly, and at length overshadow the whole mind. When this comes to be the case, far different must be the mode in which I shall look upon the external world. Perhaps, with a mind so occupied, it would be impossible to attend to the ordinary business of life. It is well, therefore, that in youth more material ideas should hold the uppermost place. But that now if, having broken into this sanctuary, I should become initiated into mysteries incompatible with my years? Might it not be possible that, as glass of a certain temper will burst when poison is poured into it, my mind should be destroyed by the influx of thoughts which it is not prepared to receive? Who knows but that many who have grown grey in lunatic asylums trace the origin of their infirmity to some criminal indulgence of the passion of curiosity; to some premature disclosure of secrets reserved for the sober ear of old age; to some unnatural union of their souls with existences of which they should have known nothing; to some too hasty plucking of the fruit of the tree of knowledge? If the sons of God had no business with the daughters of men, so neither have the cogitations of venerable old age, on the borders of the grave, ought to do with the feeble mind of youth. Would it not be better to withdraw in time, and respect the mystery which is so jealously concealed from my view?"

These thoughts, and such as these, floated through my mind, but operated in no wise to induce me to retreat from my enterprise. On the contrary, they served only to render still more keen my impatient curiosity. It was, therefore, with a feeling of thankfulness that I heard my coadjutor Mary approaching. When she reached my side, she whispered her concern at my disappointment, though I could see she was considerably amused, perhaps relieved, by the turn events had taken. I, however, conjured her not to give over her endeavours, and she promised, though somewhat surprised at my pertinacity. For my own part, I really looked upon myself as an injured man; and if I had been disappointed in the performance of a good action, could not have been more indignant at those who had frustrated my good intentions, than I was against Mr. Barnard for taking the proper precautions to insure himself against my intrusion.

Mary now knocked at the door; it was opened; but the cunning girl contrived this time to stumble against the old gentleman, and send him staggering back. She made a thousand excuses, during which I slipped in, gave a rapid glance round the apartment, which presented nothing remarkable, except that there was a bed in it, and glided towards the inner room; but I found the way stopped by the old gentleman with the respirator, between whose legs it would have been necessary to creep, had I pursued my original intention of penetrating further.

Mary had been called away by another loud knock at the door, and I was left to encounter alone the difficulties of my position. I now perceived the whole extent of the danger in which I had placed myself. The room was small; and between the doors, which exactly faced each other, was a large round table, covered with a confused heap of toys and instruments of music, among which the newly invented concertina held a conspicuous place. The orb of this table was so great, that Mr. Barnard completely commanded the defile left on one side, whilst his companion, extending his stick as he occupied the doorway, as completely closed the other. I myself stood by the window; opposite me

was the bed; and the room was so filled with chairs, that no space was left for any complicated evolution to avoid collision with the two old gentlemen, who rigidly maintained their relative positions, their heads turned on one side, like antelopes in the act of listening for the hunter.

On one occasion, I thought the old gentleman with the respirator and the green shade was not really deprived of sight; for after turning his face intently towards me for a moment, he commenced advancing in my direction, making a semicircular sweep with his iron-headed cane along the floor, but still keeping his left arm resting upon the buttons of his coat. There was something malicious, I thought, in the expression of the old gentleman's form, as he slowly moved towards me; and whether it was by accident, or whether his auricular senses were more than ordinarily acute, certain it is that, in whatever direction I turned, he constantly followed me, making wide sweeps with his cane until he had completely driven me up into the corner on the right hand of the door leading from the passage between that and the window. His advance, like the tide, was slow but sure. He did not progress more than an inch a minute; but when the sweep of his cane reached within half a foot of my toes, he spread out his long arm, as if to ensure my capture; and a sort of exulting tremor, I thought, shook his frame.

At this moment the door flew open, and in came the other two friends of Mr. Barnard; the one feeling his way with a crutch; the other, still sporting his green spectacles, advancing with that peculiar kind of step with which we approach the head of a stairs in the dark. The host received them with a grave embrace, and a gentle reproach for being behind their time; and then, seizing the bell-handle, pulled it violently. Presently the door flew open, and Mary appeared, bearing a large tray, with which she passed on to the other room, laughing, as I thought, with an air of too great glee at the awkward predicament in which I found myself. For the old gentleman with the respirator, who had doubtless been a great fencer in his day, instead of advancing towards me, now made me a graceful salute; and placing himself on his guard, began, after a few flourishes, to thrust rather desperately at me, so that I found it no easy matter to avoid the iron-shod point of his cane. Once, indeed, he made a more determined lunge than ordinary, and succeeded in smiting me on the forehead.

"A hit, a very palpable hit!" he muttered; and was about to renew the assault more vigorously than ever, when Mr. Barnard, having let out Mary, who was suffocating with suppressed laughter at the woeful visage I put on, and the still more woeful smile with which I endeavoured to convince her that I enjoyed the joke, invited his pugnacious friend to adjourn to the dining table.

I now contrived to slip into the inner room, and ensconce myself on a sofa which was conveniently situated for my purpose, and defended by an oblong table, as by a breastwork.

The four old gentlemen having taken their places, now assumed a grave aspect; and Barnard, rising, uttered a short and impressive prayer, by way of grace; after which, dinner was dispatched in silence, each with wonderful readiness performing the usual civilities of a dinner party. I had as yet seen nothing very extraordinary, and had obtained nothing for my pains but a smart poke, which had broken the skin of my forehead. I really felt disappointed; and the dexterity with which these old blind people supplied the place of their eyes by means of their other senses, seemed to me to offer a spectacle by no means worth all the pains I had taken to behold it.

When the dessert had been brought forward, and the old gentlemen, in the midst of a conversation which consisted so entirely of allusions that I could make neither head nor tail of it, had began to relish their wine, Mr. Barnard, who occupied the head of the table, facing the old gentleman with the respirator, whilst the ancient exquisite and the sailor sat respectively on his right hand and his left, rose, and after a short pause said, in a very impressive tone:—

"Gentlemen"—

"Stop," cried he of the respirator, "I heard somebody breathe."

"So did I," quoth the sailor.

"What's that?" inquired the exquisite.

"I heard somebody breathe," cried the man of sharp hearing in a louder tone.

"I didn't," was the reply.

"You forget that you are deaf," rejoined the other; and snatching up his cane, he aimed a blow at me with so much swiftness and dexterity, that I felt it before exactly understood what he was about.

"D—n!" I swore in no very gentle tones.

Dire was the uproar upon this among these blind folks. Mr. Barnard flew to the door; the old gentleman with the respirator flourished his cane, the others armed themselves with knives, and I was soon surrounded. There was no time to lose. Leaping on the sofa, and remembering how the thief managed, in the Arabian Nights, I looked round for a rope to climb—the bell rope was the only one I could perceive. Seizing it, however, I put my foot on the mantlepiece and raised myself then

—for the time, at least, out of the reach of my enemies. They stumbled about in every direction; sometimes kicking each other, sometimes the furniture; but all swearing they would murder any stranger they might find in the room. At length, however, they grew weary, and would probably have again sat down, had not I at this moment, by mere accident, pulled the bell-rope by which I was supported. Mary was soon at the door, and I heard her voice asking for admittance. Mr. Barnard opened the door, and she was about to enter, when, catching sight of me standing with one foot on the only corner of the mantlepiece which was bare of ornaments, and holding on energetically by the bell-rope, to which I could not avoid giving ever and anon a tug, she burst into an uncharitable fit of laughter. This again roused the suspicion of the old men, who began once more to brandish their weapons. But not one of them suspected where I was ensconced. At this juncture the landlady, not understanding the reason of the numerous successive rings, herself made her appearance, and perceiving me clinging desperately against the wall, and looking unutterable things at Mary, cried out.—

"Lawk, sir! what are you doing on Mr. Barnard's mantlepiece?"

A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse; but the old gentleman with the respirator took the hint directly, and aiming a ferocious blow at my shins, soon convinced me that my position was no longer tenable. Before he could gather his strength a second time I made a leap, descended in the midst of the table, crushing here and there dishes and plates with the heels of my boots, and then darted in a sort of globe through the open door. This is all I remember of my escape. In less than five minutes I found myself panting and trembling on a sofa in my own room on the second floor.

The next day I received notice to quit, and left Percy-street for ever. The mystery was never farther unravelled.

My Uncle's Diary.*

BY ION, D.D., CAMBRIDGE.

Nov. 11.—I must proceed with my story. I have faithfully represented myself as of the most wild and ungovernable temper; I gave myself up ever to my first impulses, without pausing to reflect whether they led me in the direction of right or wrong. I was sent to Oxford at the proper age, and here I pursued a course of life little in accordance with correct notions. But on this it is unnecessary to dwell; suffice it to say that I quitted the university loaded with debt, to discharge which my father ruined himself, scattering the remains of his already shattered fortune, and quitted the country, leaving me all but penniless, to earn my bread. This was a deserved punishment. My talents were of no mean order, but I scarcely knew how best to avail myself of them. My knowledge of the classics was extensive, and, at last, through the instrumentality of a friend at the university, I procured a private tutorship in a wealthy titled family resident at this time in the country. Here my true history commences—yes, the history of my feelings; but I must not anticipate. I had under my care two youths, in whose education I soon began to take some delight. Part only of the family were in England; the Lady Carden, with her daughter and brother, had been left in Italy by Lord Carden, but were shortly expected home. I often look back, and inquire was it a presentiment that I was in some way to be intimately connected with the beautiful Alice, that caused that involuntary thrill through my heart, when I heard her name casually pronounced by her two brothers; when I heard them longing for her return home, speaking too occasionally of her gentleness, her beauty, and her talent. "I am sure, sir, you will like Alice," exclaimed my youngest pupil one day. I have never forgotten the expression. Love!—too surely did I love her; or why am I here? Why have I lived thus alone, apart from the world, for her memory? To proceed. The day came on which the family returned, and I confess my heart beat a little with curiosity to see the fair Lady Alice; and at dinner it was gratified. Lord Carden slightly introduced me as the tutor, to his wife; and I took my seat opposite his daughter. I had not yet seen her face, for I seemed to reserve my gaze until unobserved. At length, I raised my eyes; and never shall I forget the impression which one glance made upon me. The features were not strictly beautiful; but there was an inexpressible charm, arising from the sweet, innocent expression diffused over her whole countenance, which rivetted admiration. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair, and the delicate eye-brow arched itself over a full deep hazel eye, fringed with long lashes, into which every instant she seemed to throw fresh expression. Her mouth, more exquisitely formed than any I have since seen, seemed at that hour born for smiles only, so bright, so joyous, were those that danced round her lips. Down her face clustered dark brown ringlets, which fell on a neck of spotless white; and her figure, slightly below the middle height, was light, elastic, but rounded and full.

* Continued from page 370 of last volume.

Such was the being on whom my future fortunes turned.

Nov. 13.—We—that is, Alice and myself—met but seldom. I soon began to learn to look forward to the evening, when I could gaze on her for a few minutes at the dinner-table. I scarcely ever spoke to her myself, but I heard her conversation with others. I listened to her words eagerly, and my heart was full of repentance for that past which had thrown me down to a level so far beneath her. My family was as good as hers—my descent unimpeachable; but then I was POOR. I saw before me no prospect of rising; I was a tutor, receiving a salary from the father of her whom, disguise it how I would, I soon began to feel I loved. Sometimes visitors made their appearance at the dinner table, and one I singled out as the admirer of Alice. He was—in spite of my jealousy, I was compelled to allow the fact—a gentlemanly, intellectual person, suited admirably to her; and this very circumstance rendered him only the more hateful to me. How I watched them both! how I hung on her every word! how sometimes I would torture her sentences into a thousand meanings! now I would persuade myself that she loved him, now I found myself arguing vehemently against such a possibility!

She did not care for him in the slightest degree. I had been six months in the family; and what with meeting at dinner, and the opportunities afforded by occasional parties for conversation, I soon began to be on more intimate terms with Lady Alice. She would sometimes address me of her own accord, and turn from the conversation of nearer friends to speak to me, and ever so kindly, so gently. In her alone was there perfect freedom from that haughty patronising air which marked the intercourse of the rest of the family with me. My proud nature would often have urged me to shut myself up alone in my room, rather than bear the indifference and neglect to which I always fancied I was subjected by Lord and Lady Carden. The real fact was, that they, when they noticed me, never did so any other than kindly; but this I felt, that by the accidents of position they were placed above me, and could never regard me in any other light than as the *tutor* of their children.

Nov. 19.—My time is not long. I must, therefore, refrain from any delay. My eyes grow dim, my spirit faint. This is a prelude, it may be, to my last sickness. I cannot divest myself of the idea that I am not long destined to be an inhabitant of the earth. It is pleasant, however, thus to retrace one's steps; to tread again the sunny avenues which led us on from youth to manhood; to refresh oneself in the restless ocean of remembrance and association, which lies tossing, and heaving, and billowing, in the long past. There is some resemblance between childhood and old age. There are a thousand links united then, which are broken and lost sight of utterly in the middle age. We take up the fragments of golden threads, the first weaving of which was begun many a long year ago, and we mournfully strive to reunite them. In youth, in infancy, we are near to God; we have come fresh from his hands. As years creep on, men seem to depart from his presence; we mix in the world, and think not of Him. But old age comes, and a consciousness that we must go into his presence enters our souls. We look back with eternal regret; we feel we have made little use of the blessings bestowed upon us, and we tremble at the thought of going to Jesus, and being near to God.

When in old age men suddenly awaken to their position, and discover a vacuum in their hearts—when they yearn so fondly to the days gone by, and are beset by continual regrets for the past—what is it that is wanting? Religion. Nothing besides can direct a man to think and act properly. It is bitter to be awakened to this fact so late in life as I have, but it is, as the old adage has it, better late than never.

Dec. 1.—At length, impatient of my position, and growing daily more and more conscious of the intense love with which I regarded Alice, I determined to try, in some way, to ascertain in what light she held me. Trifles often serve as food for hope, and point in what direction our fortunes are to turn.

It was a bright summer evening—the dinner was over long ago, and I stood near an open window in the drawing-room—not a breath of air ruffled the distant tops of the trees. The sun went gently down over the far hills, and a deep hush pervaded all nature. I stood and listened to music, but it was only the melody of birds. In the woods near, a nightingale warbled her song; now sending suddenly forth a sweet clear strain, suffering it just to awaken the echoes and allow us to taste its sweetness, and then dying away. I cannot forget that evening; not a shade of the rosy hues on the heavens was lost. I could even now trace each cloud that lightly skimmed over its surface. The green of the sloping meadows never has seemed so bright since then; the sunset never so beautiful; the nightingale's song never half so sweet. In vain I look for a repetition of all these enjoyments—they never returned so pleasantly again, perhaps because I heeded them less. I stood there long, lost in musing of a future for which I dared not

to hope, when, suddenly, by the faint tremour of my heart, and its sinking, its beating, I felt I was no longer alone, and soon a musical voice, more hushed in its tones than was generally the case, broke on my ear.

"You are quite lost in admiration of the beautiful sunset, Mr. St. George. It certainly," she continued in a still lower tone, "is the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"It appears so to me, Lady Alice," I answered. "I always was fond of admiring the beauties of a sunset—in which to me there is ever something new, something glorious. The varied tints we behold to-night on the summer sky will never again return. To morrow they may be as bright, as rosy, but they will not be blended precisely the same as they are now. That white cloud will not be there to reflect back those faint rosy tints upon its edges. Another differently placed will float over the sky, but this sunset, and *all* its accompaniments, will never return—not at least to me," I murmured.

"You are quite a poet," said Lady Alice, leaning over the window and plucking from the balcony beneath a beautiful rose. "There," she said, presenting it to me, "cannot you write me something on such a subject?

"May I keep it?" I said, "and for your sake?" I continued, earnestly, for I knew not at that moment what I said. There was something in her tones which seemed to breathe hope into my heart.

"And for my sake?" she repeated; and I remarked that her voice trembled so that she could scarcely pronounce the words. Lights were now brought in, and Lady Alice had glided like a spectre to the further side of the room before any one had perceived our position. I remained for a few moments in the alcove, engaged in placing that beloved flower close in the recesses of my pocket-book. I glanced towards the other side of the room, and noticed that Alice was deadly pale. She was much agitated. I saw through it all, and I blessed her in my heart for stilling its tumultuous agony by this simple act. Its waters had abated, and there was peace and joy where before had been suffering, misery, and unhappiness. Several visitors were there, and amongst them a cousin of Lady Alice, of the name of Miss Crayley. Music was proposed, and nearing the piano, I contrived to whisper unobserved to Alice the name of a favourite song, which was calculated to express much of the feelings I experienced towards her. She instantly complied with my request, and sang with a feeling I fancied she had never before displayed.

I retired early to my room, and there poured fourth upon paper all my sentiments towards her. I perceived I could not have an opportunity as soon as I wished of revealing my devoted attachment, and resolved to contrive to have the letter conveyed to her in the morning. I never closed my eyes that night. I walked to and fro, and now and then sat down and indulged in the most delightful reveries. I could not restrain my feelings—sometimes they burst forth in passionate action, sometimes I even wept. I am a fool, perhaps, to reveal my intense delight, but those will understand me well who have long contemplated in dark despair an object placed hopelessly above their reach, and then again have suddenly beheld it thrown in their way. I finished my letter, and went down early next morning into the garden, as was my custom, where I was soon joined by my pupils.

"Alice is in the bower," cried Arthur, "and I want you to tell us the names of the new plants papa sent home yesterday. Will you come?"

I went slowly, not to appear impatient, yet how my heart bounded forward, and how long was it not there before me! Yes, she was in the bower, where she remained only one instant. I had just time to give her my letter, to receive one glance, which seemed to reveal her whole soul, and she was gone.

The day dragged itself unwillingly forward. I could not fix my thoughts on my occupations, and I sought relief by bending down my face upon my books, to shut out the external world, and think of that spring of love which was bubbling up in my heart, and washing it, and making it pure. The lessons of my pupils never seemed so tedious, so dull; and at length I dismissed them to their recreation on the plea of indisposition. I could not endure their companionship. The old clock struck each hour slowly and solemnly. Time would not hasten; but at length, after being plunged in delightful reveries, the light around me appeared less bright, objects more indistinct, and the welcome sound of the first dinner-bell pealed melodiously on my ear. I hastened to prepare, to calm my looks, to still my restless, throbbing heart, by promises of the speedy gratification of its earnest wishes, and entered the dining-room with a grave, calm face, which must have appeared somewhat unnaturally pale, since Lord Carden exclaimed, with an appearance of interest he had never before displayed,

"Are you ill, Mr. St. George?"

"I have been troubled with a headache this afternoon, but it is better now."

I turned round, and met the anxious glance of her eyes whose looks I most prized, and satisfied her with a smile that I was all right.

In the course of the evening, I discovered that Miss Crayley was to be the person to carry on all our arrangements; and involuntarily my heart sunk within me, as I made the discovery. Something whispered to me that she was my enemy. I did not like her appearance. Up to this time, since she had been staying in the house, she had treated me with a coolness amounting to impertinence. Now, there was a smile on her face to welcome me whenever I turned in her direction. She appeared to enter with spirit into the conduct of the affair. "Alice knows best her cousin's character," thought I.

In person, she was a little taller than Alice, with more of elegance perhaps in her figure, and possessing a handsome countenance, disfigured only by a leaden grey eye, never fully opened to meet your gaze, but ever engaged in glancing underhand around the room. She was very talkative, and was always ready with an anecdote, sometimes concerning indifferent persons, sometimes about herself. What struck me most in her manner was the inquiring look she seemed to cast round at the persons to whom she was speaking, as though she would covertly discover from the expression of their countenances the effect she was producing. She was fond of placing herself in attitudes, and tried on all occasions to have a set smile at hand with which to greet you. But it was a smile of which you soon seemed to weary. You saw it forming. It did not come from the bounding joyousness of heart which gave birth to her cousin's, but in her it was a smile felt to be necessary. It had been practised at her mirror, and artfully framed. She was clever, in the general sense of the word—very clever; and would promise to read any book on your recommendation, and would be enraptured at its contents. I remember, on one occasion, I presented her with a copy of "Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful." She read it through and through, and declared she had never derived so much pleasure from the perusal of any work she had ever before met with. But I have been betrayed into anticipations in sketching Miss Crayley's character. I received from her that evening Alice's reply. How my heart throbbed, responsive to the trembling of my fingers, as I opened the letter, and caught the first glimpse of that delicate handwriting! Oh, Alice, Alice, my first, my only beloved one! that moment is a star placed in the dark blank of my existence, burning now most brightly; yet it *will* grow dim. May I look back on my death-bed, and see thee as I seemed to see thee then, so beautiful, so good, so true! The first perusal of that letter seemed to reveal a deep, earnest affection. There was timidity in it, as though she feared to speak too fully, or betray too much of her feelings. Yet it told me, simply, affectionately, that I was beloved. I would sacrifice much to return again over that one short hour, which made me certain of her guileless affection. I was subdued; I was quiet; I was calm. My feelings were hushed into a soft, deep repose. I bent forward, with my face buried in my hands, and thought upon her—upon her love. My heart seemed as yet unconvinced of the certainty of my position; sensations most new were awakened in me. Feelings then seemed to be given birth to, one after another, and be overpowered by fresh ones. What the prevailing idea in my mind then was, I could not have told; but now I know it was the rapture of feeling oneself beloved for the first time. Is it true?—am I indeed awake?—I often inquired of myself; but then I again turned to my position. Alice hinted at another letter, in which I was to explain candidly my exact intentions and prospects. I did so, and awaited an answer.

Dec. 2.—I feel interested in the occupation of writing my own life; it is almost like living it over once more. I wish it were summer again! I long for the birds and the flowers! Yes, I, an old man, with one foot in the grave, am returning, and longing for the pleasures of my childhood. Come, oh come again, ye joyful hopes. Wake again, ambition! Aged heart, repine and droop not thus! In vain! All, all is nearly over! My heart is rapidly sinking through the ocean of life, and already seems to be floating near the weeds and creeping things that lie in tangled manner on its unknown bed. The grass perchance even now is bursting into life which shall spring up around my bed of death. The bells are tolling in the village church. A knell mournfully peals through the air—some one is gone to meet the face of his Redeemer. When will those same bells toll a solemn dirge for me? I shall pass, and never be remembered. The black hearse will wend its way down the village; gossips and children will pause from duty and sport to gaze. Some passing stranger remarks, "He's gone at last." A shadow will fall on the countenances of such as have accompanied some friend to his last home; the dark procession will pass slowly on, the nodding plumes will stir the air; and when out of sight, gossips, and children, and all, will return again to their duty and their sport, and I shall be forgotten. No tear shall fall—no sigh be heard; the poor childless old man with his white hair will pass away, and no heart will turn faint with sorrow when they say, "He is dead." Yet oh, yet will not she, when she knows that that heart which once

d so truthfully for her is laid low—
she return for a moment to the days
appiness, and will not emotion stir
ı? Will not she drop a tear?—one
the past—one tribute to memory?
, memory will awaken, and she,
lder too, will then think once again
e!

3.—The next evening a grand ball
en by Lord Carden. He pressed me
n the amusements; and not to ex-
ɔicion, I danced the first set with
ayley. And Alice, how beautiful
ed, in her robe of spotless white,
vreath of white roses round her
med head! She looked supremely
and yet I was miserable; and the
that I was ashamed of my reasons
g so. I would not have betrayed
en, had even she requested me, but
ɔt known that I loved her already
tely before, I should have dis-
the fact by the bitter pang I ex-
d when another took her hand and
to the dance. How I cursed the
of dancing at that moment. It
pollution that another should touch
s mine. I knew not what I did; I
and turned pale; I strove to ap-
oncerned, but the effort was un-
ıl. I smiled, I even laughed, but
ely hated the man who was at her
arently so proud of his position;
him every word that fell from his
vatched them both intently. I
ıbted her; I could not have done
ıe direst passions were at work
bellious heart. Youth look for-
ove as one uninterrupted dream of
, they never imagine anything
they never contemplate the agony
noments when jealousy, despair,
ts, are the uppermost passions in
. No word but agony can express
t-sickness experienced at such
f our life. We feel we are in the
ıut supposition is in this case
han certainty. At length I danced
myself, and then I forgot, in
ıt of those moments, my previous
But soon this was over; another
f my prize, and I saw her whirling
azes of the waltz. Never did I
ded with her during the whole
f my love, but that once. My
lings seemed turned to bitterness,
ıt and sat apart, sad and silent,
; her stedfastly and, I think, re-
ly; since her partner had scarcely
a seat, ere laughing and joyous, she
) seek me in the throng. I cannot
sudden clouding of that sunny
he was herself in a moment—my
ɔdest Alice. Rising as soon as
dent from her seat, she glided
ıe, and sat down by my side.

"Are you ill?" she inquired, in a tone so tender and affectionate, that I almost reproached myself.

"No," I answered, "not ill."

"What then?"

"Only a little giddy with this foolish waltzing."

"Foolish! then you do not like it," she exclaimed, gazing into my face for a moment.

"Every one is at liberty to follow their own taste, Alice, but I do not admire waltzing; I go even further—I positively dislike it."

"I will never, never waltz again," she said—while the tears sprung into her eyes. "Do not look so serious, as though you were angry."

I could not reply, for Lord Carden now came up, and Alice, blushing, rose from her seat to meet him. He carried her off, and I continued stedfastly watching her. The truthfulness of her affection seemed proved by this simple act. I never witnessed so complete a change in the demeanour of any one. Before she was too gay to suit my jealous temper, now she glided about gently smiling, yet with the same happy look as before. I saw that she understood me.

Dec. 5.—Our letters were now written in a freer tone. We understood each other better. I was happy. A buoyancy was in my heart I had never before experienced. Every duty of the day seemed to borrow a charm from the influence that was upon me. Nature seemed bathed in fresh beauty each day. The sun rose more gladly, the lark soared more proudly up to heaven, the green fields looked gay, and the birds echoed back, in their many songs, the joy that was in our souls. My heart seemed too full to bear its happiness. It bounded and sought to be free. I look back and think that at those moments the sun of my happiness was at its meridian. Ever since it has been on the decline, and now, looking back, I can just discern peeping above the dark waters of oblivion which are rising over the past, a few departing rays of light, like the lingering hues of a sunset on the deep, which tell me that such things were.

All day I looked forward to the evening. When the sun set on the world, my sun seemed to rise. I soon began to discover that beneath that gay and lively exterior, Alice concealed a depth of thought and nobleness of soul, of which I had indeed obtained occasional glimpses, but had never seen fully developed. She was fully acquainted with my circumstances—my past career and my present ungoverned heart, and set herself steadily to work to reform my character. Had I married her I should have become a good man and a

good Christian. But the feelings she awakened died away in that last catastrophe and despair took the place she had previously held in my mind. Her advice was of the most sensible and encouraging description. She bade me first give up my tutorship, and seek in London a position, and pointed out to me several striking examples of fortunes acquired by perseverance. Many years, as she said, might elapse in this undertaking, but what were they if we both remained constant? She confessed that she suspected my attachment previous to that summer evening, and was governed in her actions by a conviction that I should fear to speak, owing to her position. "She resolved," she said, "to give me that one opportunity, and if she had been mistaken, to have acted accordingly."

There is a fatality in clandestine love-affairs. Ere long we were not satisfied with writing and the ordinary means of communication. We longed for some opportunities of conversing, of opening our hearts to one another, and Miss Crayley promised to contrive the means. Near the house was a wood, the shrubbery adjoined it, and in this spot we agreed to hold a conference, while the cousin kept watch. In the day time such meetings were out of the question, as I could never be absent from my employment, but after nine o'clock Alice promised to leave the drawing-room with her cousin, and meet me in the wood. It was a bright moonlight night. That light, formed by the mingling of starlight and moonbeams, gleamed through the trees and illumined in irregular patches the spot where I trod. Every sound seemed to startle me; the tremulous motion of the boughs, and, above all, the distant roar issuing from a large iron foundry situated on the outskirt of the village. At length I discovered the form of a woman gliding down the pathway, yet I did not feel certain it was her, until a soft musical voice murmured, Henry! and I was at her side. She briefly told me that Miss Crayley was stationed near the house, and then a conversation ensued which I shall not attempt to reveal. Let those imagine it for themselves who have been placed in similar positions. Time flew by rapidly, and we parted—but not before she had informed me that for my sake she had rejected a suitor who had for two years paid her addresses. A fearful presentiment oppressed me as she mentioned his name—I felt that in some way he was connected with my future fate.

(To be continued.)

Proposed Scientific Association,

Or, EXPERIMENTAL SOCIETY.

ADDRESSED TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

If, among the many noble deeds of great thought and lofty aspirations which adorn the present age, there be one better calculated than the rest to give a peculiar feature to the nineteenth century, and to render it remarkably distinctive from all its predecessors, we must search for it, not in the annals of cruelty and folly, and having their origin in traditional prejudices, or in traditional ignorance; neither in the history of inventions, or of individual attainments; for, although unequalled, they have been parallelled in Greece, Egypt, and in Rome. But we must seek for it in our social history—in the growing importance of the labouring classes, recognised and acknowledged by the wealthier ones—and which fact future generations will look on as one of the most illustrious characteristics of our epoch.

It is not disparaging to the merits of the scientific and intellectual acquirements of the existing race of men to say, that their profound knowledge, which has led to discoveries which have wonder-struck the world, was paralleled in the classical era of antiquity. On the contrary, society is ever willing to avow its deep debt of gratitude to a Stephenson, a Faraday, and all the host of mighty minds who have ministered to its creature or spiritual comforts. The men of to-day have undoubtedly surpassed those of yesterday, by gathering instruction from their experience; but in no age, save our own, do we find evidence of the existence of a hearty interest in the welfare and social condition of labour's legion, or honest recognition, by those who are conventionally styled independent, of their actual dependence on the "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The evidence of such a spirit is not to be found in Sparta, when her citizens degraded their own image in the person of the Helot, for the sake only of conveying a moral lesson to their children; nor in Rome, when her nobles and the populace thronged the Colosseum to behold a display of brute courage and sanguinary ferocity; nor yet in any part of Christendom during the dark middle ages, when a serf's life was valued at a few pieces of coin.

Those who are lovers and panegyrists of the past, will in all probability try not to prove the existence of such interest; but to extenuate faults of our ancesters, by pleading the benighted period in which they lived, and their ignorance of the duties and rights of all men, as well as of the principles of Christianity; which plea is both great and valid: they might go far-

er and allege, that even we, despite our ogress in civilisation, are guilty of unindness towards our fellows, and display ıe same heartless indifference our forethers did. They might cite the occaional acts of neglect which startle the orld, menacing the very foundation of ociety; and do so with sufficient reason o make the present blush, although not to justify the past. That cruelties are committed against the poor by individuals, is, unfortunately, true. However, society is not so indifferent as it was wont to be, and the best proof of its progress in humanity is the immediate indignant agitation of the nation on the publication of these acts. For instance, a woman is starved to death in consequence of the neglect of an official, and forth a cry of horror rings from Landsend to John-o'-Groat's house, demanding instant justice, and the abrogation of the laws that place such power in such hands. This fact shows cruelty in the conduct of one or two men, but is no proof of apathy on the part of the nation. Compare it with accounts of common occurrences in the feudal times, where, without the pretence of war, villages and towns were depopulated; the poor—whose stalwart arms, and inimitable energy of spirit, drained the marsh, cleared the forest, and made this England what she is—were hunted and driven where the indolent lord listed; whole families were robbed, sometimes murdered, without a remonstrance from the nation—with scarcely a sympathising comment from their neighbours. It is useless to enlarge on the improved state of the feelings of the wealthy towards the poor, when it is almost universally admitted; but if fresh evidence were wanting of our more humanised sentiments, and of the desire, on all sides, to acknowledge the just importance of the working classes, and to elevate them into their proper position, it would be easy to turn to the numerous schemes, some foolish, some perhaps fraudulent, yet the majority well intended, and springing from a sincere wish to benefit the workman, whose promulgation are proofs positive of a healthier state; among others to the one in question.

It is the duty of all to render assistance to such schemes as appear to arise from honourable motives, and bear the imprint of probability of application, and utility in results; without, however, glorying over what may be a compromise between necessity and justice. The task of criticising the effects of different suggestions is by no means an easy or a grateful one, since the analysis may displease the promoters, by showing that the adoption of their plans would ultimately injure the truest interests of the workmen.

In the present instance, the ingenuousness of the *original* proposal under consideration disarms criticism: although the means of carrying it out, subsequently proposed by another gentleman, is vicious in principle, and not in accordance with those more enlarged views which are daily gaining ground. The suggestion first appeared in the columns of a most esteemed cotemporary, the "Mechanic's Magazine," which has, for years past, done much service to the good cause. And it will certainly not be the least of all its claims on public gratitude and future distinction, that this fresh and equitable idea should have emanated from one of its readers, or that it should have been the medium of his communication to the world.

The correspondent of the "Mechanic's Magazine" offers no system of mock philanthropy, based on false principles. His proposition is manliness itself, and free from aught that might tend to debase the character of the workmen. We subjoin it, somewhat curtailed, that our readers may judge for themselves.

"Is it not strange that whilst everybody is writing and talking about the value and necessity of 'experimental' inquiries, as opposed to mere theorising, so little use is being made of that countless mass of experiments which are making every day in all the factories and workshops throughout Europe? Has it never occured to your readers, that whilst we are exulting over a few hundreds of experiments made and recorded by a small number of 'philosophers,' tens of thousands, aye millions, of unrecorded experiments, are daily plunged into the gulf of oblivion, because they are unrecorded? For any one 'philosopher' making his half-dozen experiments, we have thousands of 'workmen' making their countless number; amongst which are doubtless hundreds of equal or greater importance than the philosopher's. But like the unsung heroes of Horace,

> "sed omnes illacrymabiles
> Urguentur ignotique longâ
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

I wish, therefore, to call the attention of the intelligent workmen, who have it so much in their power to advance the progress of science, to a method by which all those facts may be preserved which are really worth it, and of which it is certain there are hundreds slipping through our hands every day. In the first place, it is obvious that it would be utterly useless to record those which we already understand. Let a society be formed of all those who are really in earnest for knowledge, no matter however small their own attainments—and let each of these communicate to a committee, selected for that purpose, every fact—every process of nature or art,

which after reflection they cannot understand. Of course a great proportion of these communications will consist of things well understood by the better educated. These therefore being selected, the committee can refer their correspondents to those books where they may obtain an explanation of these facts; or else in weekly meetings of those who reside in the same neighbourhood, the better informed might give the required instruction orally. Having thus disposed of the elementary questions, there will remain those which are inexplicable to the committee themselves; and these might be recorded in a journal published for that purpose. The pleasure and advantages of such a system of mutual instruction I will not dwell upon, as each one will see them himself. But lest any one should imagine that there are no facts worth recording in the daily routine of our factories, &c., I would beg to assure him, from the acquaintance with the history of science which I have gained myself, that a very great proportion of scientific discoveries depend on facts which are afterwards found to have been well known to workmen of some class or other. It is impossible to read the celebrated Robert Boyle's works, without being struck with the immense quantity of such information, obtained by incessant inquiries of practical men. It is this way, joined to the clear and simple way in which he writes, that makes his volumes such pleasant and delightful reading at the present day. I will mention, as an example, one single instance of recent occurrence, as an illustration of the class of facts to which I have been referring. In America, Dr. Henry has been within the last year occupied on experiments on what he calls 'the permeability of metals;' and the subject is one of the greatest interest, not only in itself, but as indicative of some laws of nature of peculiar interest at the present moment, when all our inquiries are directed to 'molecular actions.' Now, the principal facts are found, on inquiry, to have been well known for a long time to those engaged in the plating of metals, and were matter of no small surprise at first till, like millions of similar facts of daily life, 'familiarity bred contempt!'"

The letter above quoted entirely justifies our commendation, as being free from all notion of making the working men mere recipients of charity, or of attempting to recompense, by honorary rewards, years of ill-requited labour.

The writer in the "Mechanic's Magazine" wishes, as would appear from the spirit of his communication, to have the society based on equitable principles, so that the artisan-members may meet their richer and superiorly educated fellow-seekers after knowledge, without being made to feel their position one of sufferance, or that their experience will be looked on as useless to all except themselves.

This noble appeal to true lovers of science has been very generously responded to by Mr. Macgregor, of Trinity College, Cambridge (the other correspondent before alluded to) and by the editor himself, but under erroneous impressions; for the adoption of their plan would most certainly be fatal to the progress and welfare of the society. Let our readers judge what would be the results of modelling it after the manner suggested in the letter subjoined, *in extenso* with the editorial comment:

"Sir,—Every lover of philosophy must agree with the prefatory remarks of your correspondent, who suggests the publication by means of a society of all the now hidden knowledge of artizans and clever mechanics.

"One main difficulty would be the backwardness which all have to join a body of men who have but lately drawn together. Now, I think that your correspondent's views might become better known, and also the benefits of the system enhanced, if something of the following plan were adopted: You might print a circular to the mechanics of Britain, offering prizes, say one of £10, two of £5, and four of £3, to be contended for by working men, who shall before some assigned date communicate any device in his trade, any simplification of the usual means of obtaining an end—or any accredited invention not hitherto public; the communications to be examined by a board to be appointed; and every single trade to be included in the eligible candidates. Now, sir, if you will forward such a thing, I myself will give half of each prize, and I am sure that there are many quite as willing to do what they can for so admirable an object.—J. M., Trinity College, Nov. 16, 1846."

["We are delighted to see the proposal of our correspondent, 'A. H.,' so nobly responded to, and from a quarter, too, where practical science has been generally supposed to be regarded with an indifference approaching to disdain. We incline very much towards the course which 'J. M.' recommends; but before committing ourselves to it, we think it due to 'A. H.,' with whom the plan originated, to wait for a communication of his sentiments upon it. Should 'J. M.'s' plan be that ultimately adopted, we shall ourselves be happy to contribute the other half of the proposed prizes.—Ed. M. M."]

We have already said enough to show our feelings towards the proposed society and to prove that the following observations do not proceed from any distrust of

moter's integrity, or ill-timed jea-
nd suspicion of the efforts, on the
employers, to advance the interest
mployed.

"Experimental Society" must be
as possessing three different pur-
and under which it must be consi-
eparately, in order properly to ap-
e its merits or demerits.

:—*the advantages to men of theoretical and to masters.*—The original pro-
has very ably illustrated the igno-
of those who may be termed the *sa-*
the higher order, and serious loss
e consequent on their non-acquaint-
ith the practical knowledge and ex-
e of workmen. "Dr. Henry," he
"has been for years employed on
ıe calls the permeability of metals,
he principal facts are found, upon
, to have been well known for a
me to those engaged in plating me-
Now in this, as in many other in-
, had the philosopher the opportu-
referring to the recorded experience
workman, he would have been saved
trouble, and, in all probability,
have arrived at greater and more
ant results; he would, being able to
e in himself the practical with the
ical inquirer after the wondrous
nature, have pushed his discoveries
in advance; while the community
have largely benefited, far more
has done, by his labours. To such
ıe archives of the association will
what hitherto has generally been
their reach—an easy and facile
f obtaining practical information, to
he greatest desiderata, and of incal-
benefit to all.

nd—*the educational effect on work-
ıd general good to the community.*—
can be no doubt but that its forma-
ould give the working-man a better
and elevate him considerably in the
those who only estimate

"The worth of any thing
By just as much as it will bring."

t will exhibit the vast amount of
knowledge possessed by him, and
strate the dependence of society on
ll and ingenuity for past and future
ements; and, at the same time, will
in his mind a sentiment of honest
ınd just self-appreciation. He will
ıvinced that he is no longer the
, but the most useful member of the
human family; thereby promoting
eling of independence and of self-
e which we anxiously desire to see
e the minds and influence the con-
English labourers.

proposed society will also — by bringing the master and servant into more immediate contact, and on a better footing —materially improve both, equalise their position, to a certain extent, and construct a new basis of relations, on a more generous system. They will mutually become aware of their necessary importance to each other, while distrust and prejudice will gradually disappear before the better understanding of their respective worth.

The workman, crippled in his education while a youth, and straitened throughout after life, cannot afford to pay the penalty of immediate unprofitable study, which science demands of those who seek to probe her womb of wonders, pregnant with knowledge and with life. He has to learn the mysteries of his craft by devotion of years of senseless toil, in the course of which he meets with obstacles he cannot entirely overcome, phenomena he does not clearly understand. Suppose him, grown into manhood, a dexterous workman, intimately acquainted with the *facts* of his trade, but bewildered by them, and ignorant of the first rudiments of science, with which any parrot-taught boy may mock him, how humiliating to him! how serious the loss to the world! "cribbed, cabined, and confined" within a narrow circle, he has no opportunity of procuring the enlightenment so ardently longed for. Now, had he the means of gathering some of the crumbs that fell from the table of theoretical science, his trade-education would be improved, the difficulties in learning his particular craft be smoothed, and he would be an intelligent as well as a dexterous workman.

Such a system of mutual instruction may, at the first glance, appear impracticable. The philosopher writing to the engineer for data respecting the expansive force of steam; and the engineer asking in return why the boilers become incrusted, when he uses the purest water to be got, quite free from earthy deposits, to his eye; and how it is, that by mixing muriate of ammonia with the water, the same incrustations are partially, if not wholly prevented?—or the stoker wishing to know also wherefore, by constantly feeding the fire with "sprinkles" of coal, he succeeds in economising the fuel, producing less smoke and generating more steam? Such a scheme may certainly appear strange, but will in no wise be impossible of being worked out.

Third—*the material benefits to the workman from the communication of an invention to the society.*—They will be *nihil*; and in order to render our doubts as to the capabilities of the scientific association in this respect intelligible, it is necessary to suppose a case, such as might occur, and see what advantages the inventor could possi[illegible]

bly derive from its assistance, beyond the trifling aid of a few pounds.

An inventive mechanic discovers some means of achieving an end more desirable than any previously known, and is too poor to obtain protection by letters patent —that is, exclusive right to the monopoly of his invention. Scarcely knowing what to do, he resolves to communicate his secret to the society, who record and publish it to the world. What is the recompense? His name bruited about as the gainer of a £10 prize, bestowed on him as a remuneration for the discovery of what will effect an economy and profit to all who adopt it. Publicity and honorary rewards are all that are, that can be proposed to be given by the society to the suggestors of improvements. And it does not proffer any other help; indeed, to do so, under the existing patent laws, would be folly and deceit, while they tax the inventor so exorbitantly for the boon he confers on the community.

It is the knowledge of this difficulty that constitutes the cause of backwardness among working men to join such societies—frankly admitted by Mr. Macgregor, but which his prizes, very generously offered, will not overcome. They do not believe mankind wholly virtuous, any more than they believe them wholly vicious; but they do feel convinced that a very many will gladly avail themselves of the society as a medium to ascertain the nature of the different improvements, and adopt such as appear useful, without caring for the claims of the first inventor.

It is not against the unfairness of individuals alone that poor inventors would have to contend. The patent laws, besides the monstrous and ridiculous system of taxation they enforce, having their origin in the old laws for granting monopolies, decree that the general publication, and consequent general use, of an invention shall render null any subsequent patent for it; so that the inventor, if afterwards he had the means, could not avail himself thereof to secure some profit from his discovery, the communication to the society debars him from all title thereto. Moreover this is not the only mortification he may experience, for he may probably see his discovery legally claimed and professed by some party whose patent was not specified at the time of communication! And as for public gratitude, the gratitude of the wealthy is a vain delusion; what can be expected from those who leave a Gray to live in penury and neglect? So long as the Patent law remain in *statu quo* the "Scientific Association," in the character of accoucheur to the ingenuity of working men, can render no beneficial assistance. The original suggestor is cognisant of this intuperable objection when he s answer to Mr. Macgregor's propositi

"Is there not a danger of placi whole affair in a wrong point of vi thus holding out a pecuniary recon It might even occur to some, that in ments in the various manufactori were sought out entirely with a ' their adoption by capitalists and r for their own benefit. Of course t ter informed would not entertain a notions; but the great mass are, I very open to suspicion on such s I am chiefly afraid of the reward looked to as the ONLY stimulus t tion; and thus, although there w some good affected, the great and p object might be lost."

As an imitator of the Society c the experimental society will alt fail; whereas, if it be content to the craft lore of the people, with manding the fruits of their person nuity, success must attend its l And we are sure the mechanics c land will not thank the promoters for abandoning the system of hono wards, and establishing instead a s association, wherein the philosoph the workman may meet on hon and mutually beneficial terms.

LESLIE SU

VISITATION OF WOE

No. 2.—IRELAND.

BY C. T. BROWNE.

Round the land,
Round the land,
I, the Spirit of Woe, am come;
And in my train,
New triumphs to gain,
Grim pestilence and dearth,
Those monster scourges of the earth
With giant steps have issued forth;
And wherever they tread,
By cottage or shed,
They leave the last dwelling a desolate!

By the gloomy twilight shed
Round that pauper's earthy bed,
See the ghastly form that lies
In starvation's agonies!
See the writhing form that falls
Exhausted by those clammy walls!
By the silence that prevails,
Hear the cry that nought avails!
Hear the fainting spirits' moan!
Hear again that stifled groan!
See that mother o'er her child
Bursting into accents wild!
See her bony fingers trace
The furrows on her daughter's face!
See with what a fearful care
She tells each famine-wrinkle there,
And, as she counts them o'er again,
Laughing frantic mocks her pain

See the corse that lies unburied
On that stony bed;
By its side is laid another,
Now a sister, now a brother,
Now a father, now a mother,
By thy fearful arm all hurried,
Famine! to the dead.

Hark! the muffled tones are rolling
Round the land,
Round the land.
Faster now and faster tolling,
Hear the troubled bell!
By each city, town, and hamlet,
By each river, vale, and streamlet,
By each ancient hill and mountain,
By each sacred lake and fountain,
Every breeze that sweeps around
Is burden'd with the mournful sound,
Bears the solemn knell!

Vainly breaks the morning light
O'er the mountain's misty height;
Vain the babbling waters play,
Dancing on their broken way;
Vainly rocks and valleys ring
When the woodland minstrels sing;
Nature smiles, but hear, prevailing,
Hear the voice of bitter wailing!

Witness where the dead and dying,
Stretched on crowded beds are lying,*
Rack'd with Fever's ceaseless burning,
Ever on their couches turning;
Now, while life is on the brink,
Ere the troubled spirit sink,
See, a famished mortal lies
Struggling in death's agonies!
Now he clasps, with cold embrace,
The clayey hand and clammy face
Of one who scarce has gone before
To that far, untravelled shore
Where nor trouble, toil, nor care
Meets the wearied wanderer there.

Hark! the wind-storm how it howleth
As it sweeps along the plain!
Bleakly are its pinions laden,
Frost and snow are in its train.

By a cabin-door it halteth,
Or plays among the snow;
Then bursts through every crevice
To the dwelling-place of woe.

And where two or three are gather'd
O'er the embers of a fire,
It mocks their feeble efforts
Ere the waning sparks expire.

For in its chill embraces
It catches them all round,
And each has sunken, frozen,
To perish on the ground.

It pierces the proud mansions
That rise beyond the heath,
But it revels most in cabins
Unshelter'd from its breath.

But where'er its icy fetters
Are forged on high or low,
To me it adds a triumph,
It fills the train of Woe.

Round the land,
Round the land,
I, the Spirit of Woe, am come;
And I marvel to see
How readily
My toil succeeds like a fearful doom!
Yet scarce is the evil begun,
Ample triumph must be won
Ere my toil or work be done.
Work the work then while ye may,
Fever, Famine, seize your prey!

But soft! what voice, on eastern gales
Wafted to these shores, prevails,
Now with sadness,
Now with gladness,
Like the night bird's lonely song,
Trembling as it comes along?
'Tis the cry of Pity, wailing
O'er the suffering now prevailing;
'Tis the cry of Pity, lending
Help and comfort to the needy;
Hope and Charity attending,
Bid the remedy be speedy.

Yes! 'tis Britain's voice I hear,
Speaking hope, and joy, and cheer;
Britain, ready, from her heart,
Of her bounty to impart,
And relieve her Sister Isle
With her treasure, with her smile.
Hark! the murmuring discords cease!
All is harmony and peace!
Feuds and factions now no longer
Strive with might to be the stronger;
Rich and poor of every station,
High and low throughout the nation,
With one heart and with one hand
Joy to aid their sister land.
Yes! as brothers see them join
In one bond of love divine!
Short, then, short must be my reign,
Mercy triumphs yet again!

* See the accounts of the crowded state of the house hospitals, and the ravages of the fever.

Mysterious Proceedings.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

It was on a fine cloudless summer morning, that a gentleman, a young and very personable gentleman, might have been seen established before that faithful counsellor and truth-telling agent, his looking-glass. With a most anxious countenance, he was industriously occupied in the performance of sundry peculiar evolutions of his shoulders, neck, and arms, as regarded a new and fashionably-cut coat. Divers were the buttonings, smoothings, stretchings, collarings, and glancings behind him, diversified by occasional critical inspections of an irreproachable waistcoat of most *recherché* pattern, and a cravat of irresistible tie; while many, oh! many, were the brushings and coaxings, twirlings and twistings, of certain "hyacinthine locks

&c. &c., that were *really* the "gentleman's real head of hair," without any compromise whatever. The state of affairs was evident; the said gentleman was very busy making up for a beau, although it required not so much pains-taking for the desideratum, nature herself having been by no means a niggard of her personal gifts, as already hinted. Well, then, since it must out, this good-looking young gentleman was, in fact, "going a courting." It is to be hoped, therefore, that all allowance will be made, and the "cause imperative" be permitted to exonerate him from undue dandyism. There had been meanwhile a sort of obligato accompaniment, of most persevering brushings of boots, in an adjacent apartment; while the young gentleman sought every now and then the counsel of his watch, and smiled as often as he gazed upon the cloudless sky, that appeared also to smile propitious upon his hopes. But it is time to introduce this enamoured youth more particularly; we therefore hasten to announce him by the somewhat lofty and romantic cognomen of Reginald de Courcy, his family being of foreign extraction, of which "more anon."

We must now proceed to state that the "metal attractive" in the affair was a Miss Cecilia Raycliff, a lovely and talented girl, who was the orphan niece and only surviving relative of a very worthy old gentleman, one Sir John Praw. He had "taken to her," as people say, and was wont to speak of her as the solace of his declining years, and his adopted heiress. Now this worthy gentleman, be it understood, though vastly proud of the accomplishments and superior mental attainments of his lovely young relative, had (being but a matter-of-fact sort of person himself, and mixing but little in general society) contracted certain ideas and prejudices upon the subject, with which the reader shall in due course be made acquainted.

The important arrangements of the toilet had just concluded, when a rap at the street door proclaimed a visitor.

"I am just going out," exclaimed Reginald to his servant; "can't stay, for—— ah, Freeman, is it you?"

"I'll not detain you, for I pretty well guess whither you are bound," said the visitor, entering with a privileged air. "Faith, you'll have a glorious day for your ride. If I'm not mistaken, Richmond is but ten miles. What, then, the worthy old baronet is quite on your side?"

"I go by his special invitation," replied Reginald, with an air of complacency.

"Well, well," observed his friend, "so far, so good, as they say; and Miss Raycliff?" continued he, with some hesitation.

"Pshaw! Freeman, how can you ask such a question, that have 'known of my wooing' from its commencement. Cecilia Raycliff is——"

"A very charming girl, without doubt, Reginald; so I won't detain you from her, as whatever may be the mystery——"

"Mystery? what do you mean?"

"Pshaw! I spoke at random; I'll tell you another time."

"There is something to tell me, and concerning Cecilia."

"Nonsense!" replied Freeman; "I was wrong to use the word."

"You will be doubly so, having used it, not to explain further."

"Well, then, to confess then, I have in fact called to tell you a—something—a—but seeing you prepared to set out thither, really I——"

"In the name of heaven, Freeman, leave tantalising and perplexing me in this way; what is this mystery respecting Cecilia Raycliff? There, take a seat. I shall not go till I have heard all, be assured."

"Why, certainly," observed his friend, "your acquaintance with uncle or niece is not of such long standing as to render one over scrupulous. Sir John I believe to be as worthy an old soul—as unsophisticated as a child; and, bating a few odd notions and country prejudices, very good company too. 'Tis plain he doats upon this orphan niece of his; and as to her, I cannot upon reflection believe her capable of ——there, there, I can see by your looks that I had best relate all I've heard, and that quickly; but remember, it is only hearsay; I am as much puzzled as I have no doubt you will be, when I repeat the conversation I overheard a few evenings ago, at a soirée of one of our mutual friends. The rooms were crowded; and I soon found myself hemmed in, as it were, behind two ladies who were in earnest conversation, though not so confidential but that bystanders might occasionally be participators in the subject. The name of your fair enslaver soon arrested my attention. After some casual observations respecting the beauty and talent which so justly entitle her to universal admiration, one of them continued: 'But is it true that, without her uncle's knowledge, she has actually——' the rest became indistinct. 'You may rely upon the truth of the report,' was the confidential reply, 'though I confess I could scarce have credited it in one so young. Her uncle will be greatly annoyed when it becomes known, for you are well aware of his peculiarly fastidious notions.' 'To be sure,' replied the other; 'why, dear me, it will be talked of everywhere.' 'Of course it will,' returned the first speaker; 'and how she has managed to conceal it all this time from her uncle, I cannot imagine; how-

ver, it's sure to come to his knowledge at ast, for——' here she bent her head to-ards her companion, and I could just ear the words, 'I know the man who at his very moment has the *proofs* in his pos-ession.' Here the conversation took ano-her turn, and I heard no more on the ubject for the remainder of the evening; ut certainly I had heard sufficient to waken the most awkward conjectures; nd whatever be the nature of those mys-erious proceedings of your 'ladye-love,' I eally think, Reginald, that considering your peculiar and delicate position, you are certainly the very last person to be kept in the dark."

"I think so, indeed," replied the lover moodily. "My sweet Cecilia! poor dear girl! Heaven knows, I never observed anything in her manners or conduct but what appeared to be regulated by the most strict rules of propriety. So young —so ingenuous—in what can she possibly have involved herself, that these *proofs* are o tell against her? Besides, she is ever o cheerful, so devoid of mystery, not the slightest appearance of art or subterfuge —stay, stay: I *do* recollect once, and was ather surprised at—but pshaw! now I hink again, 'tis too ridiculous to mention r even think of."

"Nay," observed his friend, "but let me ear it; trivial as it be, it may serve to row some light on the mystery: it may ford some clue, you know."

"Well, well," replied Reginald, "as I ve already adverted to the silly incident, may as well relate it at once; though I nnot as yet see how it is in any way con-cted with your story. My family, as u know, is of foreign extraction; and rtainly there is a sort of romantic singu-rity in my baptismal as well as my pa-rnal appellation. However, a party of were one evening canvassing abstruse neological points, which occasioned some us to set forth our names in full; and my stating mine, Cecilia started, and oking up with sudden animation, she re-ated, 'Reginald! is your name really *eginald*, Mr. De Courcy?' On my reply-g in the affirmative, I observed her steal smiling glance at that little favourite end of hers, Maria Danvers, which was ciprocated with peculiar archness, and low singular!' was their almost simul-neous exclamation to each other. But ally, this little incident does not merit a cond thought, and cannot bear any re-rence to——"

"It might have been the name of some mer admirer," observed Freeman grave-; "and these *proofs* to which the ladies uded might relate to some breach of omise."

"No, no," replied Reginald earnestly; "Cecilia is incapable of levity on such sub-jects."

"Well," observed his friend, half smil-ing, "I perceive I must be cautious of what I say; nevertheless, I am glad that I have said what I have, because I think it was the duty of a friend."

"You have aroused a degree of anxiety," said Reginald, "though not awakened un-worthy suspicions of *her*, believe me. I shall now depart: I shall find uncle and niece the same as ever, I am well persua-ded; he all friendship and hospitality, she all innocent cheerfulness."

"Well, *au revoir* then," said Freeman, "and all success attend your wooing."

The two friends parted; Freeman with a promise of calling on the following day, to hear an account of the visit.

Our hero was soon upon his way to sweet Richmond, the very personification of a "gay young knight," in his modern fashionable accoutrements; and sincerely hoping that he might not find cause to "love and ride away," albeit there were occasionally a few clouds of unpleasant reflection, that would continue to intrude upon the sunny prospects of the successful wooer, to which he could not always shut his eyes.

And now must we canter with him along the dusty road, bursting every now and then upon health-breathing common and breezy heath, bordered by flower-twined cottages, and dotted with recumbent cattle and browsing sheep. We must pass with him by laughing, prattling urchins, mur-muring brooks, and whispering trees, all equally discoursing in the language of nature: look with him on sweet-briar hedges, clover and hay-fields, all breath-ing silent incense from the same unvarying source. We must encounter with him the many brick-loads, and piles of stones, that greet us as we go: the first, the token of restless devices, perhaps never to be ac-complished; the second, of intentions to mend ways that, like many ways in this broken down world, have, from time im-memorial, made greater professions than progress. And this also is nature; alas! poor human nature! However, we at last find ourselves, with Mr. Reginald de Courcy, at the entrance of a very elegant villa, in the pleasantest part of aristocratic Richmond. Delivering his noble quadru-ped to the proper authorities in such mat-ters, he proceeds with agile steps through the fragrant avenue, conducting to the little cottage *ornée*, the residence of his "bright particular star." As he ap-proached, the casement of an upper window was thrown up, and a sweet female voice exclaimed in cheerful accents, "Why how late you are! but never mind, we are com-ing down in a few minutes; there will be

plenty of time for a little ramble before dinner. You'll find my uncle in the parlour."

The window was gently closed, and was immediately succeeded by a faint echo of female voices and girlish merriment from within.

"Her friend, Miss Danvers, is with her I suppose," thought Reginald; "but is this the girl to be suspected of mysterious proceedings—of deceiving an indulgent relative, or trifling with the feelings of an honourable man? What can a light-hearted, innocent creature like this fear from proofs of any kind? Freeman must have been mistaken; those ladies might have been speaking of some other niece of Sir John—though I believe he has no other relative living. Well, then, it might have been of some other person they were speaking, notwithstanding the names he heard; it is impossible to form a correct judgment from a disjointed conversation like that. Of one thing I feel convinced, a voice like that, a smile so ingenuous, manners so cheerful and unembarrassed, are all the most charming refutations, let their proofs be what they may."

"Sir," said the domestic, rather, perhaps, surprised at the peculiar *distrait* look of the visitor, "my master is just now engaged with a gentleman unexpectedly come from London on particular business; but I will tell him of your arrival."

And Reginald was left alone, standing at the elegant French window, leading to the smooth lawn and blooming parterres around it. But, alas! he might as well have gazed upon green ditches, and most palpable pigsties, in his then state of mind. He was presently roused from his perplexing meditations by voices in the adjacent apartment, one of which he distinguished as being that of Sir John Plaw, discoursing earnestly, and with apparent agitation, with a stranger. It certainly was not the young man's fault that the pretty cottage ornées of the present day are of such slight tenure, and he consequently heard all that passed. Sir John, who was speaking, continued—

"But, Mr. Vellum, I assure you, sir, this—this is the first I ever heard of it—it takes me quite by surprise, and most unpleasantly, sir; indeed, quite shocks me. That a niece of mine should have so far committed herself! Heavens! 'twill be in all the newspapers! how shall I show my face, sir? Why—I shouldn't wonder if the—the play-houses, sir, took it up!"

"Why, sir," replied a mild voice, "to tell you the truth, there have already been thoughts of a negociation in that quarter; for you must be aware, my dear sir, that publicity in these matters is our interest, and a duty we owe to ourselves."

"This is the lawyer, no doubt," thought the deeply-interested, all-attentive Reginald, "and Freeman's conjecture was right; it *is* a breach of promise, after all. Good heavens!"

"Sir, sir," resumed the agitated gentleman, "this must not be; I must have some conversation with my niece, and that immediately. Imprudent girl! why did she conceal her proceedings from me! It will be the talk of every breakfast table in town and country; perhaps balladed about the streets——"

"Thankee for the hint," interrupted the apparently complacent stranger, "not a bad idea, upon my word; at all events, there will be a splendid lithograph——"

"What!" interrupted the old gentleman, in his turn, while Reginald could hear him stamping with agony; "what, sir! a picture! a caricature of——"

"Sir," again interrupted the stranger, "the most eminent artist will be engaged. Pardon me, sir, but you appear to consider these affairs in so very extraordinary a light, and really so—so prejudiced—excuse me—why, sir, young ladies do these sort of things every day; nothing more common, I assure you."

"How hardened are these fellows!" thought Reginald; "how callous to every feeling of sensibility and delicacy! to speak thus lightly of a young female's conduct being canvassed everywhere."

"Sir," continued the agitated old man, "your proceedings shall be put a stop to."

"Put a stop to, sir! impossible," replied the stranger, "impossible; besides, we have the *proofs!* the *proofs*, sir! and the lady knows it."

"I can bear this no longer," thought Reginald, as at that moment he heard the visitor quit the apartment, leaving the poor old gentleman pacing up and down, apparently much agitated. "To remain, under the present circumstances, would be highly indelicate of me. I am sure Sir John could not see me now, and I—oh! how could I meet her! No; I will leave a few lines of apology, and return to town immediately, it will be far better than—besides, I can write more fully after some previous reflection. Oh, Cecilia! could I have believed that deceit could dwell in——"

He was interrupted by a gentle tap at the room door, succeeded by the entrance of a light step advancing towards him. Looking round, he beheld Cecilia's favourite maid simpering before him, in her jaunty cap and smart, pocketed apron. The dress-maker, she said, had just called unexpectedly, and would detain her young lady a few minutes longer.

"But dear me, sir," continued the airy soubrette, "I beg pardon, I had almost forgot the little note I was desired to give you; I dare say my mistress has explained all about it." And presenting a small billet, the *degagée* maiden glided away with a gentle toss of her flowing ringlets, and a sort of dancing curtsey.

Reginald felt more bewildered still. "Surely," thought he, "this is not the conduct to be expected under the present circumstances. A frivolous message about a dress-maker in her situation! what can I make of such an assumption of easy indifference? This note may perhaps be a quiet hint of her present delicate position, and apologising for not being able to see me. At all events, it will afford some rational explanation; and, poor dear girl! in her own composed, lady-like style, no doubt."

Reginald, as thus reflecting, unfolded the billet, but was not a little startled on perusing the following:—

"All is lost, Reginald; all is discovered. The past has been a cruel mockery for both of us. The fairy visions that were the Eden of our young hearts, have melted before the stern realities of a hardly-judging world. And must I, oh Reginald! drag you with me into the fatal abyss, the gulph now yawning at my feet! Will you still fondly cling to the object of your vows? all recklessly plunge with her headlong into——"

Reginald paused abruptly, aghast with consternation. "What — what on earth can she mean by this most unaccountable farrago!" he at length mentally exclaimed; "it *is* her writing, and addressed—yes, to 'R. de Courcy, Esq.'—though certainly the interior does not bear the impress of her usual neat, quiet, running-hand style; and I must confess, from the many blots and interlineations, the manner seems as wild and rambling as the matter. What can it all mean! except that—good heavens! it may be possible that this unfortunate affair, of which that hard-hearted being boasted of possessing the *proofs*, has at last affected her brain! Poor Cecilia! poor unhappy girl! my heart really bleeds for her! But stay, here is something more."

"No, Reginald, it must not be; alone will I brave my fate. Fly, therefore, fly this place immediately! and should accident throw me in your way, let us be as we had never met. Yes, shun me, too generous youth! I charge you shun me, if you would escape the dangers that now environ the wretched — lost — for ever lost——"

A tremendous blot of ink had totally obliterated the signature, leaving poor Reginald more horror-struck and perplexed than ever.

"Certainly," thought he, "there is but one course now to pursue, under these distressing circumstances, and that is to (as she says, poor dear agitated girl!) 'fly this place.' She makes use of very strong terms, to be sure; but every allowance should be made; she must be most alarmingly situated, to express himself in this manner; and heaven forbid I should desert the innocent woman of my affections, under an unhappy change of circumstances; but what she can possibly mean by 'dragging me headlong into an abyss,' I really cannot at all understand; people, when they are much agitated, do express their feelings in such very extraordinary language sometimes; however, I shall adhere to my resolution of returning to town, leaving just a line of apology for Sir John." This concluded, Reginald gave orders for his horse, and set out to meet it, through the shrubbery adjacent to the house. But he was doomed for a discovery of a far more astounding description, ere his departure. The taste of the owner had instituted many of those pretty arrangements and devices so ornamental in a *recherché* country villa; jessamine, canaryensis, and monthly roses, climbed light barriers of trellis-work, to form blooming and fragrant avenues in all sorts of pretty winding directions, and behind one of these Reginald continued to pursue his way, in a most uncomfortable state of meditation. Suddenly he heard female voices on the other side of the temporary fence, and, to his utter amazement, that of his charming Cecilia, as she joined in a burst of hearty laughter with her friend Miss Danvers!

"Heavens!" thought Reginald, "is this the girl that but barely a quarter of an hour ago addressed me in terms that nothing but the severest of human trials could possibly justify? What am I to think? Is it all but a trick—a mere girlish jest? Yet the old man's distress—the words of the stranger—the conversation overheard by Freeman—were they also jests? Though the second time of becoming an eaves-dropper this day, listen I will, at all events; for surely my peculiar position justifies my doing so."

Another hearty burst of merriment from the fair object of his perplexity, quite bewildered him.

"Well, but tell me, and sincerely, Maria," said she, continuing their conversation, "tell me your candid opinion of Reginald. I have great reliance upon your judgment, dear. (Reginald's interest was intense.) What do you think of his character?"

"Oh, really, my dear," replied her friend, "I think him all perfection."

"No, no, nonsense, dear," murmured the young lady, softly; while Reginald

thought he heard that little tapping of fingers against the trellis that denotes a sort of bashful satisfaction. "Well," she continued, after a pause, "I am glad that you approve of him; for I may confess to you, Maria, what of course I could not to the world. I may confess to you how much Reginald has engrossed my thoughts by day, my dreams by night; how often have I fondly dwelt upon his character! What hopes, what bright anticipations have I indulged! Yes, Maria, Reginald, Reginald is my idol; and I cannot help it." Reginald seemed to forget all else, at this gratifying confession.

"Oh, indeed, he's quite charming, dear," observed Maria, with an enthusiasm that quite astonished the listener; "positively charming; but then what do you mean to do with the old man, my dear?"

"Oh," replied Cecilia, "you can't think what a plague the old man has been to me from the very first, my dear."

"Is it possible?" thought Reginald; "can she speak thus of her worthy, respectable uncle?"

"I believe that at last I shall kill him, dear," she continued, composedly.

"Oh, don't, dear," was the equally quiet rejoinder. Reginald felt quite thunderstruck.

"I know not how else to get rid of him," continued the lady; "he has been in my way a long time, I assure you. (Here the trellis was slightly shaken, as though a hand carelessly detached a sprig.) Yes, he must die, Maria; and I think—I think I shall poison him, dear." Again the blooming screen shook softly, as though parting with another sprig.

"Well, but," Maria suddenly inquired, "how do you mean to bring it about, dear?"

"Well," replied her fair friend, "I don't mind telling you, dear, because you have been in my confidence all along; but I have made up my mind to—a—to poison that tiresome old man, which I can easily do as he takes wine with Reginald."

"This is really too much," thought our hero, as he pursued his agitated way; when suddenly a new idea flashed across his mind, that appeared so much more explanatory than that of the breach of promise, that he wondered it had never occurred to him before. "Now then," thought he, "I see it all clearly. Poor unhappy girl! every circumstance tends to confirm the idea she is afflicted with partial insanity of the milder sort; this, her uncle, poor man, is earnestly solicitous to conceal, which is, of course, but natural. Some dispute has arisen respecting property; a lawyer is employed, and *that's* what he meant about having the *proofs*—not that the poor girl is actually insane, but subject to occasional aberrations of intellect, I suppose. Ah, how infinitely to be lamented! Charming Cecilia! at times so rational, so cheerful, and so highly talented! As for Miss Danvers, she is, no doubt, a discreet friend, placed with her to amuse and humour her wandering fancies at these unhappy periods."

Reginald had now reached the gate, at which he perceived his servant waiting with his horse that was to convey him back to town. It so happened that at the same moment the two young ladies, who had also been pursuing their walk, found its termination at exactly the same point; and perceiving him, Cecilia, with a blush of innocent joy, playfully exclaimed, as she nodded to him, "Ah, truant, so here you are, sir. We peeped into the parlour as we passed, but the bird was flown. Well—and—how d'ye do?" she continued, extending her hand in her usual frank, unaffected manner.

Reginald, however, hastily drew back; and after having surveyed the astonished girl, for one moment, with a melancholy and compassionate glance, he rushed forward, sprang upon his horse, and was soon on his road to London. The beautiful scenery and gay diversity of objects he had contemplated, to somewhat moralise thereon, during his pleasant ride to Richmond, were unaltered; but the alteration of his feelings totally excluded them from his observation on his return. And could we not ourselves moralise upon this very circumstance? Verily, we opine that we could; but we sympathise too sincerely with our hero to enact the sage at present. Disappointed and (view the past circumstances in whatsoever light he might) still infinitely perplexed, Reginald, with little disposition to sleep, yet sought his pillow, where short fitful dreams proved but a confused repetition, by no means affording elucidation, of the mystery that environed the fair lady of his choice; and when roused by his valet on the following morning, it was from an imaginary predicament of being sued for breach of promise of marriage, the penalty assigned being the hand of the lady and a madhouse for life. In due time, however, Freeman made his appearance, according to promise.

"Well," said he, as soon as the door of apartment was closed, "any new discovery? any light thrown upon the mysterious proceedings of the fair Cecilia?"

"My dear fellow," replied Reginald, mournfully shaking his head, "I grieve to tell you that the discovery I think I have made, is one of the most painful, most distressing nature: poor Cecilia is—subject to—that is, she is *partially* deranged."

"You shock me indeed," said Freeman; "and yet," he continued pondering, "I

lon't think that conclusion exactly tallies with the conversation of the two ladies at the soirée. If you remember, I told you of their reprehending her conduct in some affair unknown to her uncle, and that was likely to awaken his censure, as well as to cause him much uneasiness. The imputation of insanity defeats all accusation, you know. But tell me, Reginald, what proofs have you received?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Reginald, pacing the apartment, "those *proofs!* those *proofs!* Whatever they may be, I shall go mad myself when I discover them, and be wretched till I do." And then, as well as the increasing excitement of his feelings would permit, he informed his friend of the singular result of his visit, concluding by placing in his hand the high-wrought missive of Miss Cecilia Raycliff. Just then a servant entered with a letter; it bore the Richmond post-mark, and was from Sir John Plaw. On breaking the seal Reginald perused the following:—

"Sir, in whatever light I may be disposed to view your abrupt departure, and extraordinary conduct of yesterday towards a man of my time of life; the disrespect from one at yours, must be more a subject for his pity and contempt than his anger, but I would have you understand, young sir, that the case would become far otherwise when the feelings of my beloved niece, a young lady of spotless reputation, are outraged by caprice and rudeness. Much as our ages differ, sir, I expect the immediate apology due to Miss Raycliff, or an opportunity, wherever you may please to appoint, of convincing you that the dear unoffending girl,orphan though she is, has still a champion in the person of her highly incensed uncle. You will be attended by a friend on this occasion, as I shall also; and I trust have thus made myself sufficiently understood.

"JOHN PLAW."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Freeman, "this is a wind-up with a vengeance. Why, Reginald, surely you'll not fight this poor old man?"

"The idea is as proposterous as it is revolting," replied Reginald, "and I think the best course I can pursue will be to write a polite note to Miss Danvers, stating all that has come to my knowledge; and will probably on her representation produce some sort of explanation on their's. Miss Danvers at least appears to be a rational sort of person; and I doubt not, through her means, these mysterious proceedings will at length be explained. I will set about it immediately."

Reginald, established at his writing desk, now commenced his task; while his friend, having withdrawn to a seat at a little distance, sat with Cecilia's rhapsody still in his hand, gazing npon the characters with a sort of stupid wonderment. A silence of a few minutes ensued; during which the pen of Reginald continued to traverse the paper with a rapidity characteristic of his feelings. Suddenly his attention was aroused by an exclamation from Freeman, who starting from his seat, advanced hastily to the window, as if to examine more closely the paper in his hand.

"What's the matter," exclaimed Reginald, looking up hastily from his occupation.

"The matter?" echoed Feeeman, "why, I'll be hanged if there ain't—"

"What? for heaven's sake! Why, Freeman, upon my soul, I believe you are all mad together!"

For Freeman, instead of replying, had dropped the paper, and thrown himself into a chair, convulsed with laughter.

Reginald caught up the paper.

"Ha, ha, ha!" continued Freeman.

"You'll drive me mad too," exclaimed Reginald. "What—what have you discovered? anything that throws a light upon—"

"A light! a bonfire! my dear fellow; a perfect illumination! that clears up everything at once. Ha, ha, ha! only look where it is folded down; there, in the margin; quite at the top, in very light pencilled characters. Ha, ha, ha!"

Reginald, all confusion, expectation and delight, did as desired; *he* also found the light pencilled characters, he succeeded in decyphering them. The colour rushed over his cheeks—he looked rather foolish for a minute—then dropping the billet in his turn, threw himself into a chair opposite his friend, and heartily re-echoed his laughter! By all this it was plain that the mysterious proceedings of Miss Cecilia Raycliff were at length explained to the entire satisfaction of her admirer; and, of couse, the reader is dying to be let into the secret: but patience, good reader; patience, patience, patience.

We must now be allowed to pass over a space somewhat indefinite, for a reason that will soon be sufficiently obvious; and if the reader pleases, it being still the balmy summer season, we will just take a peep into a charming suburban domicile, on the banks of the Thames. See, the French window is open, and those tasteful draperies are gently agitated by the refreshing breeze from the water. All is bloom and sunshine without—elegance, harmony, and pleasant company are located within. In the stylishly decorated apartment, we behold a lovely young lady arrayed in white satin and white veil, while her braided hair is entwined with the significant orange blossom; and "fresh as a

bridegroom," is a young gentleman in whom the reader may recognise Reginald de Courcy, Esq., and congratulate the lady as Miss——hold, the *ci-devant* Miss Cecilia Raycliff. The friendly Mr. Freeman is there also, and Miss Maria Danvers, who appear to be rapidly improving in acquaintance; while the most conspicuous, and by no means the least interesting of the little party, is an elderly gentleman, who, seated at a side table, is busily occupied in turning over the leaves of a newly bound volume before him, and from which he occasionally glances towards the young lady of the orange-blossom, with an air of mingled pride and astonishment. She is highly amused at this; and laughingly inquires, "Well, uncle dear, I hope you are at last reconciled to the bold undertaking of a lady writing a romance. Aware of your great prejudice upon the subject, I didn't wish you to know anything about it till it had succeeded; and if it hadn't been for Mr. Vellum talking about the *proofs*. Ha, ha, ha! It has really been a most ludicrous combination of accidental circumstances. My having given my hero the name of Reginald in the first instance; then you, Maria, who have been in the secret all along, when I asked you to seal my little note of apology to this astonished gentleman by my side, to think of your catching up in mistake the stray leaf of the tragic letter of my heroine, which I so innocently directed to—"

"It was Freeman here who, after all, discovered the clue to your mysterious proceedings, my Cecilia," observes the happy bridegroom; "and which, had I examined the paper as composedly as he did, I might myself have done. The lightly pencilled words at the top of 'Reginald, or the Mystery, by C. Raycliff,' with 'page 500,' would have excused your murderous intentions toward the old friar in the last volume, and turned all my perplexity, notwithstanding the *proofs*, into a very respectable romance."

"Yes!" chimes in the good-humoured uncle, "and I think that the 'old man' may even venture to take wine with Reginald without danger of shortening his days thereby."

Reviews.

The Great Oyer of Poisoning. By Andrew Amos, Esq., late Member of the Supreme Council of India. London, Bentley.

(Second Notice.)

There is no description of writing in the composition of which is required so much accuracy in detailing the various events it may pourtray, as historical; while this becomes still more difficult even to attain, when the innumerable number of volumes are taken into consideration that have been written upon matters that are found depicted in the annals of a country. Some judgment is also requisite to select that especial subject which shall be in itself sufficiently interesting to gain even a moderate share of public attention; as well as requiring no slight skill, learning, and ability, to treat the matter in the precise manner to which it is entitled—neither to bestow praise where censure is requisite, nor touch with an indifferent hand circumstances which deserve ample regard and notice. Discrimination is a most essential quality for an historian, but which is very seldom possessed to its proper extent; instances of which present themselves to view, if the mind wanders over the immense disparity existing in the records of historians of a late date. There is so much advocacy in their different writings, so many mis-statements palpably introduced, to give colour and weight to a particular party, which, by dexterous management and judicious tact, give quite another version of the matter. The absence of the spirit of truth from many works of this nature, renders those peculiarly valuable which possess it; and from the search we have instituted through "The Great Oyer of Poisoning," there appears to be the utmost care and caution used to place this affair, not only in a fuller and more extensive view, but with an evident intention to preserve the truth of the historical event which it chronicles: an event, be it remarked, not, at any time, the easiest to travel over with fidelity or accuracy, requiring much patience and talent to weed with impartiality the useless and prolix matter with which it is necessarily accompanied; for legal investigations, in whatever age, and under whatever circumstances they may be instituted, are not remarkable either for brevity or clearness, and it can be well divined that one in the reign of James the First very unfrequently was characterised by the introduction of either of the qualities just named. However, in the face of all difficulties, an exposition is laid before us of this extraordinary event, rendered still more unaccountable from its absolutely curious conclusion, and not an exposition of any kind, that should be hurriedly passed over. Neither can it be regarded as other than a work displaying much perseverance in gathering scattered evidence, in collecting materials from many sources, and so placing and joining them together that they might form a readable volume, in addition to being a competent historical authority. In the notice we gave last month of this work, we proceeded

rk upon some few points in con-
with the matter under review, and
for the present notice the appen-
ch contains much information, and
ɔmprises a few chapters upon the
of English sovereigns, and upon
e now venture to make a few re-

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s associated more intimately with
ɪtuous disgust, it is flattery—flat-
high life and in low life; and
at the same time that it excites
ɛlings, frequently acts as a sove-
ılm to an angry wound. Canute
tered, and repulsed his courtiers.
Elizabeth, for the same style of
n, rewarded her parasitical adhe-
And indeed there is scarcely any
ʌhich this has not been carried to
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d the higher the rank, and wealthier
ɪurces of a person, so in a corres-
degree, is he the recipient of this
ɛsome commodity. Because regal
ges are, in the eyes of the law, de-
bove wrong, and incapable of error,
is they have been often supposed
bued with absolute perfection, and
ɪry that the king can do no wrong,
ɛyed into practical illustrations.
ay of our lives the pernicious in-
of such a practice is apparent; for
ıly said, that the habitual use of
ıttery was a principal cause which
our sovereigns to the nature and
ences of the vicious or arbitrary
they adopted, and which precipi-
veral of them from their thrones.
tory of English literature, like that
nt Rome, exhibits the melancholy
hat no conduct of a despotic sove-
ın be so derogatory or so wicked,
eclude the incense of the enchant-
sublime, but venal and adulatory
Poets have wandered from their
to introduce a panegyric upon a
; sovereign; preachers have chosen
ɔpriate text, to describe the "prince
eauty;" and historians perverted
h of their writings, by sacrificing
shrine of unauthorised adulation.
os divides his appendix into vari-
ions; the first of which he speaks
ɛin sovereigns have been compared
ɛ persons, or in which their actions
milated to what is related of the
ɾ holy characters in the scriptures,
ng Canute, to commence with, and
ɔf others, as well as introducing
selections of the poetry of Dryden
ller. The second chapter has im-
reference to those instances in
ɔvereigns have been encouraged in
conduct or arbitrary courses, and
ing, first, the indifference of the
1360.

administration of justice in the Great Oyer of Poisoning by James the First, who sat in the Star Chamber, and was desirous of presiding in the King's Bench. The last chapter describes the miscellaneous flattery of English sovereigns; upon which Mr. Amos remarks, that "upon this subject it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between deserved eulogy, and the praise by which, for sinister purposes, the minds of English sovereigns have been pampered and corrupted." The line, however, may sometimes be drawn with tolerable certainty. No Englishman would affirm that Bacon had outstripped the modesty of deserved commendation, however self-interested his own motives might have been, when he writes of Queen Elizabeth, with reference to her conduct during the general expectation of the arrival of the Spanish Armada:—"See a queen, that when her realm was to have been invaded by an army, the preparation whereof was like the travail of an elephant, the provisions were infinite, the setting forth was the terror and wonder of Europe. It was not seen that her cheer, her fashion, her ordinary manner was anything altered, not a cloud of that storm did appear in that countenance wherein peace doth ever shine. But with excellent assurance and advised security she inspired her council, animated her nobility, redoubled the courage of her people; still having the noble apprehension that she would communicate her fortune with them, but it was she that protected them, and not they her, which she testified by no less demonstration than her presence in the camp."

We now leave this work, convinced that it deserves all that we have already remarked, that whether read for amusement or instruction, or referred to as an historical authority, it will be a most valuable addition to the library, and be readily welcomed in the reading world.

What is Life Assurance?—explained by practical illustrations of its principles, with observations on each description of Assurance, and on the rates of premium charged by the different Offices. By Jenkin Jones, actuary to the National Mercantile Life Assurance Society, anthor of "A Series of Assurance Tables," &c. &c. London, Longman and Co., 1847.

Many attempts have been made, in order to render the subject of assurance popular; but until the public are fully satisfied of the importance of life assurance, they will never pay the requisite attention. We agree with Mr. Jenkin Jones that

"It is impossible to over-estimate the benefits that would be derived by the community if Life Assurance was in all practicable cases resorted to. It is clearly the

duty of every man to resort to it who possesses the means, and who is dependent entirely upon his industry for support; for the principle will be conceded, that no man is entitled to be maintained from the earnings of others while he has the means of maintaining himself; and that it is the bounden duty of every man nct only to support himself and family, but to the best of his ability to provide the means by which they may be secured from want in the event of his death, whenever that may take place. If this principle were acted upon, our workhouses would be less thronged, and we should be a happier and less taxed people. Many a parent may say that the present demands made upon him will not allow of a portion of his limited income being applied to meet future contingencies, and that he already finds it difficult to provide for himself and family the necessaries of life; this is too truly the case, and no doubt will always be so with many; but how many thousands are there of sober and prosperous but unreflecting people whose incomes are solely dependent upon their own exertions, who subscribe their guineas annually to public charities, many with the praiseworthy view of alleviating the miseries of their fellow creatures, and others probably for the sake of ostentation, while at the same time they neglect to provide a competency for their families in the event of their own premature death; and if we had not official documents to corroberate the statement, it would scarcely be believed that upwards of 50 millions per annum are paid for drinking and smoking by persons, many of whom profess that they cannot afford to put by a portion of their income to provide against the casualities of sickness, old age, and premature death."

Our author tells us what is life assurance. It is the exercise of prudence and benevolence, and it secures independence and domestic happiness to the widow and the orphan. It is also very efficacious in its operation as regards the moral and domestic comfort of the people, as its tendency is to reduce taxation, by *reducing* pauperism and crime. It also secures a provision for old age or for a family after the death of its protector. The "Quarterly Review" puts the case very strongly. In an able article on Professor De Morgan's Essay on Probabilities, the reviewer expresses his opinion on the value of life assurance. He says:

"'On the whole we cannot consider these institutions in any other light than as great public benefits, of which almost every class of society may avail themselves with advantage to their rising families. Like all other human institutions, they are liable to be misconducted and abused; the good, however, we are satisfied greatly predominates. Take, for instance, a case of very common occurrence; suppose a clergyman, happy in his domestic circle, educating his children liberally, and with his £400 or £500 a-year distributing consolation to his parishoners. Possessing only a life interest in his income, no sooner is the thread snapped than beggary stares them in the face, the widow and children are at once turned out upon the wide world, or doomed perhaps, to receive a grudging pittance from some relation. Now, all this might have been avoided by an appropriation of some £50 or £60 a-year, out of the life income, through the instrumentality of an Assurance Office. Take also, we say, the case of a respectable commercial traveller, clerk, warehouseman, or mechanic, who in like manner, by laying by a proportionate amount of their income, may also prevent their offspring, who are dear to them as the children of the highest person in the community, from becoming a burthen to society or the recipients of private charity.

"In the records of one particular office, we have found a considerable number of cases in which only one premium had been paid. We find for instance, £500 realised after the policy had run 262 days; £800, after 330 days; £600, after 206 days; £1000 after four months, and so forth. Some years ago there occurred one particular case of a very striking nature. An industrious man, engaged in flax spinning, and who had sunk most of what he had in the concern of that nature, insured £500 in the month of February, for which the usual comparatively small sum was paid by way of premium. In the ensuing April, not satisfied with the first sum, he insured £500 more. Next month, after the second policy had run only twenty-two days, he died in consequence of a severe injury from his own machinery, Thus his family obtained the welcome sum of £1000 to help them on in the world—a sum which they could not have had if their parent's death had taken place three months sooner.

"We do injustice to our cause when we speak of this as profit. It has nothing of the mercantile about it. It is a rescuing by the most fair means possible of the widow and the fatherless from affliction.'"

Mr. Jenkin Jones furnishes all the information that can be required by those who wish to insure. He puts before us, with great ability and practical skill, the knowledge that he has acquired by diligent research and attention to the affairs of an office. We can cordially recommend the pamphlet. Not only does it impart information, but it pleases by the elegant style of its composition. We are furnished with tables, which are also illustrated by

cases in point, which are of course always of great assistance to those who wish to comprehend the system. Chapter III contains a very good account of the respective premiums, describing with clearness the descending, ascending, and terminable scales.

The Horse and its Rider; or Sketches of the Noble Quadruped and of Equestrian Nations. By Rollo Springfield. London, Chapman & Hall.

There is an extraordinary fascination connected with everything that relates to the horse. From our earliest boyhood that animal is a favourite. Our admiration is mingled with a species of respect that perhaps never leaves us. The present little volume, though written expressly for youth, contains a great deal of information that would be useful to a grown-up person. We have no doubt of its success; the charming simplicity of the style would alone command a moderate share of it; but this work has a greater recommendation still in the eyes of those for whom it is intended—we mean that it is very amusing, being filled with interesting anecdotes. The remarks on the different breeds are very judicious. The English thorough-bred horse we consider, with Mr. Springfield, to be the finest animal of his kind in the world. He derives his descent from the Arab and the Barb. Barry Cornwall describes the points of a horse with great vigour in the following lines:—

> "Gamarra is a noble steed,
> Strong, black, and of the desert breed;
> Full of fire, and full of bone,
> All his line of fathers known;
> Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
> But blown above by the pride within!
> His mane, a stormy river flowing;
> And his eyes like embers glowing
> In the darkness of the night;
> And his pace as swift as light.

For the rest of the poem we would refer our readers to the little work before us. Speaking of the Arab horse, we would relate an anecdote. We think that one of the most signal instances of courage on the part of horse and rider, and of perfect concert between both, is that recorded of Sir Robert Gillespie and his Arab. "Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all sorts of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and commotion of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and with no other weapon than a boar-spear, snatched from one of the by-standers, he rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger was probably amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring upon him, and at that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck his spear through his spine. It was a feat requiring the utmost conceivable unity of purpose and movement on the part of horse and rider, almost realising for the moment the fable of the centaur. Had either swerved or wavered for a second, both had been lost; but the brave steed knew his rider. The animal was a small grey, and was afterwards sent home as a present to the Prince Regent."

The accounts of the Mongul and Calmuck Tartars are very interesting. A remarkable custom prevails among the latter. When a man wants a wife, the courtship takes place on horseback. The girl is mounted on a strong steed, and should she object to the suitor, she rides neck or nothing, as the phrase is, and no instance has occurred, it is said, where a girl has been caught against her wishes. The fair maidens of the Steppes must be rather clever riders thus to outvie the Lords of the Creation. The chapter on the American horses will not fail to astonish, whilst it amuses. The numbers that cover the plains are almost beyond belief. The illustrations are on the whole effective, and add considerably to the chances of success. We should strongly advise all those parents who take an interest in their children's love of humanity, to purchase works on the animal creation, for nothing, perhaps, tends more to embue children's minds with humanity as a knowledge of the noble qualities of the inferior creation. The horse is the noblest of quadrupeds, and therefore we shall cordially recommend this amusing volume to the attention of our readers, and we can assure them that they will receive infinite amusement from the perusal of "The Horse and its Rider."

The North of England Sketch Book and Magazine. No. I.—January. London, Flintoff.

The northern counties of England are the very home of romantic incident and picturesque scenery. It was here that, in the feudal ages, those sanguinary contests took place between "the Persé and the Douglas," immortalised in many a brave old legend and stirring ballad, with which the heart of chivalrie, Sir Philip Sydney, used to be moved "more than with a trumpet." It is here that, to the present day, the poetry of nature may yet be seen in the depths of green old forests; in brown and desolate moorlands, where the winds "wither drearily;" in azure lakes,

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

sleeping placidly between the grey mountain walls, and mocking the ever-varying heavens and the never-changing crags that tower above; in dusky glens and narrow passes, each the scene of some wild adventure in ages long gone by; in a thousand awful, lovely, and amazing scenes, which remain still as they ever were, and which tradition has peopled with a visionary race of her own. Superadded to this, the northern parts of England teem with picturesque ruins of ancient castles, where the grim old feudal barons lived in lonely and savage grandeur, and with some of the most magnificent specimens of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture which the world can produce.

With all these beauties—artistical as well as natural, legendary as well as matter-of-fact—to be delineated, a "North of England Sketch Book" cannot fail to be entertaining to all who are interested with anything beyond their every-day concerns. We have the first number of such a work before us, and have no hesitation in expressing the pleasure we have derived from a perusal of its contents. The views, drawn by W. Blacklock, are truly exquisite, combining great breadth of effect with the most elaborate finish; and the letter-press is in every way worthy of them. This latter consists of stirring chivalrous legends, relieved by comic stories, sketches, poetry, and historical notices of the castles, cathedrals, and other features of interest which diversify the northern counties. We give a specimen of the wood-engravings—a perfect gem, with which we are delighted to adorn our own pages; and the accompanying letter-press:

"Chillingham (anciently Chelvingham), in Northumberland, is the seat of the Earls of Tankerville, and though not equal to Alnwick or Warkworth, is a fine castellated fabric of the order of building used in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at which period it was entirely rebuilt. At the conquest, the manor was held of the Barony of William de Vesey, by Robert de Muscamp, and afterwards belonged to the chief of the noble family of Greys, Barons of Wark, from whom it passed by inheritance to the Earls of Tankerville, the present owners. Chillingham Castle is situated on an eminence at the bottom of a range of hills, up which and across extensive parks, containing large herds of deer, it looks. The castle is a square heavy structure, having four stories in the wings, and three in the centre. It has an open area in the centre, from whence you ascend by many steps into a balustrade, ornamented with effigies of armed British warriors, carved in stone. This has been a very ancient seat of the heroic race of Grays, of Wark, afterwards united to the neighbouring branch of Horton, and in the church is entombed under an elegant monument, one of this family. It is richly ornamented, and contains the recumbent effigies of a knight and his lady. The origin of the title of Tankerville is stated to be as follows. Sir John Grey of Horton, going to the wars in France with the great Henry V, took right gallantly, by storm, the castle of Tankerville, in Normandy; for this good

service, the King created him and his heirs male for ever, Earls of Tankerville, and moreover made him a Knight of the Garter. This domain is also celebrated for the possession of the original breed of wild cattle, which is the only remnant of the nobler denizens of the forest that Britain now contains, and is the last fierce animal of chase remaining. The wild boar and the bear have long since perished, and the last wolf in Great Britain was slain in the Highlands, but the milk white bulls of the ancient wild breed still exist in their pride and purity of descent in the woods and parks of Chillingham. To see this noble herd, more than a hundred strong, issuing from the woods, charging up a vale, or grazing scattered on some lone hill side —their number, uniformity of colour, shape and size, wildness of look, enormous strength, snowy whiteness of hue, with the slight exception of the tip of their horns, coloured ear-tips, and black muzzles, is a grand sight, well worth a long journey to see, and not to be obtained anywhere else but here. Lord Ossulston, the eldest son of the Earl of Tankerville, still continues the ancient custom of hunting the bulls, and the family are justly proud of the race, and refuse stoutly to furnish any of their neighbours with the true breed of wild English cattle. Theirs is the only kind of chase left in Great Britain, in which any kind of danger can be incurred, and many are the tales current of their ferocity, and the fatal accidents which have occurred at different times from their sudden attacks on chase invaders of their solitudes. The situation of the park is well suited to the shy habits of this animal. It reaches from the castle and the small hamlet dependent, which are at the foot of wild hills, and surrounded by woods; and stretching upwards more than a mile, ends in a range of rocky eminences well wooded, and looking down the slope upon the castle. This track is broken by deep glens and thick woods in every direction, giving the cattle high pastures, which they love, and points of observation, from which they can perceive anything that may approach, and dive at once into the dark thicket or steep dell for shelter. Their customs and habits are very peculiar, and Mr. L. Hindmarsh read, in 1838, to the British Association, an interesting paper on this subject. Their cautious manner of issuing from the glade or wood; their long inquiring gaze all around before they venture to scatter for the purpose of grazing, their stately and guarded manner of moving in almost military order, with the largest bull in front; the curious habit of secreting their calves for several days after the birth, in a secluded situation, whither the mother goes several times a day to suckle it; their custom of goring to death their wounded and disabled members; their uncertainty of temper and behaviour; their sudden and causeless panics; their as sudden and incomprehensible accessions of fury; all present a picture of the unreclaimed and savage inhabitant of the fastnesses and wilds of ancient times curious and unique. We refer the reader to Bewick's interesting account of this singular race, which is accurate and faithful, and very vivid. We are only sorry that we have not room to give it entire. Pennant, making mention of these 'White Scottish Bulls,' in his 'Tour to Scotland and the Hebrides,' says, in describing them, that 'the bulls have however, lost the manes attributed to them by Boethius,' and states also that in very severe winters they will sometimes venture to visit the outhouses in search of food."

Works of G. P. R. James. Vol. IX. "The King's Highway." London, Smith and Elder.

We never tire of recommending this admirable series of works of fiction to our readers. James is a novelist who always pleases, and who always will please, from the grace and elegance of his descriptions, from the charm of his style, and from the interest of his story. We know of no romances which we can so conscientiously recommend to families as these. Parents and guardians may with perfect security place them in the hands of the young, quite sure that they will rise wiser and better from their perusal. There is so exquisite a tone of simplicity and rightmindedness in James that we would rather be the author of one novel by him, than of all which ever proceeded from the prolific pen of Bulwer.

In the present work "The King's Highway," we have a novel of intense and breathless interest, perhaps one more so than any of its predecessors, and we hope it will extend the already wide circulation of this admirable collected edition of the works of a deservedly popular author.

The Works of George Sand. By Matilda Hayes. "The Last Aldini." Churton.

"The introduction of this much misrepresented writer to the English reader by an acknowledged female translator, and by a respectable publisher, is a literary event worthy of especial notice. The original authoress is but vaguely known here as a woman of the most eccentric or even debased habits, according to the politics of the party speaking of her." Such is the introduction to a review of an eminent critic of this work. We are aware that the publisher is respectable; of the lady we know nothing, nor do we wish, as the mind of one who could descend to translate the

morbid and immoral ravings of George Sand, must be of a cast which cannot be very tempting to inquire into. But the spirit of the age, in as far as regards romance, appears tending to a license which promises most lamentable results. Sue, Bulwer, and Sand, appear before the public as the apostles, if not the apologists of crime; and stern is the duty of the critic, however humble his talents, before whom such works are placed. With regard to the variety of opinion, we should rather say, according to the morals and religion of the party speaking. If George Sand be "the greatest and noblest of French writers of fiction," deep must be the degradation of the Gallic novelists; but it is not the characteristic of noble and great minds to feed the imagination on licentious scenes, and to make a weak and tainted woman something to be admired and worshipped. The Aldini is a lady of rank, who having had a husband and two lovers before her twenty-second year, falls in love with one of her boatmen. Why? Because of any mental or intellectual superiority in him?—no, but because he has a good voice. Much morbid absurdity is lavished on the loves of the countess and boatman, who are described as passing a night together in a gondola, restrained from crime only by mutual timidity. This scene is so truly French, that but from respect to our readers, we should quote it, as a specimen of "her sound sense and judgment; her large and noble sympathy for the really good and generous." The same writer says: "She has no sentimentality; no smallness of intellect; but is broad and massive in her thoughts and feelings; she is earnest, solid, and elevated." Her "Indiana" contains the greatest amount of sickly sentimentality we ever read. It is an apology for Platonic love between a married woman and a stranger, who has very nearly been the guilty mistress of a scamp, because her husband is not all he should be, with a very solid and elevated piece of humbug, where these two unfortunate beings, the widow and her lover, try to commit suicide, but cannot, taking love in a cottage instead.

George Sand is a clever novel writer, with bold and unfeminine aspirations; can highly colour her scenes, and with great ingenuity has succeeded in persuading the public that her romances, written to be read, are written with a view to regenerate society, and are also very philosophical. But such a reputation is in these days cheaply attained. Cram a little sophistry, interlard your novel with oh's, and ah's, and reflections à la Rochefaucault, shake your head with becoming gravity at all which is reasonable, venerable, and good, and you at once gain credit for being actuated "by a most noble aim, and the most beneficent that can be exercised towards humanity."

The aim of George Sand is clear enough: it is to unsettle our belief in all that is great and good, all that makes us trust rather to faith than to reason, all that would, while elevating our intellectual faculty, yet leave a lingering over it of another and a better world. George Sand would make an excellent member of the Whittington Club, for she would destroy every charm of the female sex, would trample delicacy and modesty under foot, and dragoon our ladies into that pestilent creature, an unsexed woman. Let woman be revered and respected, let her be treated with tenderness and love, but leave her in a position to be our companion and not our rival. Take from us the consciousness that when our labours are done, we have a gentle and kind friend to turn to, who will sooth our cares and share our joys, and let us see in her stead a she-dragon who meets us by the evening fireside, after a day spent in spouting at public meetings, sitting on committees, and other unfeminine occupations, and the link which binds man to home is at once severed. We have no hesitation in saying, that a woman taking part in public life, who comes bodily before the public, is fit to be neither a wife nor a mother, two positions in which the sex and their specific virtues shine brightest and best. We even go so far as to think a woman who has *qualified herself* to write novels of life other than domestic novels, has passed the pale, and can expect only to be treated as a man. The sex mistake their avocation, they injure their own position, they dim their own lustre, when they seek to shine by any other than the virtues of home, and such intellectual competition as can be brought to perfection without departing in any broad way from that stronghold of the gentler half of God's creation. To describe how utterly unamiable, to spare the right epithet, a woman is who scorns the attributes of her sex, would require the use of words which we dare not write. Of this class George Sand is the champion; may she ever write to an audience "fit and few."

Strawberry Hill. An Historical Romance. By the Author of "Shakespeare and his Friends." Colburn.

We have not for a long time perused any book of this nature with less interest. It is common-place, wearisome, and characterised by almost every fault which can be laid to the charge of a novel. The hero, of course, is Horace Walpole, and a pretty hero he makes. The writer appears not aware that late publications have utterly wearied and sickened the public on the

t of the intrigues of the Robert Wal-
lministration, than which a more un-
selection could not have been made
mance. Story there is none, if we
an old Minerva Press under plot,
a lady whom Walpole loved and
not marry; while the attempts at
ır, as exemplified by the servant's
·, are awful failures and awful pla-
ns. "Strawberry Hill" will injure
whatever reputation its author may
ɔained.

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tudio, and other Poems. By Georgiana
net. London, Darton and Clark;
Ragg, Birmingham.

y and Songs of Home. By Georgiana
net.

·ks on Female Education. By Georgi-
Bennet. London, Longman.

ɜse works are the productions of a
of no common order. They are full
ɔour, boldness, and originality; and
h we seldom agree with the writer in
ɔn, we always admire the manner in
opinions are expressed. Miss
ɔiana Bennet has succeeded com-
y in exciting the most thrilling in-
in the reader, about herself; for,
hat great characteristic of elevated
ı, she scorns the fear of being charged
ɛgotism, and boldly speaks of herself.
ɛrtainly cannot understand all her il-
ıs, but her poetry teems with expres-
which lead us to imagine that much
is contained in the following extract
the remarks of "Female Education,"
·ows, heavier than (I trust) many
to bear, have fallen to my lot; the
and the trusted have departed from
, or, with a very few exceptions,
d serpents to the heart which che-
l them; and of the long catalogue of
that are the inheritance of woman,
are but a very few that I have not
n." We have read Miss Bennet's vo-
ı with deep interest; we have admired
egance, ease, and vigour of her lan-
ɛ, while reprobating with sincere re-
her visionary worship of earthly
r, and dislike of the great master-
, Cromwell—of which more anon—
·e shall in the present notice prefer
ıiting to the reader, the melancholy
ɛss of our poetess's mind, quite certain
we shall thereby induce many to pur-
ı her volumes. Miss Bennet is a zea-
member of the Church of England;
ı she seems to consider the only
:h, as may be found in her "Protes-
Church." She is a great admirer of
Rogers, in which admiration we far
cordially coincide. Passing over se-
religious pieces of great beauty, em-
with an earnest love of Christianity
and God, which is delightful and exhilirat-
ing amid the shoals of infidelity, which
pours in the shape of poetry from the press,
we arrive at Violets, in which our fair au-
thoress pours forth her soul in song, as the
young are seldom apt to do:—

"I am not what I was in early hours,
But still unchanged my youthful love of flowers;
And of all nature's stores, the Violet
Has been the dearest—is the dearest yet.

* * * *

"And oh! how deep the debt I long have owed
To the tried friend whose hand these flowers be-
stowed;
Whose words first bade Despair's dread sorrows
cease,
And taught my spirit where to look for peace."

It is in the following poem, however—
which we would not mutilate by extract—
that we see indistinct glimmerings of the
poet's history and soul:—

LOVE AND FAME.

"Long have I been the votary of Fame,
Seeking to throw around my father's name
A deathless halo. I have been for years
Struggling with sorrow, poverty, and strife;
I conquered all a woman's trembling fears,
And stifled the deep fountain of my tears,
And braved the very many ills of life,
That I might win renown; and wore a seeming
Calm as the waters of the silent deep,
When winds and waves appear as hushed in sleep;
But who knows o'er what scenes the waves may
sweep,
Or what sad thoughts are hidden beneath smiles,
Bitter and dark, the lovely spirits dreaming.
The very gladness which awhile beguiles
Another's grief, may but too often be
The mask of deep and fearful agony.
And I, who sought at first the wreath of Fame,
To twine around a father's honoured name,
Now seek that fadeless coronet to claim;
That one—still dearer—may remember me.
My father! and can'st thou forgotten be?
Not so! not so! But thy child's heart shall bow
In fervent love before another's shrine.
One, who—like thee—so far above the crowd,
That there is something of idolatry
In my deep homage. For his sake I'd be
Honoured and loved! Oh that this feeble line
Could breathe my secret thoughts, and unto thee—
The one beloved—my last frail hope reveal,
Before my crushed heart shall forget to feel.
I have been almost an idolator
Of worth and genius from my childhood's hour:
The good and gifted of the days gone by,
Who made my spirit own their mighty power,
Were hallowed in my memory. Those I knew
Amongst the living, or whose talent threw
(Themselves) unknown gladness around my heart,
Or called forth Melancholy's pensive sigh,
Found in me a most ardent worshipper.
They were my friends, although they knew me not.
I left the world to walk with them apart.
They soothed my sorrows—blest my lonely lot.
Is it a marvel, then, I bent to thee,
Whom all men honoured for thy talent rare?
Did some mysterious link of sympathy,

Or fairy spell, wove with unwonted care,
Bind me to thee, when in past hours we met?
And years rolled, and I could not forget,
Though I believed thou hadst forgotten me!
For why shouldst thou remember? Time went on,
And many changes: then we met again,
And many a gentle deed of kindness done
Made me thy slave. Nor would I break my chain.
Thou dost not know I love thee. When thine eye
Rest on this page thou wilt not deem this lay
Is breathed to thee, though thou may'st feel surprise,
To know that I, who ever mocked love's power,
This earnest homage at his altar pay.
Alas! to every heart there comes an hour
When it must feel its strength, its pride, decay,
Even as mine hath done. Who sees me sad?
Does not my mirth make others' spirits glad?
Alas! my heart will ne'er feel glad again,
Although my pride forbids me to repine.
Surely thou wilt not frown upon the strain
That speaks my hidden feelings. It is mine
To bear, and murmur not, a lonely lot.
To know—oh, bitter thought!—thou lov'st me not.
We may not meet again, lest I betray
My love, and thou should turn in scorn away.
Therefore, farewell! my dearest happiness
Has been to greet thy smile. What now shall bless
My lonely heart? But it must be! Farewell,
But not for ever. The same hope is ours—
The same pure faith—and we shall meet again,
When love like mine is not poured out in vain.
Here, on my path, the fearful tempest lours:
The peace, and joy, and pure affection dwell
In heaven, we trust to meet; on earth, farewell."

The following, however, is the most extraordinary production in the volume, when we know it to be the production of one both young and fair. We confess it to have puzzled us:—

"What! picture Love a *child*, with that sweet face,
Where nothing vile or evil we can trace!
Oh, if he wear a form so fair as this,
And look so bright, he might indeed give bliss,
But thou hast never felt his venom'd dart
Rankling within the depths of thy high heart,
If such as this thou deemest love to be;
Long be his spirit from his influence free!
Make him a tyrant, form'd with scornful brow,
And poisoned arrow lifted to his bow;
And on his lip a wild and mocking smile,
And in his eye a look that must be guile.
Picture his victims round him—not with masks—
And spirits, bow'd to their allotted tasks,
And as they really are in solitude,
When none upon their privacy intrude.
Or take one sufferer from the varied crowd
Whose hearts before the shrine of Love have bow'd.
See yon gay girl, whose laugh and merry jest
May well drive sadness from another's breast,
Hark! how she speaks of Love in mocking tone,
As if his power by her had ne'er been known,
Derides his votaries and their wild regret,
And deems it very easy to *forget*.
Follow her home, into the silent night,
When darkness veils the forms of earth from sight:
Can this be her? How great a change appears!
Her flashing eyes are dim with unshed tears,
And every feature speaks of agony."

In the Lay of Home there is perhaps more poetry than in any of Miss Bennet's richly-cultivated and elevating productions, but we are sorry to see this blotted by the homage she pays to the tyrant Charles, and the commonplace and unappreciating view taken of the great, the wonderful, the sincere, and earnest Oliver Cromwell, the founder of English liberty, whose greatest act was that which stamped him a regicide. But setting aside these stains upon a bright mirror, the Lay and Songs of Home are delicious, and should be in the library of every true lover of poetry. Here again the author's idiosynocracies come before us.—

"How reckless did I feel, e'en when a child,
Daring all dangers, laughing care away;
They call'd me proud and wayward, strange and wild,
And wise ones frown'd to see me gladly stray
By 'field and flood,' through the long summer day,
Loving the trees, the flowers, the birds, the sky,
All that was fair and beautiful,—each ray
Of early morn, noon, eve, but most mine eye
Loved the bright gems which night hangs round her throne on high!"

Perhaps, however, the most characteristic poem in the volume, and one which more than any other must excite the reader's desire to penetrate, by careful study, the mystery of the author's character, is the following, which we give in full:

THE AVOWAL.

"Yes; death is at my heart,
His icy touch I feel;
And ere life's powers, like fading light, depart,
One pang I would reveal.
That, like the canker worm, was hidden there,
By none suspected. Ye have dreamed me cold,
Ye thought this heart had never felt the glow
Of love's bright flame: it was but in my prayer
One name was spoken, one deep secret told,—
A name that none on earth shall ever know!
Yes, *I have loved!* though cold, and stern, and proud,
I bent before love's shrine.
Yet was that deep affection ne'er avowed;
For he could ne'er be mine!
Mine was no earthly passion, weak and vain,
Seeking to make the loved one all its own;
I should have died with shame if *he* had known
How much I loved him: 'twas enough to gain
A smile from him, or an approving look.—
And to win these, how earnestly I strove.
But never could my haughty spirit brook
For *him* to know my love.
Kindred and friends, all the sweet ties that bind
Fond woman to her home, were lost to me;
I was alone on earth, seeking to find
That dear and precious gem—a kindred mind,
And it *was* found, beloved one, in thee!
Why did I fondly seek to see my name
Enrolled upon the shining scroll of fame?
Why long and earnestly strive to command
The praises of the highest of our land?
These were but sought and won that I might prove
I was not quite unworthy of thy love.

the whole world's praises unto me?
compared with one kind word from *thee.*
ou didst approve my simple ay,
ng hours of midnight toil repay;
iat thou wouldst bend above my page,
ecorded thought would meet thine eye,
m thee sympathy's sacred sigh,
ish weariness, and pain assuage.
know all I've suffered in the strife,
s at length the last frail chord of life.
lo I struggle to conceal
n I without a crime may feel;
glowed within a seraph's breast
re pure than I have now confessed.
love thee? Rank nor wealth could gain
due homage from me, 'tis thy worth,
htful kindness, thy high-gifted mind,
s me to thee; and the links that bind
strong for human power to rend.
it I am passing from the earth;
he 'feverish dream of being' end,
worldly feeling fade away;
breathe a falsehood when I pray,
ought is my God's, my next is *thine.*
'no love-mate for a bard,' I knew,
y love, e'en with such knowledge, grew
d more enduring: and I fear
e bent too fondly at thy shrine.
and thou canst never know how dear
o me, till, bursting from death's chain,
shall meet, never to part again.
calling me—I come! I come!
yearning for its final home."

emarks on female education are
le in the extreme; they are the
outpourings of piety, truth, and
id being cheap, should have a wide
on. What can be more admirable
following:—
duties of a married woman are
id trying; and she will need some-
ore than the mere consciousness of
done her duty to support her in the
iance of them. In this, and indeed
situation in life, the value of early
ing upon the hearts of children a
confidence in, and a continual wor-
an all-powerful and ever-present
ll be proved. Oh that my pen were
e point of a diamond," and my
as "living flames," that I might
engrave on the hearts of all, the
nay, the stern necessity of a religi-
ication, to preserve woman amidst
Is it may be her lot to encounter.
ghest, the richest, the most powerful,
xperience a reverse of fortune!
trials may await those whose pre-
ospects are bright and sunny. The
ay fall upon us unexpectedly in the
hen we deem ourselves most secure:
the strongest earthly support, is
to the earth; the high, undaunted
broken; the lofty and untameable
crushed, utterly crushed; and the
eels the worm that but lately lay
in the noonday sun, and is now
writhing beneath the foot which has trampled on it. To whom, in such a fearful hour, can she fly for consolation and support? To religion only! Oh, ye upon whom depend, in a great measure, the future happiness of the young beings committed to your charge, what a solemn trust is confided to you, and how shall ye answer for any neglect of that trust when you shall be required to give an account of the things "done in the flesh," before the throne of our Omniscient Creator. It is by precept and example that ye must teach them to walk in the narrow way. Do not place the Word of God in their hands before they are old enough to understand it; and in no instance give them, as a task or a punishment, a lesson to learn in the Bible; make that holy volume the reward of continued attention to their youthful duties: teach them to regard it as the highest prize that can be awarded them, and you will teach them to love and revere it, even before the value of its doctrines is known to them. While, by a contrary method, the sacred books become odious to them, they are compelled to read a certain portion of something which they feel is too difficult for them to comprehend, they rejoice when their irksome task is accomplished, and the volume is thrown aside. I think that the compelling children to read much in the Bible, ere they are old enough to understand and prize it, is too frequently the cause of its being neglected in after life, when its worth ought to be better known and more highly valued."

Notes of the Month.

Mercantile College,
For the board and education of the Sons of Metropolitan Clerks.

It is proposed to institute a college affording a more economical and stricter course of mercantile instruction than can be at present attained. The difficulty of securing presentations to public schools, where the system of teaching is generally devoted to classical acquirements, and the expense incurred at the better class of boarding schools, for the most part exclude the sons of those persons employed in the capacity of clerks. Hence the necessity of establishing a College, which is to be conducted on the mutual or club principle relative to payments, at the same time offering the highest advantages as regards education.

The proposal has met with the greatest encouragement from the bankers and many of the most influential firms in the City, and already includes in the list of

officers, names of the highest rank among the mercantile community, and the Bishop of London has consented to become visitor. The council is to consist of leading clerks, selected from various public offices, the Bank of England, and other public bodies, banking establishments, insurance offices, and merchants' houses, in order that every class may be represented in the management.

Donations to a considerable amount have been received, and metropolitan clerks can enrol themselves as members of the association, either by an annual subscription of one guinea, or by a payment of five guineas, which sums are to be considered as a part payment towards the amount hereafter to be determined on, as giving the right of nominating a scholar.

At the commencement, the number of pupils is to be limited, and priority of membership is to give the preference of nomination; therefore all who are interested in the advantages of such an institution will do well to join the association.

Further details of the plan will shortly be announced; in the interim, communications may be addressed (post-paid) to the Honorary Secretary of the Mercantile College, Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate Street.

THE DISCUSSION SOCIETIES OF LONDON.

A brief account of these societies may not be uninteresting; we give this month two, and shall return to the subject.

THE HALL OF DISCUSSION.—This institution is held at the Blue Posts, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, belonging to George Walter, one of the members of the Common Council. Mr. Walter was Governor of the Licensed Victuallers' Society in 1842, during which year he personally collected 1,300*l.* for that charity, and materially aided its funds by rousing the energies of his brethren. For these services the members of the trade presented him with a vase-cup and salver, valued at 120 guineas, while his colleagues in such society testified their esteem by an elegant silver snuff-box. It is only an act of justice to mention these circumstances on the occasion of so respectable and meritorious a tradesman opening a Hall of Discussion. We attended there on Monday night, when the company was not only of a superior character, but all the debating was really excellent. In every respect the accommodation was complete. The growth of these institutions is a significant sign of the times. We are glad to see men congregate together in the evening to receive and impart instruction.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

COGERS' HALL.—The ancient and honourable Society of Cogers possesses tic records of its existence since 17 tradition gives it a still higher an Many distinguished men have been ed among its members, of whom w mention the famous Wilkes, Horne Ald. Waithman, and the present Chief Justice Denman. A new h just been completed on the ancient Bride-lane, Blackfriars, where disc are held every evening on the great cal topics of the day. These meeti conducted with the greatest order, un experienced president, and the deba characterised by sound knowledg sterling eloquence. The books of ciety contain the names of 5,500 m and upwards, and the excellent accom tion now offorded will no doubt attr merous visitors, who are allowed fr mission and the privilege of speaki all matters which do not specially i the affairs of the society. [As ma individuals have inquired into the m of the word "cogers," we may stat it is an abbreviation of cogitators or ers]—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Our Tattler.

THE THEATRES.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The coming season at this magni establishment promises to surpass th previous years. The programme ha been issued by Mr. Lumley, and w that, notwithstanding the bond he Mr. Bunn in terror over the head fair cantatrice, Jenny Lind, she is pear here in the "Camp de Silésie." the foreign journalists concur in pror ing this remarkable woman as the sw singer, with the sole exception of the Malibran, that Europe has witnesse ing the last half-century. Her st style it may be called, is free from a ficial conventionalities; but its unso cated purity and elegance yield a that no art or culture could besto has won her the sobriquet of the "S Nightingale."

The other *prime donne*, with the tion of Castellan and Sanchioli, are velties in this country. They are M del Carmen Montenegro, Madame Nascio, Mdlle. Fagiani; and besides the contralto, Signora Vietti. T vourite tenor of the Parisian Opera doni, and the celebrated Fraschini, wi make their first appearance in En Next we have Saperchi, a bariton

new to us, and, it is said, of distinguished abilities. The great Staudigl, and the yet greater Lablache; another new artist, Signor Borella; besides the younger Lablache, and Corelli, are all included in the *troupe;* and in addition to all these, we have a prospect of seeing Coletti, now in Paris.

The above is a brief statement of the lyrical resources of Her Majesty's Theatre; and we are to have not only new singers, but new operas also, by the first musical composers of the age, and librettos of equal pretension.

Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Verdi, are all engaged in the service of this theatre. The two latter—the one working upon Shakespeare, the other upon Schiller—will produce two new operas. Mendelssohn has chosen a subject well suited to his imaginative genius—"The Tempest." The execution of the work will be superintended by the great master himself, who visits England for the purpose. Verdi's opera, on the other hand, is founded on Schiller's masterpiece—"The Robbers;" and in addition to Meyerbeer's "Camp de Silésie," performed by Jenny Lind and Staudigl, is promised us another of the principal compositions of this great master, and several other works new to this country. Added to these we shall again hear our old favourite operas, for the loss of which no novelty, however excellent, perhaps, could fully compensate. The season, which commences in the middle of February, will open with Donizetti's "Favourite," in which Gardoni will appear; and the *troupe* before Easter will include Castellan, Sanchioli, Montenero, Fraschini, and Gardoni. The principal artiste, Jenny Lind herself, will appear directly after Easter.

Balfe is to occupy his former position, aided by his principal coadjutors, several artistes of repute from the continental theatres. The chorus, in the formation of which the greatest care has been taken, will be composed of Italians, Germans, and English vocalists of known ability.

The names in the department of the ballet speak eloquently in proof of the good taste, energy, and liberality of the management, and renders the success of this branch certain. Carlotta Grisi, Lucile Grahn, and Cerito; probably Taglioni; and three new *danseuses*—Signora Caroline Rosati from the Scala; Mdlle. Wauthier, and Mdlle. Caroline Baucourt, from the same theatre; St. Leon, Perrot, and a new dancer from the Académie, M. d'Or; besides Madame Petit Stephan, and a bevy of *coryphées*, Honore, Elise Montfert, Thevenot, Julien, Lamoureux, &c. &c., form a galaxy truly unrivalled. A ballet composer, new to this country, and of considerable reputation—Paul Taglioni, and M. Casate, of La Scala—will assist Perrot in his labours of composition, while to Pugni is still allotted the musical portion of the work. A new ballet, by Paul Taglioni, will be produced at the opening, for the *debut* of Mdlle Rosati; but one of the most interesting of the choregraphic novelties will be a grand new ballet, to be written by a no less personage than the celebrated German poet, Henri Heine, one of the most eminent literary characters of the day. The subject is taken from an old German legend, whose poetical mysticism is well adapted to this purpose.

We have now briefly stated the leading features of the programme of her Majesty's Theatre for 1847; in our next we shall have the pleasure of communicating to our readers the account of the performances themselves, and conclude our pleasant duty with the expression of our sincere and earnest hope that the enterprising and liberal-minded manager may reap the reward he so richly deserves.

Princess's.

We visited this house on the 14th ult., the occasion of Miss Bassano's *debut* in the character of Anne Boleyne. Miss Bassano was a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, under Crivelli. She has a *mezzo soprano* voice, of great compass. At times, her execution is unerring and brilliant, but is not always finished. In the last scene she distinguished herself beyond any other part of the performance, and was much applauded. We augur that she rank amongst the very first of our stage singers. She has passion and intensity, and evidently feels what she does. Allen, in Percy, sang with taste and feeling, as he always does, though not with the energy he is capable of. Leffler, in bluff King Hal, was as usual, and Miss Sarah Flower sang the music of the Page Smeaton most admirably. She is one of the first *contralto* singers on the boards. Miss Bassano was called for at the conclusion of the first act, and was led on by Allen, to acknowledge the unusual compliment.

Sadler's Wells.

Beaumont and Fletcher's "King and no King," has been revived here. The cast of the play included the whole strength of the Sadler's Wells company. Marston performed Tigranes effectively; Bessus, the coward and braggart, was excellently acted by G. Bennett; the rest of the characters on the male side were well sustained by Mellon, Younge, Scharf, Hoskins, and Graham. Miss Addison performed

Panthea with her usual ability; Miss Cooper was an interesting Spaconia, and Mrs. Marston was competent in Arane. Mr. Phelps was called for at the conclusion of the performance to receive the congratulations of one of the most crowded houses we ever remember to have seen at this popular theatre.

Concert at City Lecture Theatre.

It is a pleasant thing to observe the various ways in which the spirit of charity is made to mingle with the ordinary avocations of life; and how our very amusements can be rendered subservient to the sacred calls of humanity. We know of no combination more felicitous than that of song and sympathy. Music and poetry form the happiest medium for giving consolation to the afflicted, and succour to the distressed. We cannot, therefore, too highly applaud the plan of giving concerts for charitable purposes. It was our good fortune to be present, during the last month, at one of these Samaritan-like gatherings, where we heard some of our most admired songs warbled to airs of the strictest melody, by several ladies and gentlemen whose names are not unfavourably known to the musical world. The concert was held at the City of London Lecture Theatre, where a most respectable and numerous audience evinced their sympathy with the object of the occasion. Etiquette forbids criticism where the professional services are gratuitous; but it would be doing wrong to the rising merits of an amiable young lady, if we were to refrain from noticing the very promising talent displayed by Miss Gougenheim, who sung "The Dream," and "Where the bee sucks," in a most chaste and expressive style—qualities of a high order in the best singer—and when united with a rich mellow *soprano* voice, a good ear and a sound judgment of music—all of which we are fully warranted in assigning to her—bid fair for complete success as a concert singer to the aspiring cantratrice.

We hope to have other opportunities of attending similar concerts for the same humane purposes, during the present afflicting visitation of Providence on millions of our fellow-men.

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition.

This exhibition has been well attended during the past month; in the holiday time it was daily crowded, There is scarcely any place in which an idle hour can be so profitably spent. The historical figures are of great interest, and serve to convey forcibly to the minds of the young much useful information on this subject. We were therefore especially pleased to find on our last visit that Madame had made some additions of this kind, amongst which we noticed a figure of James I, in an excellent costume of the period of his reign.

The Mirror

OF

ERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

MARCH. [1847.

The Miser's Will; or, Love and Avarice.*

AN ENGLISH TALE.

BY THE EDITOR.

)K THE SECOND.

NESE MINSTRELS (*Continued.*)

CHAPTER II.

RETS WORTH KNOWING.

ı occupied by the individuals nade so very free with Mrs. ter, eggs, ham, and other eat- of somewhat larger dimensions hop, being in fact two rooms one. Its size was, however, ırt of its peculiarity. Its furni- ccupants were the chief things ck the eye, if not the under-

well-known fact, that however clean, and comfortable a room ıen given up into the sole cus- single gentleman—without op- f any kind for a woman to exer- t and peculiar properties upon become in a few hours a perfect if not of sweets, of some other ıing. But if so of one, who days obtains possession of an what may be predicated of six ad held their fortress unvisited the gentler gender for between ree months. Chaotic confusion ry meek and tepid epithet to t.

m was large, and had been built ehouse, having a door in the rear, which opened on the top of a steep flight of steps, or rather a ladder, which led into a small paved court, surrounded by unusually high walls, where the six men could occasionally solace themselves with the cheap and allowable luxury of a pipe. At one end was ranged a row of bells of fanciful form and make, with the usual sticks, &c., by which they were turned into musical instruments. Around these the room was kept clear and bare.

At the other end was the parlour, kitchen and sleeping room of the six hermits or anchorites of the borough.

At the time of which we now speak they were having their breakfast.

Seated round a large deal table, with knives in their hands, and fisting huge hunches of bread, garnished by a goodly array of fat bacon, washed down by deep draughts of malt liquor, their appearance was original and novel if not agreeable. With closely shaven crowns, every vestage of hair, save a tail on the back of the head, had been removed, while this was cultivated with singular perseverance and assiduity. Long moustaches trained to hang, festoon-like, completed their hairiness of garb. Their costume was strange enough. Wrapped in loose gowns, with petticoats sewed so as to resemble pantaloons: their boots were of untanned leather. In fact their habiliments could be successfully compared to no known costume upon the habitable globe.

Their beds, which were mattresses, laid endwise on the floor, had been summarily

* Continued from page 90.

turned up against the wall; in fact one of the completest pictures of disorder was presented that could be easily realised to the mind.

"Good morning, my lads," cried the man in the cloak.

"Good morning," replied one of the lodgers, who rejoiced in the epithet of Chin-Chin.

"You seem to enjoy your breakfast," observed the new arrival, surveying their operations with a smile.

"Rather," said Chin-Chin.

"It looks like it."

"It does."

"What makes you so dry?" inquired the other, with some little of astonishment in his tones.

"Thirst, master."

"I mean in your talk."

"Starving for a day."

"Not starving, surely."

"By the nose of our emperor," replied So-Sli,* the second of the party; "we were as near as a toucher bursting bounds and taking the first eating-house by storm."

"In your present costume?" said the other drily.

"It would have been awkward, but awkwarder still to starve."

"Well, my lads, never mind this once," said the patron. "I have so arranged it shall not happen again."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Chin-Chin.

"And now to business," continued the other.

"Everything goes well," said the leading man among the pig-tails; "the whole of us feel pretty well up to our lesson."

"But as to the principal part?"

"The bells!"

"Yes."

"I do not think there is an overture or other piece you could give us too difficult."

"You think so," said the other, producing a packet of music and a violin from under his cloak; "then to work."

The men rose, and advanced with diligence towards the bells, upon which, after certain preliminary flourishes, they commenced playing an overture, led by the violin of their patron.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins!" said Chin-Chin, as soon as the music ceased.

"First-rate," replied Mr. Jenkins, with vast satisfaction; "two months more, and the pear will be ripe."

"Two months!" exclaimed Chin-Chin, with an elongation of the face which seemed to heave the rest of his body.

"Two months," re-echoed the whole party in melancholy chorus.

"Not a day less," continned Jenkins; "in the first place, you are very far from perfection, and in the next, you must come out in the height of the season."

"All very fine," said Chin-Chin lugubriously; "but I want to see my Mary Anne."

"And who hinders you?" said Jenkins, coldly.

"You do, master."

"I?"

"Why, have you not said that you discharge the first man who leaves the room?"

"I did, and so I will."

"Then why say you do not hinder us seeing our wives and little ones?"

"Can I force you to remain here?"

"No," said Chin-Chin, sulkily.

"Do you want to go, though?" continued Jenkins.

"Oh, no, never mind," said Chin-Chin, and he muttered something, in which "my eyes" was all that was audible.

"And now," said Jenkins, "having settled this business, to the other part of our lessons."

"Ready," said Chin, smearing his face with his sleeve, which had unaccountably enough got a little damp.

Jenkins here drew forth a number of notes, which he attentively perused for some minutes.

"We must vary the tale a little," he said; "we must now suppose a smart fellow, some well-read old hunks, putting questions to bother you."

"All right," said Chin-Chin.

"Imagine me the old hunks," said Jenkins.

"Exactly," replied Chin-Chin, drily.

"Why, fellow, you are saucy."

"Not at all, Mr. Jenkins, I only imagined as you told me."

"Where were you wrecked?" said Jenkins, reading.

* We have not the remotest doubt that these names were borrowed by the ingenious patron, from the drollest, if not the best, book, ever written about China; we allude to "The Porcelain Tower, or Nine Stories of China," by Sealy.

ımai, one of the Kurile Is-
Chin.
s that island?"
coast of Japan," replied the
a grin.
g did you remain there?"
ı month, while word was sent
lo."

r this fashion, Mr. Jenkins
self by making the most mi-
ıs in connection with the king-
n, its Mikado, its Seogun, and
aries. It seemed that he took
geographical interest in that
wanted to know its length
dth, its population, to under-
ature of its government, and,
ve into a number of mysteries
we cannot very clearly under-
he had to do. The oddest cir-
ıowever, was that he was all
; instead of receiving informa-
st, this geographical excursion
to a conclusion; and Mr. Jen-
up his fiddle and his bow, pre-
ıart, after giving a series of in-
his followers, which were to be
llowed.
overnor," said Chin, "you re-
ıad no dinner yesterday. Just
:tra leg of mutton, by way of

ht," replied Jenkins, with a
;oing down stairs, he astonished
ng intellects of Mrs. Lewis and
ɔy ordering three legs of mut-
pounds of potatoes, and ale,
: the dinner of six men. This
ɔre astounding than the break-
rst very much like a full-grown
p upon the good woman.
he a customer!" said Mrs.
Vhy, what we buys over what
eeps us, Tom, don't it?"
) did not offer any answer; but
re been observed that he shut
ıt his fingers laterally along
levated one of his eyebrows,
ıead; thereby meaning to ob-
ıe private information of him-
rs. Lewis, that it was all right,
could be no possible mistake
matter, which, as far as they
lly concerned, was true.
r about, Tom," continued his
mistress, "and get them legs, while I peels the 'tatoes,"

Tom Stop obeyed, and sallied forth to perform his task.

Chapter III.

PREPARATIONS FOR A SIEGE.

We left our friend, Frederick Wilson, in company with Mr. Wilkinson, Ben Jonson Walters, and Count Marino Rhino, after indulging in a copious breakfast. It was not, however, our hero's design to spend the whole day in such loose company. Frederick was now in better spirits than he had been for some time. For many months, he had scarcely heard the chink of one shilling against another; and now his pockets were full of gold. Though Frederick knew that this money ought not to have been his, that he had won it by gambling, still the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed made him only know the bright and sunny side of the picture. Void and vacant had been the heart of this young man for many years; and to those who know what voidness and vacancy means, no more miserable state of existence can be pictured.

It may seem strange to some—it did to him—that one interview with a girl to whom he was so total a stranger should have changed his whole feelings. Such things are not common. Love at first sight is not an impossibility, though of rare occurrence. When it happens, the heart must be predisposed, by circumstances, to feel quickly and deeply. There must be some peculiarity of position, some more than common opportunity of knowing one another. By love at first-sight, we mean, not that visual sight which conveys nothing to the heart but the mere outward seeming of the man or woman; but that intellectual knowledge of one another's hearts which so rapidly follows the communion of thinking spirits. Take two human beings, with souls both capable of the deepest, the purest, the noblest feelings. So place them, that they shall, on the first occasion of meeting, pour forth their whole mind one unto the other; and they will love, if there be any tendency in them to the tender and the affectionate. After events will only serve to confirm the opi-

nions formed at once, or to show its folly.

Now, Frederick Wilson was not in love with Mary Cartwright; but he knew that he should be, which was much, if not the very same thing. He saw it coming, like a stultified bull, that has wandered on a rail, does the ponderous locomotive that is to reduce him to impalpable powder; but Wilson treasured the hope that he should be in love. He rather liked it. The sensation was new; and Wilson, like most men, liked new sensations.

Wilson, therefore, had no sooner concluded his breakfast, and smoked one or two cigars with his friends, than he politely intimated to them his desire that they would absent themselves.

"The fact is," said Wilson, "I want to call on my tailor. I have not seen him for an age."

"Have you got one?" observed Wilkinson. "I wish I had; I'd call too."

"Why," said Wilson, good-humouredly, "I do not look as if I patronised the fraternity over much. But really, my dear friends, make yourselves quite at home. There's all the cigars; the liquor is on the table; order dinner, if you like."

"By Jove, Wilson," said Wilkinson, "you are so excessively pressing," a sentiment which was far from feebly re-echoed by the rest of the company, "we cannot but accept."

"Well, gentlemen, good morning. If I do not return before dinner, be not alarmed; I shall certainly be home to supper."

And with this, Frederick made a low bow and departed from his castle, midst general thunder of applause, expressive of their high sense of his liberality. Wilkinson went so far as to rush to the top of the stairs, and cry, as loud as his shrill voice would permit: "One cheer more!" as Wilson made his final retreat.

Meanwhile our hero, rich in the possession of his gold, but far richer in the possession of bright and gladsome hopes—hopes of joy, hopes of love, went on his way rejoicing. Care, and misery, and gloom, utter want of any of those causes which rouse a man's ambition, of those stimulants which are needed to elevate man something above a mere worker for his daily bread, had hitherto been wholly wanting. There was no great reason now, why, in a solemn and reflective moment, he should hope, but our nature spurns reality, and however unsubstantial may be the dream which promises happiness, we cling to it as to a dear and precious thing, and would not part from its visionary brightness for the real possession of some positive though trifling good.

And well is it that it is so. Day-dreams and visions of the silent night, wishes, desires that scorch our hearts, prisoned as they are within ourselves, these are often the goads which urge us on: these hidden and unspoken thoughts are the causes of our exertion; our ambition, our hope steals impossibility from fate, and makes the wildest scheme which could conduce to our happiness, appear easy of attainment. We pursue a shadow, but, let us do justice to the world, this shadow sometimes becomes a substance.

Wilson was somewhat puzzled with regard to his finances. He was determined to make a little figure in the world—that is his world of half a dozen inhabitants—and he well knew that the first requisite for making a figure amongst little people was to have a good coat upon his back, his feet encased in polished boots, a good beaver on his head, and a bandana hanging from his pocket, for one is now judged, not for what one is, but as we seem.

The first visit paid, therefore, was to his worthy friend, Mr. Snip. Entering his shop, where never before had he been but to bargain for misfits, there was so unmistakeable a look of independence about him that the tailor knew he must be a moniec man for the nonce, and received him with proportionable cordiality.

"Good day, sir. What can I do fo you, sir," observed the polite and attentiv disciple of Stultz.

"Why, a great deal," replied Wilso "I want a suit of clothes, the very be you can make me, and, as I shall pay cas I must have them by five o'clock to-mo row evening. Here are five pounds in a vance."

"It shall be done!" said the tailor, e thusiastically pocketing the five pound and producing his measure. We shall n follow Wilson through the whole of h journey that day. It will be sufficient state that, in a few hours, he had laid o about twenty pounds upon his person, a felt the proud satisfaction of owning wardrobe.

With a light heart and a quick step he returned to his lodgings, in time to assist in the demolition of certain steaks, chops, and sausages, which Count Marino Rhino was deeply engaged in cooking: his return was hailed of course with great delight; and the whole party sat down to dinner with a keen relish, and a full determination for enjoyment known only to bachelors in difficulties, upon whom a sudden and unexpected ray of sunshine has fallen, and angels visit as far between and few as Sirius from the Bear.

Dinner over, tea followed, as a matter of course, and then, after a ramble to several of the journals, in search of orders for the theatre, which they had some difficulty in finding, the whole party found themselves, about eight o'clock, in the upper boxes of Drury-Lane. In this questionable locality we leave them, to follow other actors in this eventful drama.

Chapter IV.

Miss Cornelia Pointer's great stroke.

Miss Cornelia Pointer had heard of the sudden change in Wilson's circumstances, with surprise and astonishment, mingled with a certain fluttering of the heart, that, if not very comprehensible, was, at all events, very pleasant; at the same time that she was sincerely delighted at the event, for his own sake. Miss Cornelia liked Frederick Wilson; she did not disguise it. He was so very nice a young man, everybody must like him, she said, and why should she be singular? not that there could be anything else than neighbourly friendship in whatever she felt. Both lived in one house; they often met and passed upon the stairs; much oftener met and stopped. The gentleman had even been known to stand half an hour, perhaps more, inside her door with his hat in one hand and his candle in the other, when coming home of an evening. While the lady had on one occasion taken up a post-paid letter, placed it on the landing by his door, and having knocked discreetly, ran away. Now, all this was nothing: gentlemen talk to ladies at their doors, hat and candle in hand, and ladies may carry up letters to single gentlemen, without any absolute necessity for believing in any tender feeling on the part of either, as a natural consequence of so doing. But man is a fickle animal, and that Wilson was getting in love with Mary Cartwright was, therefore, no proof at all that his heart had never been touched by the charms of a Cornelia Pointer. If so, however, we will not say he never told his love, because he might have done so to the lady, but he never had to the world proclaimed that he was her humble and dutiful servant to command. What the lady's sentiments were, it would be scarcely discreet in us to say, for, did we tell all the tender secrets which we, as the historians of domestic life, become possessed of, we should have enough to do and to spare. Now, we will not say that Miss Pointer was at all of a mercenary disposition, but she believed with great truth and justice that pecuniary comfort, and the consequent absence of the bitter cares incident on poverty, was a great advantage even when added to the charms of disinterested love. If Miss Cornelia Pointer had loved Frederick Wilson—perhaps she did—she would have married him without a penny. Now, however, that fortune seemed to favour him, he certainly was all the better match.

As soon, accordingly, as all Miss Pointer's young ladies had departed, she summoned Mrs. Mussle to a cozy little supper, and to her counsels. The first question which naturally arose was relative to the present. Miss Pointer begun: "I do want, Mrs. Mussle, to have a comfortable little bit of chat with you, and how can one do so better than over the most comfortable of all daily meals—I love my supper—"

"So do I," said Mrs. Mussle, with the utmost energy and decision of tone.

"I love my supper," continued Miss Pointer, in accents which carried perfect conviction with them; "for what can be more pleasant, after the duties, toils, and labours of the day than to sit down and enjoy that which one has earned."

"Exquisite language," said the delighted Mrs. Mussle, casting her eyes up to the ceiling, in mute admiration of her friend's eloquence, and seeming to inform the plaster of her private opinion.

"Nonsense," said Miss Pointer, "though I have not lost all my education, I hope, even though reduced to dress-making. But what will you have, Mrs. Mussle."

"Oh!" said the namesake of the lily-white shell-fish, "I'm not particular, something nice and hot."

"Or a cold chicken, perhaps," suggested Miss Pointer, with the smile of a Ude or Soyer.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Mussle; "nothing could be better.

"Or beef-steaks and onions again," suggested Miss Pointer, as if running over a list of comfortable luxuries in her mind.

"With bread and cheese and porter," exclaimed Mrs. Mussle, with an exstatic clasp of the hands. This time, Miss Pointer had driven the nail home.

"Ring the bell and tell Mary to get it," said the young dressmaker, with a fervid enthusiasm suggestive of the warmth of her feelings upon all points, from beef-steaks and onions down to bachelors and buttons.

Mary had rapidly answered the summons, and the supper for two was speedily under weigh.

"And now, Mrs. Mussle," said Cornelia again, warmly, "I wish to consult you upon a most important point."

"Well," exclaimed the landlady, who was all attention.

"I'm going to give a party," said Miss Pointer.

"A what?" said the landlady, with glistening eyes.

"A *party*," replied Miss Pointer, with emphatic stress upon the word; "an evening party."

"You don't say so!" said Mrs. Mussle; "I never did."

"Well, it is rather surprising, Mrs. Mussle, for a single young lady to do so; but I shall have a friend, a married lady, to do propriety for me."

"Inventive genius!" said Mrs. Mussle, rising with the magnitude of the occasion. "I always said there was nobody like you."

"None but myself could be my parallel," replied Cordelia, laughing. "But, seriously, Mrs. Mussle, I want your advice and assistance in this matter."

"You shall have it," replied the other, earnestly.

"To begin, these two rooms thrown into one will do exceedingly well; but I want a supper room."

"I never! You are just going to do it grand, I think," replied Mrs. Mussle. "But there is my parlour, quite at your service."

"You are very kind, to be sure; but then I shall want some assistance, Mrs. M."

"Anything I can do," remarked the landlady, "you are of course aware will be readily offered."

"I know," said Miss Pointer, "and shall as readily avail myself of your kindness in my little preparations; but, in the evening, you'll be one of my guests, of course?"

"Proud of the honour," responded the delightful Hecaté of the house; "but there's Mary has a married sister that goes out charing, a very neat body, will come and wait with pleasure, for eighteen-pence and her tea."

"That's all settled, then," said Miss Pointer. "The next thing to be considered is what refreshments we are to offer to our friends."

The conversation that ensued upon this important branch of the subject was far too varied and diffuse for us to attempt to report it. Supper was announced, or rather announced itself, especially the onions, before the debate concluded. But the house resolved itself into committee, and proceeded to discuss the clauses contained in the maid's report, that is, the supper; and so long did this take that, when concluded, another branch of the subject imperatively called for their attention, and the discussion of the eatables was adjourned.

"Now, Mrs. Mussle, now for the guests," said Miss Pointer, with some trepidation.

"May I be allowed to suggest a name?" said Mrs. Mussle, with a glance which was meant to be very insinuating, sly, and full of covert meaning.

"Of course," exclaimed the young lady, looking very conscious.

"Then, allow me to suggest, my dear, Mr. Frederick Wilson, the prince of single young men lodgers."

"Law, Mrs. M.," said the blushing maid, who was saved the shame of suggesting him herself, "is it proper?"

"You wouldn't think, Miss Pointer," said the lady, in a stately tone, "of hurting the young man's feelings so much as not to ask him."

"There is, certainly, something in that,"

with a little sigh, "it would
nd cutting."
agreed upon," smiled Mrs. M.
r one. If he *must* come.
d like his friend, Mr. Ben
ers, the poet, to accom-

and Mr. Wilkinson, another
s."
so ask Mr. Smith, Mr. H.
are so many Smiths—Mr.
d Mrs. Fitzgerald, Countess
o, and her accomplished
e will play the piano to us,
hould scarcely ask her. I
r foreign-looking girls."
ss Rhino was excessively

lso ask two of my young
and Jane. They are ex-
young persons—genteel and
for I certainly am rather
my selections."
per. And when shall it be?"
after to-morrow," said Miss

exclaimed Mrs. Mussle. "You
"
ick," replied Miss Pointer.
ss de Fitzwiggin said to me
, "Pointer,' says she, 'if ever
ler executed with rapidity, I
o you.'"
does right," put in the other.
of the evening was consumed
sion of minor details, and we
e say no more, but nerve our-
e task of describing Miss
ning party, and the events
ded it.

To be continued.)

ORY OF LITTLE RED IDING-HOOD.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

ds sang in the gay green wood,
athway was pleasant of Red
od;
sn't her name, and if I might

; her beauty, 'twould surely be

e Red Riding-hood known was

So pretty she look'd, when she was array'd
In her hood of bright scarlet tied under her chin,
Riding to market all hearts sure to win.

Such was the maiden that, tripping along,
The delight of all eyes, is the theme of my song;
On her way to her grandmother down in the vale,
So dearly who loved her, and often did ail:
And nice dairy butter, in nice little pot,
With honey and other good things not forgot,
Did Riding-hood carry, with joy in her heart,
Her offerings of love all in haste to impart.

Now oft in that wood there was walking about,
As if he had much rather not be found out,
A person who seem'd rather idly inclin'd,
And for all little hoods as though having a mind:
Squire Wolf he was call'd—some call'd him a glutton;
Yet he, like a gentleman, "kill'd his own mutton,"
Wearing the skin in a —— sort of a way,
That many fine gentlemen do at this day.

'Twas thus he was clad when the maid he drew near,
And "Where are you going," says he, "pretty dear?"
"To grandmother, sir," replied Red Riding-hood,
"Who lives a great way at the end of this wood,
Down in the valley, sir, over yon stile."
But Wolf knew a much nearer way by a mile,
And having learnt all from the prattling maid,
At old Granny's door for admission soon pray'd.

In well-mimic'd voice of her little grand-daughter,
So sweetly he told of the fine dainties brought her,
That Granny began much to wish for a sup,
And cried, "Pull the bobbin, the latch will fly up."
Wolf quickly obey'd her, and anxious to munch,
He kill'd the old lady, and ate her for lunch;
This part of the story I'd rather not follow,
It being a portion I never could swallow.

Then putting her double frill'd cap on his head,
Though he look'd rather odd, he got into the bed;
Resolving to wait till Red Riding-hood came,
And eat her by way of dessert to the dame.
Too soon the poor child to the cottage drew near,
And the treacherous Wolf cried out, "Come in, my dear;
Pray give me my physic that stands in the cup;
If you pull at the bobbin, the latch will fly up."

Now when Riding-hood heard this gruff voice from the bed,
She thought her grand-dam had a cold in her head;
Yet couldn't help saying, with awe and surprise,
"La, grandmamma, what great ears and eyes
You seem to have got! and what great legs and arms!"
"The better, my darling, to guard thee from harms,"
Said the sly, wicked Wolf. "But your mouth is so wide!
And la, grandmamma, what great teeth beside!"

But just at this moment the hunter's loud cry
Forced the treacherous Wolf from his covert to fly;
And little Red Riding-hood scream'd (well she might),
But lucky escaped with no more than the fright,
And the loss of her grand-dam, at which she wept sore,
Resolving to trust wolves in sheep's skins no more,
Nor ever to prattle with one in a wood:
Young ladies, take warning from Red Riding-hood.

Now as its own moral the tale doth convey,
It can't be supposed I have much more to say;
For never again that dread Wolf above ground,
With the old lady's cap on his head, was there found:
While, as matter of course, be it well understood,
The prince loved and married sweet Red Riding-hood;
And however opinions about this may run,
If it didn't end so——it ought to have done.

The Satyric Drama;

OR,

EXTRAVAGANZA OF THE HELLENES

What is the impression among us of the character of the Hellenes? We allow them imagination, enterprise, appreciation of the grand and good, but who, when desirous of amusing himself, of being driven irresistibly into mirth, would not rather seek what he requires in the periodical literature of the age than in any Greek book under the sun?

It is not our intention to detract in any degree from the powers of our cotemporaries; but we desire to say a few words in favour of our old friends of Athens. We would have others feel knowledge of them as great a boon as we do, and, philosophers may say what they please, nothing like intimacy can be established till the parties have enjoyed a hearty laugh together; the interchange of inmost thought is the sweet privilege of holy friendship, but a merry laugh is the trumpet blast that proclaims to the goddess that the way is open for her.

Who has not heard of the simple grandeur of Æschylus, unhappily too often clouded by the defacing hand of time? The pathos of Sophocles rarely fails to awaken the sympathies of the most indifferent reader; and the calumniated Euripides ranks among his admirers the grandest and most ornate of our English poets. But how few imagine that these masters of tragic art invoked with equal success the comic muse.

Shakspeare, who embodied in language better than any other creature made of perishable clay, the higher passions of the human mind, scorned not amid his loftiest delineations to stoop to the droll realities of common life.

It is not our purpose to claim for any of our three poets, the unequalled powers of the Bard of Avon. Nowhere can we find such earnest love as in Romeo and Juliet, though what can be more touching than the suggested devotion of the young Hæmon to his cousin Antigone, he who left father, country, kingdom, to breathe on his spirit beside her whom he could no save. Nowhere certainly such pleasant banter as amuses Benedict and the Lady Beatrice, but we do assert that the Athenians valued and understood a joke a

roroughly as any keen-witted gentleman f the nineteenth century.

Unfortunately for us, the lighter efforts f Hellenic art have passed away, and it s acknowledged that much of the fine atire of Aristophanes is lost, because we re unable to obtain any knowledge of the ninute internal history of Athens, at the ime at which he wrote. This is and must e the case with all jokes that depend for heir point on passing events; but there is a farce of a certain kind, which is equally intelligible to all nations and to all times —this is grotesque grouping of character, dressing out fantastic ideas in grandiloquent language, which is common to our extravaganza and to the satyric drama of the Hellenes.

When Æschylus was filling with delighted awe the higher ranks at Athens, there was another play writer as ambitious and as earnest, but unfortunately, not equally endowed by nature. Still Pracinas had a ready wit and an active mind. The people were sighing for their old friends, the Satyrs, with their droll antics, who had at first borne part in the tragedy, but had been banished by the severe taste of Æschylus. His rival resolved to indulge them—he thought the matter over, and the result of his meditations was a drama, the stock of which was taken from some well-known story, with a chorus of Satyrs, who played the parts of clowns, pantaloons, &c., in our pantomimes, except that they had the additional advantage of amusing by their droll sayings as well as their droll feats.

This invention was certainly successful, and Æschylus found it advisable to adopt it, so that in a short time after every trilogy a satyric drama followed as surely as a farce succeeds a tragedy on our own stage. We read of the successes of Æschylus in this composition; and after exciting the sympathies of his terrified audience with the superhuman sufferings of his Prometheus in bonds, he sent them home roaring at the extravagances of Prometheus the lamp-lighter.

Of the extravaganza, we, however, have but one specimen left; it is the "Cyclops" of Euripides, the hero of which is the best of the one-eyed giants who in days of yore dwelt in the sea-girt Sicily, tending their herds, following the chase, and, whenever fortune put it in their power, satiating their unholy appetite with the flesh of hapless strangers, driven by stress of weather on their inhospitable coast. Ever since Peisistatus had collected the ballads of Homer, these songs of the sea-god had been favourites at Athens: they probably filled in their nurseries the place allowed to hobgoblins, &c., among us—a kind of domestic ogre, a harmless savage convenient for frightening unconscious children, a kind of police benignantly established for facilitating the arduous duties of the nurse.

Such is the hero of our present story. The scene opens. Silenus, the foster-father of the wine-god, a drunken old fellow, appears before the cave of the Cyclops. It is his business, according to the established custom on the Hellenic stage, to tell who he is and how he came there.

Like all selfish old people, he begins by grumbling at the trouble he has had with Bacchus, ever since he left his dry-nurses, the nymphs. He then falls on his reminiscences, — recalls the time when, with his own hand, he slew the mighty rebel Eucelodus, in the battle of the giants, even as Sir John Falstaff engaged the gallant Harry Hotspur. Now he is troubled with some doubts as to whether it really occurred, or he only dreamed it; but his difficulty is solved, for he remembers that he showed Bacchus the spoils. But now he is worse off than ever; for his poor boy has been carried away by pirates, through the machinations of his step-mother, Juno; and he and his sons, while wandering about in search of him, are caught in a tempest, and wrecked off this rock of Etna,

"Where in lone caverns dwell the one-eyed sons
Of the sea-god, Cyclopes, man-slayers."

By one of these, Polyphemus, they had been seized, and made slaves: so that now, instead of dancing and carousing, as they were wont to do with Bacchus, they have to do dirty work for this cursed giant: his young sons tend the young sheep; while he has to stay at home, sweep the house, and cook the dinner for the Cyclops. But he must make haste; master will soon be home, and so will the boys. Ah! here they come! What the deuce is the matter? Can ye skip and sing as merrily now as when ye were with Bacchus and his lady-love Ariadne?

And so he goes grumbling on; while the satyrs advance, with their flocks, which

they collect, milk, and pen up, while reciting the following stanzas:

" Offspring of a noble flock,
Whither go ye o'er the rock?
Have ye not a zephyr sweet,
And a grassy pasture here?
From the eddying river's wave
Water stands beside the cave;
Hear ye not your lambkins bleat?
What, won't you tarry near,
Nor on this dewy steep?
Ha! I'll fling a stone at thee,
If thou wilt not list to me.
Back, thou horned sheep,
To the shepherd's mountain dell,
Where the Cyclops stern doth dwell.

" Gentle ewe, thy milk give down;
Now each mother take her own,
For ye leave them in the fold,
Dozing through the live-long day;
Still with bleating, now and then,
You they call; at last the pen
Enter ye; the day is told;
Ye must leave the pastures grey
'Twixt the crags of Etna's height;
No Bacchus here, no dancing light,
No Bacchantes, thyrsus-laden:
No cymbal's joyous cheer;
No fount, no wine-drops clear,
No love-glancing mountain-maiden.

" A revelling song, a revelling song,
To Paphos' queen I troll along,
In search of whom I'd rove
With Bacchantes footed-white.
Bacchus, my delight, my own,
Where dost wander all alone,
Shaking thy bright locks of love,
While I, thy servant, in despite,
The one-eyed Cyclops' empire bear,
And his scanty livery wear
Of goat-skin, which scarce covers me;
Oh, how I sigh for love and thee!"

Silenus here breaks in, bidding them be quick with their work; the satyrs inquire what occasion there is for so much haste. Silenus replies that he sees some strangers coming with empty vessels slung about their necks, evidently in search of food and water; poor fellows! they can know little of the Cyclops and his taste for human flesh; but do you be quiet, and let me speak to them.

Accordingly, in come some half-dozen weather-beaten tars, headed by no less a person than one of the great heroes of Greek story, the crafty prince of Ithaca, Odysseus, or, as we call him, Ulysses.

He, of course, acts as spokesman, and very civilly asks if they will be good enough to sell provisions to poor sailors in their need; he is struck by the appearance of the satyrs, with their curious conformation—half man, half goat—and, addressing Silenus as the eldest, inquires if it is some city of Bacchus that they have lighted on.

Silenus replies by asking of the stranger who he is and whence he comes.

Ulysses informs him, and, in answer to further questions, states, that he has been overtaken in a storm, on his return from Troy, and driven out of his course.

"Ah!" says Silenus, "that's just my case," and at the request of the stranger, he explains how.

Ulysses proceeds to make inquiries respecting the country; he asks where are the walls and bulwarks of the city, and the following dialogue ensues:

Si. There are none, sir; no men on these heights dwell.
Ul. Who, then, possess the land? none but wild beasts?
Si. Cyclopes, who in caves, not houses, dwell.
Ul. Who is their king? or do the people rule?
Si. They're shepherds; none obeys in aught another.
Ul. They grow corn, or in what manner live?
Si. Our home-fed mutton, cheeses, and new milk.
Ul. Ah, have they any kind of rosy wine?
Si. No, bless you, 'tis a sad, ungrateful land.
Ul. And strangers, now; do they like strangers, sir?
Si. They say that stranger's flesh is very sweet.
Ul. How say you? do they feed on human flesh?
Si. No mortal e'er came here who 'scaped their maw.

Ulysses, on hearing this appalling intelligence, becomes anxious to get away, and urges Silenus to give him provisions; the old gentleman replied that he has no objection to let him have some mutton and some cheese, but desires to know what he is to get for it.

Ulysses here replied that money is scarce, but he will give him wine.

Si. Delightful words; the very thing I want!
Ul. Ay, and the son of Bacchus, Maron, gave it me.
Si. The baby whom I dandled in these arms!
Ul. You may depend upon it, it was he.
Si. Is't in the ship, or hast it with thee, friend?
Ul. 'Tis here; this very flask contains it, sir.
Si. That little flask? a mouthful scarce it holds.
Ul. Ay, but I've more than twice as much as that.

promise fairly; 'tis a fount I love.
ild'st take a glass to taste the fla-
our, sir?
's only fair, since 'tis to pass for cash.
: true; and see, I have a goblet here.
e, pour away, and let me have a
aught.
: now!
iasc! 'tis a nosegay, sir!
; see it?
out, by Jove, I scent it though!
e now, and know how excellent it is.
ha! my toes are itching for the dance.
ha!
, has it cleared thy throat, old friend?
t has warmed me to my finger's ends.
's well, some money I will give besides.
put the cork in, never mind the cash.

is now again becomes restless,
er to secure the provisions, but
more than half intoxicated, goes
in extravagant rhapsody on drunk-
kisses the goblet in his delight,
, that the lubberly Cyclops and his
may go to the devil.
some more talk, in which he abuses
particular, and demonstrates very
orily that women in general have
less in the world, he tells Ulysses
to the cavern, and take what sheep
many cheeses as he desires; hardly
thus considerately welcomed them
aster's property, when, to his des-
lysses perceives the mighty man
one eye approaching.
is advises him to hide in the cavern,
his would be manifestly no better
ning into the net, Ulysses indig-
rejects the proposal and becomes
ndiloquent.
amid cowering satyrs, in comes
ded Cyclops, and like most masters
absence, he begins by inquiring
ork is all done; and when they hesi-
eply, he bids them answer like men,
and not down like a parcel of brutes.
ooking up," cries Silenus, "so hard
in see Orion and the stars, though
has not set." Polyphemus next
inquiry respecting the prepara-
r his dinner, and, while he is still
l with this interesting subject, the
s of Ulysses who have been inside the
selecting provisions, unconscious of
going on outside, come forth laden
eeses, and driving some fine fat
efore them. The Cyclops imme-
perceives them, and while he is yet
in astonishment, Silenus slides up to him, rubbing his shoulder, and declares, with the most bold-faced impudence, that they have beaten him most cruelly merely because he endeavoured to prevent them from stealing his master's property.

The Cyclops indignantly exclaims that they cannot know who he is, divine himself and of divine origin.

Si. I told them so, but they would take the things,
And 'gainst my will they gobbled up the cheese;
They carried out these lambs, and to a log
Three cubits thick they tied me, and they swore,
By thine own single eye, to scourge thee well,
And pound thee to a mummy; then to lash
Thee neck and heel, and throw thee in the hold,
To set thee to grind stones or keep a gate.

Polyphemus, as may be imagined, is scarcely able to contain himself, so vehement is his anger; he bids the old satyr go in, sharpen the carving-knives, and make up the fire; he declares that he is tired of lions and stags, and that the arrival is most opportune, for he was longing for a delicate little supper.

Ulysses now advances and states the case, charging Silenus with falsehood, and with the purpose of stealing his master's property.

Si. What, I? Go, and be hanged!
Ul. Yes, if I lie.
Si. No, by Poseidon, thine own father, sir;
No, by great Triton; no, by Nereus old;
No, by Calypso, and all Nereus' girls;
By all the tribes of fishes, by the waves,
I swear, my beautiful, my Cyclopsy,
Dear little master, that I never sold
These fellows aught; no, may my children dear
Come to the gallows, if I ever did.

On hearing themselves thus summarily disposed of, the young gentlemen interfere to confirm the statement of Ulysses.

The Cyclops tells them that they are a pack of liars, and he'd as soon believe Silenus as the chancellor of the lower regions, Rhadamanthus himself; then, turning to Ulysses, he inquires whence they came, and hearing from Troy, he declares that they were a parcel of witless knaves to make such a fuss about one woman.

Ulysses replies that it was ordained by heaven; and in a long speech, wherein he

enumerates all the most celebrated temples of Hellas dedicated to Poseidon, he intreats him by the honour he has always paid to his father—an honour which, as his son, he (Polyphemus) shares, to behave like a gentleman, and give them clothes and provisions. As usual, he concludes with some moral and pathetic sentiments paraphrased probably from some well-known tragedy.

Before his master can reply, Silenus as usual thrusts in his word, urging him to be sure and eat Ulysses, and to be particular in securing his tongue, for if he only tastes it, he will become an eloquent speaker at once.

The Cyclops, in answer to Ulysses, attempts to play the orator, and commences with one or two double-refined tragic sentiments; but he soon flounders about in a sea of unwieldy language. He succeeds, however, in making his meaning very plain (no contemptible art, as some of the Exeter-Hall orators may bear us witness), and it is that he cares for no one in heaven or on earth but himself, and is resolutely determined to have Ulysses for supper. He concludes by hurrying his attendants to the discharge of their duties.

Before entering the deadly cavern, the Ithacan offers up a short prayer to his patroness Athene, and to Jupiter, who, as the god of hospitality, is bound to avenge the cruelty of his monster-nephew.

Thus terminates the first division of the play; but, as the Hellenic stage was never unoccupied, the pause is marked by a choric ode, descriptive of the banquet, doubtless very satisfactory to all who admire descriptions of the feasts of ogres and giants.

The second act opens; Ulysses returns in dismay, and tells how the Cyclops has devoured the fattest brace of his comrades. He describes his ravenous appetite and the huge draughts of milk wherewith he washes down his loathsome meal, and declares that, to add to his misery, he has been compelled, not only to conceal his disgust, but to wait upon the monster. His fertility of invention, however, has not forsaken him; he knows full well that force would be worse than useless, argument and eloquence would be thrown away; but he is still the man of endless contrivance, accomplishing his purposes more surely than the brave and beautiful Achilles, the flower of the Achaian host, who died, love-lorn and friend-bereaved, on a foreign soil; while the thoughtful Ithacan, the object of his unwise disdain, alone of the leaders of the countless armament, regained his home, triumphed over his enemies, found his wife true and his son worthy. Feeling himself in the power of the one-eyed ogre, the humane heart of Ulysses sickened at the enormities that he is compelled to witness; but he retained his presence of mind. He had faith, strong and pure, in the king of gods and men, and his azure-eyed daughter, whom he had called to his aid. He might still prove himself a match for the mass of flesh that threatens to engulph him. The savage has probably never tasted wine. in his utter abandonment to his sensual appetites, how will he revel in the insidious liquid! how will he drink and swill, until his unaccustomed senses give way, and he shall be not only unable to impede their escape, but be delivered up to his just revenge! The plan has been tried, and has succeeded to admiration. All that remains is to secure the co-operation of the satyrs. But we will let him speak for himself. After telling how greedily the Cyclops swallowed the bait, he proceeds to describe his gradual intoxication:—

Then went he to his songs, while I filled up
Bowl upon bowl, and warmed his heart with wine.
Then, while my men stood weeping by, he roared
Out tuneless snatches, till the cavern rang,
And I came forth; but be ye silent, friends,
If ye desire to save yourself and me.
You tell me, do ye wish to fly or no
From this wild monster, and again to dwell
With the wood-maidens in your master's halls?
I've spoken with your father; he approves;
But he's half dosing, drunk, and therefore bold.
As bird-lime holds the fluttering bird, so he
Is captive to the bottle. But do you
Aid me to save us all, for you are young;
Regain good Dionysius, whom ye love,
For he is little like the Cyclops here.

The chorus is delighted and lavish in its promises of assistance.

Ulysses explains that the Cyclops is in such good spirits, that he wants to go and make merry with his brothers; but this does not suit his place, and must be prevented. The means are easy; namely, to

›int out that when the wine is gone he ill have no more, and consequently that › had better not get any one to assist him ı consuming it; this will doubtless have ne weight, and when he is overpowe e l ith sleep they can bore out his eye with n olive sapling, that Ulysses has seen in ne cavern heated red-hot in the fire.

The chorus is in extacy; it will do everything.

Ul. The torch is big; you must all lend a hand.
Ach. O, I would lift a hundred waggon-loads,
If, like a wasp's nest, I could quench the light
Of the foul Cyclops, born to perish ill!

Now follows another ode, wherein the chorus triumphs in anticipation. Its indignation is rekindled by hearing Polyphemus singing desperately out of tune: it concludes as usual with a stanza in praise of luxurious indulgence.

The denouement now fast approaches. In comes the sea-born giant reeling and half supported by Silenus, who rather than not drink at all would accept the devil as pot companion.

Master Polyphemus is going to see his brother; Ulysses advances to deter him; a droll dialogue ensues, in which the giant plays the part of an over-grown spoilt child, Ulysses of a coaxing nurse. At last the Cyclops turns to Silenus.

Cy. What shall we do, Silenus? stay at home?
Si. Ay, Cyclops, we want none to help it off.
Cy. Ay, and the ground is grassy hereabouts.
Si. And 'tis so pleasant to enjoy the sun;
Come and recline beside me on the turf.
Cy. Ah, sirrah, why dost put the cup behind?
Si. Only lest any one should snatch it up.
Cy. Scoundrel, you want to steal a march on me;
Put it between us. Now, sir, what's your name? (*To Ulysses.*)
Ul. Noman; but what will you do for me, sir?
Cy. Do for you? You're a trump—I'll eat you last!
Ul. Your hospitality deserves my thanks.

But Polyphemus has no notion of banter. He turns from Mr. Noman to Silenus, who is taking a drop on the sly. His impudence as usual helps him out of the scrape, and he amuses himself and his audience for some time by endeavouring to make his ungainly neophyte recline, and sip his wine like an Athenian gentleman of the first water, managing at the same time to get far more than his share of his beverage. This the one-eyed at last perceives, and calls his good friend Noman to serve him, who plies him so well that he becom s quite uproarious, seizes hold of Silenus, becomes very sleepy, and totters back to his cavern.

Ulysses urges the chorus to despatch, for the brand is hot.

Ul. Hephæstus, king of Etna, aid bestow;
This once deliver us from pressing woe;
And thou, great child of sooty darkness, sleep,
The impious wretch in thine embraces steep,
Lest, after all our glorious deeds at Troy,
Ulysses and his comrades ye destroy,
Abandoned to this miscreant. Fortune too,
If divine attribute to thee be due,
Thine aid in my distress I humbly sue.

Here follows a short choric ode, anticipating the joys of freedom.

Ulysses returns, entreats them to be silent, and to come, as all is prepared.

The boasted courage of the woodmen, thus put to the test, at once vanishes, and they make most ridiculous excuses; one says he is so tall that he can lay hold of his share of the brand outside the cave; another is seized with such a violent cramp that he is hardly able to stand; a third has got a quantity of dust in his eyes and he cannot see out of them.

Ulysses remonstrates.

"Ah!" returns the Choragas, "it's all very fine talking, but why are we to endanger our precious bones, perhaps for nothing after all? I'll tell you what I'll do though. I know the charm that Orpheus used; it'll make the brand walk out of the fire and into his eye of its own accord. I'll sing that for you if you like."

"Ah!" replies Ulysses, "I was afraid of this. Well, I've still some stout hands left, and if we cannot have any actual assistance from you, give us your exhortations and encouragement."

This the chorus willingly promises, and while the deed is doing keeps up a cheerful volley of verses, till at last the Cyclops, hideous and in agony, comes forth.

In answer to the questions of the chorus, he says:

Cy. Noman hath hurt me.
Ch. Then thou'rt hurt by none.
Cy. Noman hath blinded me.
Ch. Then thou'rt not blind.
Cy. Would that you were as much.
Ch. How can it be?
Cy. You scoff; but where is Noman?
Ch. Nowhere, sir.

The poor blind monster here becomes the sport of the mischievous and cowardly Satyrs, who direct him to right and left, so as to bring him everywhere in contact with the wall, instead of the Achaians, for whom he is searching, till they have time to escape. When at a safe distance, Ulysses discloses his real name and rank, the Cyclops now recognises the fulfilment of an oracle which predicted that he should be blinded by the prince of Ithaca, on his return from Troy, and consoles himself with the reflection that his injurer will have to undergo buffetings by sea and land before he reaches his own home. He then goes off to collect his brothers, and have a shy at him from the top of Etna, before he can clear the coast.

Such is a faint outline of the only specimen that remains to us of this curious species of drama, which has been strangely confounded with the Roman Satire, for no better reason, as far as we can see, than the accidental similarity of names; but how the drama, which derived its appellation and took its character from the droll and light-hearted playmates of the wine god, can in any degree be mistaken for a father or brother of the powerful vehicle of Roman wit and sarcasm invented by Lucilius, immortalised by the sweetest of Latin poets, is to us a mystery! Whatever relation the words in their separate languages may bear to each other, it is utterly vain to seek for the germ of the one in the other: one is directed against the vices of a particular age; the chief aim of the other is to amuse. It has no relation to any time, but is in fact a jumble of times, since in the play which we have been considering, we find Silenus and Ulysses talking about money, ages before a coinage existed; and again, one of the most amusing scenes is that which represents Silenus, an antediluvian, speaking and thinking in all matters of etiquette like an Athenian gentleman of the age of Themistocles.

It does not appear that the Athenians considered poetry at all out of place in their extravaganza, but it is poetry of a rural order, of a more domestic sort least, than that which clothed the g ideas of the tragedy. There is also a religious feeling running through the respectful deference to the graver d on whose festivals these spectacles represented; and Ulysses, though c sionally ludicrous, maintains a certain racter throughout, not inconsistent the hero of the twenty-four books of Hc devoted to the narration of his wónd adventures.

A STORY OF REVAL.*

Come around, and listen,
Ye whose fancy feeds
On tales of steady courage,
And of generous deeds:
How in far Estonia,
Amid the northern snows,
The current of affection
Still pure and vigorous flows!

Mark Bernard was a comely youth,
Of manly form and face,
Respected well by young and old
Throughout his native place;
He wooed the gentle Anna,
And well his suit he plied,
For blushingly she promised
That she would be his bride.

Then Mark was anxious to grow r
To bring his mistress home;
And wandering to the pasture,
Where herds at pleasure roam:
Foul Satan was beside him,
Who whispered in low tone,
"A couple of those oxen,
And Anna were thine own."

Mark shook his head, but sadly
Kept gazing on the herd,
And wily Satan once again
Put in his crafty word:
"Some wealthy noble, doubtless,
Is owner of these kine;
Wert thou but brave, there's none tc
A couple might be thine."

Alas for human nature,
The Evil One was strong,
And Bernard now is reaping
The bitter fruit of wrong;

---

* The subject of this story is taken from a narrative related in the "Letters from the Shor the Baltic."

While Anna hears in common talk,
Unutterable grief!
The man she thought so perfect,
Now branded as a thief!

Alas, that ever sorrow
Should darken her sweet face!
The affection once her honour,
Is now become disgrace:
When once his good name leaves him,
Who is the poor man's friend?
That morning of such promise,
Should have so black an end!

He might have lived in Reval,
With Anna for his wife,
Who now in lone Siberia
Must wear away his life;
What friend is there so steady,
As yet to linger near?
With gentle words of comfort,
His weary way to cheer?

Where shall his heart find solace?
For still its pulses beat
With the impetuous passions
That made his youth so sweet:
Nay, let him learn to crush it,
Nor dare to love again;
What portion has a robber
In joys of honest men?

And Anna, his affianced,
So passing fair to see,
In a few fleeting seasons,
Another's bride shall be;
And in old age shall number,
'Mid the trials of her life,
The time when Mark, the convict,
Woo'd her to be his wife!

Not such the thoughts of Anna;
Condemn her, ye who can;
Her warm heart still is clinging
About the ruined man;
Her only words, in answer
To friends who press her sore,
"In joy my love he sought for,
In grief he wants it more!"

So in the damp, cold dungeon,
The marriage rite was done;
'Mid jailors and 'mid clanking chains,
Her wedded life begun;
No marshals there were ordering
The wedding guests with pride;
No eager comrades crowded,
With presents for the bride!

The time is come—the convict
His native city leaves;
Still to his side the faithful one
With steady courage cleaves:
She doubts not for a moment,
Though bitter tears will start,
As sobbing friends and kinsfolk
She presses to her heart.

They're gone—the pang is over;
The history of her truth
May happily live on, chronicled
In memory of youth;
But thus the tale shall finish:
"And so the pretty bride
Left us for lone Siberia,
In exile, where she died!"

But no, a brighter ending
By Providence is will'd;
The measure of her sorrows
At last is now fulfill'd:
And Nicholas the imperial,
From his imperial wife,
Has heard, and heard with pity,
The story of her life;

And to her love so steadfast
'Mid heavy pressing woes,
Grants pardon to the convict,
Free pardon he bestows;
So once again to Reval
They take their joyous way,
To celebrate, 'mid friendly hearts,
A second wedding-day.

ACLETOS.

Barnard Castle.

This ancient relic of feudal architecture is situate on the bank of the river Tees, in Durham. It was built, probably, towards the end of the eleventh century, by Barnard Baliol, son of Guy Baliol (who came over with the Conqueror, and to whom William Rufus granted several estates in the neighbourhood), and ancestor of John Baliol, king of Scotland. In subsequent ages, it fell into the hands of the Beauchamps, Earls of Warwick; and from them passed to Richard, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III), who seized these manors, together with the hand of Lady Anne, the heroine of Shakspeare's play, and daughter of "king-making" Warwick, who had been the previous possessor of the castle and adjoining lands. "In Barnard Castle, to this day," says the "North of England Sketch-Book," "the 'boar,' the cognizance of Richard, is still to be seen in the bay window of one of the

BARNARD CASTLE.

principal chambers, and on fragments scattered over the town in houses built from the ruins of the castle. On his death at Bosworth field (1485), Henry VII seized Barnard Castle, and annexed it to the Crown, where it remained vested for a long series of years."

After passing through many other vicissitudes of fortune, the details of which are more interesting to the antiquarian than to the general reader, this venerable edifice was granted, in 1640, to Sir Harry Vane, of Puritanical memory. With the want of imagination characteristic of the sect of religionists to which Sir Harry belonged, "he dismantled this ancient and interesting seat, *for the sake of selling the lead and timber*, and left it to crumble to the ruinous mass we now behold it, to the great indignation of the antiquarians of the succeeding century, who are very bitter in their comments upon this proceeding. It has continued in the possession of Sir Harry's descendants to this day, and the title and lordship of Barnard Castle is still vested in the ducal house of Cleveland." *

The above woodcut represents Barnard Castle, as it now exists—silent, deserted, melancholy, and in ruins; looking out with its haggard face upon the wild scenery around, and half seeming to possess some spiritual affinity with the lonely moss that grows about its sides. Very happily has the artist chosen his accessories, and most pictorially has he embodied them. The solitary figure in the foreground, standing with downcast head above the stony chasm to the right, almost suggests a romance in itself, more especially when coupled with the grim old ruin, the strange and ominous sky, and the desolation around. It is evidently

"A wild and stormy night;
And the moon's cadaverous light
(Watery, and pale, and dim)
Is toss'd about from rim to rim
Of the black and drifting clouds
That huddle through the air like crowds
Of fantastic monsters, bent
On some devilish intent."

Such nights as this are the very best for beholding the shattered relics of the once proud halls of feudal nobility. Their melancholy grandeur ill consorts with the taunting brilliance of a noon-day sun; but, in the night-darkness, or the melancholy moonlight, they seem endued with a spiritual life of their own, and to stand forth like palpable phantoms of an age gone by. Sir Walter Scott knew this fact well, and has cautioned his readers, in an often-quoted passage, to view the ruins of Melrose by moonlight, rather than under the beams of "the all-beholding sun." So knew Mr. Blacklock, when he made the highly picturesque sketch of Barnard Castle, which elicits these remarks; and so, apparently, feels the solitary figure before alluded to, who, braving the chance of a tempest upon the desolate moorlands around, is floating down the mystic streams of thought into the shadow-peopled land of the Past.

* See "The North of England Sketch Book and Magazine," No. I, from which the substance of our brief historical sketch of Barnard Castle, together with the beautiful woodcut which heads this article, is derived.

The Mutineer.

BALLAD NARRATIVE.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

—

PART I.

ıy we bounded
ı the light and driving foam,
{and song, and dancing,
ıt hearts, towards our home.
netimes grew nigh frantic
hought of seeing home!

ıut breeze behind us,
lver'd the dark blue;
ıils made joyous music
wiftly onward flew,
ving mine of treasure
ıe land of far Peru.

ı we sailed on, startling
le solitudes with glee;
ıgth one day a great calm
down upon the sea:
ıir fell a-swooning
ıg the swooning sea.

to sail the cobwebs
s motionless as clay;
ıe trancèd ocean,
our ship's black shadow, lay
f dust and feathers,
ırb'd from day to day.*

d us and above us,
he morning till the night,
sky, and the blue sea
nauſferably bright;
yrannous sun, all naked,
ı floods of withering light.

. no change, no motion!
ı weary life we led,
dazzling sea before us,
ə scorching sun o'erhead.
ht of home; and it made us
wish that we were dead.

had we—no pastime—
ail to shift or trim;
o do but gaze out
far horizon's brim,
brain gat dizzy,
ə eyes were sore and dim.

"Give us more air, or we perish,
God in Heaven!" was our cry;
"For mercy's sake, great Father,
Rouse this sullen lethargy!
Oh, send Thy strong winds to us!
Pile the waves up, mountain-high!"

Yet still the sea lay moveless,
And the fierce sun crack'd our skin;
But the fire above *I* felt not,
So intense was that within.
Oh, my soul in its sleep was strangled
By the serpent-folds of Sin.

For a Voice had come unto me,
In the dead of night: I know
That all my face turn'd pallid,
Though my blood was in a glow;
For in the stark, stern silence,
It came like a sudden blow:

Saying, "Son of toil and hardship!
Slave to others! ghost of care!
Worm beneath the rich man's chariot!
Why has Fate thus left thee bare?"
Saying, "There is wealth all round thee:—
Why should'st thou not have a share?"

All night that dreadful sentence
Kept vibrating in my brain,
And the Voice seem'd ever whispering
In my ear those words of pain,
With a fearful, slow distinctness,
O'er, and o'er, and o'er again.

Morn came: I rose; but all day
Every eye my soul would cow;
And I skulk'd about in corners,
For I fear'd that all men now
Might see my dark thoughts written
On the paleness of my brow.

And sometimes, when my forehead
Seemed all swathed with maddening flame,
I would seize the nearest mirror,
Half in dread and half in shame,
To see, with ghastly shuddering,
If my face was still the same.

As when we see, far, far off,
Like a mere speck in the blue,
A cloud, which slowly waxes,
As the rushing blasts pursue,
Till at length it hangs its black pall
Right athwart the sky's blithe hue:

* "In one place lay
rs and dust, to-day and yesterday."
DONNE—"*The Calm.*"

So at first that dread conception
Seem'd a faint and wavering gleam—
A thing that came and vanish'd,
Like pale faces in a dream;
But it grew and grew, and gloried
In the pride of strength extreme,

Till in time it fasten'd on me,
Like a demon's fangs clench'd tight:
By day it was my messmate,
And my bedfellow by night:
'Twas a Voice heard in my slumber,
And a Phantom in my sight.

Then outspake a comrade: "Brother,
Every eye thy face doth cow,
And thou skulk'st about in corners,
As though all men fancied now
They saw some dark thoughts written
On the paleness of thy brow.

"In thy sleep I hear thee muttering:
Sometimes sharply dost thou wail,
What time the ghostly moonlight
Lies a-sleeping on the sail.
Something weighs upon thy spirits;
Speak, and tell me all thy tale."

Then I spake.—A dreadful calmness
In his fixèd eyeballs reign'd,
As I spake, which told me plainly
That *his* soul was fully gain'd.
Oh, the eye hath mightier language
Than the tongue hath ere attain'd!

And so, with devilish cunning,
We crept on from man to man,
And with words of honey'd poison
Drew them over to our plan.
In a week more, I was leader
Of a fierce and reckless clan.

And then, one sultry noontide,
Upon deck we all did hie:
Right in the hot mid-heavens
Flamed the sun—God's visible eye;
Below, the unconscious victims
Slept their last sleep peacefully.

So I went unto the ladder,
And aloud I 'gan to call,
"A breeze! a breeze! The sails fill!
Come up quickly, one and all!"
Good Lord! it was a strange sight,
How they pour'd up, one and all!

Forth the knives leap from their scabbards,
With a sharp and hungry gleam,
Fiercely lightning in the sun-glare—
Then a shudder and a scream:
Dying faces dropp'd all round me,
Staring like a nightmare dream.

For at once the whole assembly
In close fight were dash'd about;
Old and young, and strong and feeble,
Hurl'd in one confusèd rout—
One wild chaos, ever shifting,
Of fierce faces, yell and shout;

Cursing, stamping, wrestling, tugging;
Deadly clash of weapons bare;
Lips compressed in rigid passion;
Cries that stunn'd the shuddering air;
Blood, confusion, madness, terror,
Frenzy, agony, despair!

Thus we fought on, till our victims
Dropp'd down heavily, and died.—
Oh God! the deck was flooded
With a hot and scarlet tide;
Yea, the very sails were reeking,
Like the weapons by our side.

They lay there, gash'd and bloody,
Yet with scarce a look of pain:
So calm were their closed eyelids,
I could hardly think them slain;
But the silence that suceeeded
Fell like lead upon my brain!

I stood as one death-stricken;
For methought the sky o'erhead
Was throng'd with awful faces,
Looking down at me in dread:
Below, the terrible ocean
Seem'd one universal red.

But we laugh'd, and drank, and feasted,
And we danced and yell'd for glee,
And trampled down the dead men
In our fiendish jubilee.
Their stillness made us shudder;
So we flung them in the sea.

PART II.

Down, down they sank, and vanish'd,
With a dull and heavy motion;
Down, down, like thunder-bullets,
In the flat and sheeted ocean.
A few black beads came hurrying up,
As if in wild commotion.

ıe sea seem'd waken'd
›or long and deep;
ınd wail'd, and over
ce 'gan to creep
heaving,
who stirs in sleep.

'eeze in earnest!
s gasp overhead!
fill! No longer
g down gaunt and dead."
;ust came panting,
ł ship forward sped.

l-crested billows,
unge, and leap, and play,
things; while round them
the silvery spray.
o quench the frenzy
we've had to-day!"

until sunset,
› old stoic, Time,
ıken-headed folly,
th unmeaning rhyme.
›und that Vengeance
r unto Crime.

sharp horizon
d of wondrous height,
thin its bosom
s noon-day night—
blackness
livid veins of light.

got up and panted,
grew ghastly pale
ıite foam, and shifted
with restless wail;
ıd sank, and shudder'd,
me coming gale.

g noise swept onward,
sounds into one.
:e agonised faces,
n did wildly run.
› in the iron twilight
›loody-visaged Sun.

d Lord, full at us,
and woful gleam.
aw their faces
of every beam,
ı times repeated;
›'d down with a scream.

But the coming tempest roused me
Into action: else I might
Have lain there until doomsday,
Lost to sense and motion quite.
So up I rose—but not
Until the Sun was out of sight.

Part III.

Away! The winds seem frantic,
And the waves are mad with pain;
How they writhe, and boil, and wrestle,
And heave up, and sink again!
Rave on! This outer tempest
Lulls the tempest of the brain.

And now the darkness open'd
With the lightning's horrid grin.
Again the dead men's faces,
Swarming, swarming far within
The path of the quick red fire!
These thy wages are, O Sin!

The darkness closed around us.
Then a voice was heard, which said:
"For six days shalt thou wander
Through this Ocean of the Dead:
On the seventh, the dark waters
Shall unite above thy head.

"Ye have strangled your own being:
'Gainst yourselves ye do rebel:
Ye have wed with Death, the Spectre
And Destroyer: ye must dwell
With stark annihilation,
Wherein lies the deepest Hell."

It ceas'd—that deadly whisper:
The deep ocean heard the sound,
And hung its head, and listened:
The winds stopp'd in their wild bound,
And laid them down in quiet,
For the Shadow of Death hung round.

The blood in our hearts stopp'd beating,
And the very air fell dead;
The wheels of Life lay moveless;
And behold! when darkness fled,
The sky, my God! was crumbling
Slowly, slowly overhead.

Oh, drearily the ocean
Stretch'd away beneath the eye;
Oh, drearily above us
Hung the blind and ghastly sky;
Oh, drearily did all things
Like a curse upon us lie.

The livid light it shrivell'd,
As it fell upon the sea,
And turn'd to loathsome creatures,
Staring forth full drearily:
But all were dead and moveless—
Dead and moveless as the sea.

Ever and anon we floated
Past some swampy island's ledge,
Where strange trees, black and jagged,
Leant across the water's edge:
But there was not air sufficient
To upheave the drowsy sedge.

And once we pass'd alongside
Of a low and sandy creek,
Where a man lay, dead or sleeping,
And his mouth was very meek:
But there was not air enough
To stir the dust upon his cheek.

Still slowly moved we onward
Through the black and waveless deep;
And still the heavy silence
Over everything did creep—
The heavy, heavy silence,
And the dull and dreamless sleep!

We could not talk to cheer us,
For our speech had vanishèd;
—Nor stir: sweet Life, the Angel,
From our bodies forth had fled;
—Nor think; or if we thought,
It was of Death and of the dead.

So pass'd the first six days.
Upon the seventh, when the sea
Ope'd, and we felt our vessel
Sinking down perceptibly,
I heard my own heart praying;
And at first it startled me.

It cried: "Oh, Heaven, hear me!
Give me back again my breath!
Oh, let me not be mated,
Like a beast, to beastly Death.
It is for Life—for Being—
That my spirit hungereth!

"Let me live, oh Heart of all things,
Whom to Love means but to Know;
Let me live, that I may see Thee
Plainly, even here below;
Let me live, Thou wondrous Life-fount,
Though Life bring extremest woe!

"Death's beginning is its ending:
Life, in thousand different ways,
To higher Life attaineth,
Opening vistas through earth's haze,
Till mortal vision faileth
In the glory and the blaze.

"Oh, let me catch some portion
Of the Life that lies within
The earth, and sky, and ocean!
—I will love my kith and kin,
And in rivers of repentance
I will wash away my sin."

I ceas'd.—The ship sank lower,
And I gave a quick, sharp scream;
And lo, the ghastly vision
Dropp'd from off me like a dream:
The breath of Life made music
In my heart. 'Twas bliss extreme.

I stood outside my cottage
On the yellow ocean sand:
Fresh breezes from the water
Went a-dancing o'er the land:
Singing to the red-lipp'd sea-shells,
Throbb'd the white waves on the strand.

Each sight and sound about me
Dropp'd a blessing on my head:
The fierce and moody devil
From my blood had vanishèd;
Heaven's breath fells weetly on me;
And I felt that Death was dead.

The Duty of Hope.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

Of "the pleasures of hope" much h
been finely said and much more fin
sung; but the prosaic and humbler side
the subject has been seldom approach
perhaps even seldom meditated. T
mere faculty and power of hope, as a m
tal and moral constituent of the hum
being, implies, as even the tyro in lo
may conceive, a right in man to indulg
its visions, however luxurious; but
right can exist without a co-relation
duty, as its natural precedent and necess
sequel. The practice of claiming a ri
without acknowledging the responsibili
involved in its possession, forms one
the general evils that equally afflict b
society and individuals. Moral and p
tical reasoners, indeed, much insist on t
and proceed at once to remind the ow
of a right, that he has also conseqt

ies, which it is at his peril to forget. e possessor of power or property be- nes indeed tyrannic, if, while advancing former, he neglects to satisfy the latter. thing, in the world's history, neverthe- s, has been more common; and all the olutions that have been needful to nge the face of affairs, have been found, en philosophically examined, to be ing mainly to this cause. But, how arly soever the principle just announced y seem to manifest itself in its political l moral relations, we are wont strange- to overlook it, in reference to the state l condition of our intellectual develop- nt, though nothing perhaps can be more portant than the application of it, as a v, to the subject of education, which, these times, has become one of the eatest interest and most serious consi- ration. We cannot then better employ small portion of thought and time, than casting what light we can on this neg- ted, though highly fruitful, topic.

Nothing is more certain than that people general are far from thinking it a duty exercise and improve those faculties th which they are gifted; nay, there are any who may even think it a presump- on. This is a poor and miserable way dealing with our talents. Wherefore ould we, say they, cultivate memory, ncy, imagination, when, for the routine ties of our position, the small amount of velopment that we now enjoy is quite fficient? Wherefore? we reply, that you ay be thereby empowered to fulfil still gher duties, and be still more beneficial the sphere of your influence! The uestion only betrays a self-satisfied indo- nce, and the dispute is merely one be- ween idleness and industry. Such per- ons are, in fact, as neglectful of their ghts as of their duties. They sink into a egree of deadness in regard to both, and ave voluntarily surrendered their privi- ges as living beings. They grow not ither in statue or in grace, but make hemselves dwarfs in spite of nature's pur- oses, from the sheer perversity of inac- ion, and the rebellious supineness of a natic resolution. It is, to some extent, a pecies of suicide.

It may, however, be said that, touching he faculties of memory, fancy and imagi- ation, the inaction may simply arise from want of ambition, and that all men are not alled upon to be professors of science or writers of verse. This may be; yet this would not absolve an individual in refus- ng to instruct his soul with knowledge, or to secure his delight in the same by preserving its results in expressive symbols for future uses. But in regard to the faculty of which we are treating, namely, hope; it is, in its immediate effects, purely of a personal character. Without it there is no spring to human endeavour; no man would lift a little finger to perform the most trifling action unless in expectation of some future good to himself or others. We should scarcely care to live through the day were we not capable of conceiving some promise for to-morrow, or could we despair of to-morrow's coming at all. What though yesterday deceived us, to-morrow may realize our wishes. And thus, from day to day, from first to last, we pursue some phantom of human happiness, which, even if it be illusion, is occupation and exercise. It is the rule of our life, indeed, that the game which we start and run down, however valuable, shall be less pleasing than the chase itself to the hunter; who finds his reward not in the prey which he has secured, but in the quickened eye, the lengthened breath, and the firmer nerve which he has acquired by the labour and the sport, What then though it be proved that, while

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
> Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest,"

if the waters from the fountain of hope must, to maintain their healthy condition, continue to flow? To stop the fountain is to lose the river—to convert the river into a lagune were to render it little better than a stagnant pond—the one were mere privation, the other perpetual annoyance and unwholesome irritation. No; better it is to recognise the existence of the faculty and permit its natural operation. And to this *passive* indulgence of it there will probably be found few objectors.

But it is to the *active* improvement of the mental power in question that we desire to direct attention. There are, unfortunately, people who persist in looking on the gloomy side of things; who refuse to anticipate the future except with fear, or merely negative hope. Their expectations are modest, and they calculate only on receiving the smallest possible sum of good, in order that they may not be deceived, and slavishly limit their aspirations by the standard of the probable recompense. Strange infatuation!—which precludes, by the mode of proceeding, the possibility of a larger reward in a previous resolution not to merit more than the smallest. Nay, worse; since the laws by which the process of hope is regulated are eternal and irresistible; and since, by virtue of those laws, the promises of hope, however small, must exceed the performance of them by fortune; the suicidal mania against which we are warning the reader, probably precludes any amount of recompense at all. And thus individuals of this sort pass the best period of their lives in a state of *vis inertiæ*, and suffer perpetual *ennui* from the

want of occupation. Ultimately they sink into despair or idiotcy, and, in either case, fall out of the rank of rational beings.

Much happier, of course, is a disposition to contemplate the world at its brightest aspect. Persons of this turn of mind will, contrary to every reasonable ground of expectation, cherish and encourage in themselves the most delusive and extravagant hopes. Theology recognizes cases in which even this mode of proceeding is lawful; in which the truly pious are indeed called upon, as a religious duty, to "hope against hope." But in relation to merely mundane affairs, there is not, and cannot, from the nature of the thing, be any such rule. Hope here must submit to reason, like a truly amiable bride that wins best by yielding most, and admits into her councils, prudence as her bridesmaid and wisdom as her mother. What we mean then by the duty of hope, is no obligation to encourage the habit of castle-building in the air, or dreaming in the daytime with the eyes open, too often to the exclusion of that work in which consists the only valid assurance of prosperity. No! but by recognizing the existence of the power, and the right of its exercise, to suggest the expediency of properly regulating its operation, so that on the one hand it may not fall into desuetude, or on the other fructify into extravagance. We would place too the duty of so regulating the faculty among the active rather than the passive duties, that reason may be preserved in a condition of vigilance, and attention kept constantly alive to its operations, so that they may be, in all cases, beneficially conducted, and, in particular, preserved from diseased development. For we shall do well to remember, as the elegant Burke calls upon us to do, "that great parts are a great trust; and that mistaken or misapplied virtues, if they are not as pernicious as vice, frustrate, at least, their own natural tendencies, and disappoint the purposes of the great Giver." Such foretaste of happiness as man can command in his present earthly state, depends on activity, and "not," as Sir James Macintosh justly observes, "upon torpor, not upon sentimentality, but upon the due exercise of our various faculties." "In this state of man's life," says Lord Bacon, "God and angels alone should be lookers on."

Moreover, we all the more insist upon the activity of the duty, in order to counteract some incorrect notions which the young especially conceive from the study of romance. The best writers of fiction are not free from censure in this respect. None can have a higher respect than we for Miss Frederica Bremer, whose stories are sometimes transcripts from actual life, only a little idealized; but concerning our present argument she has a tale, entitled "Hope," which, however beautiful in other respects, offends against the stern and stubborn facts of experience. After describing her hero as one whose only guide in the pilgrimage of life was "hope," and acknowledging at the outset that its "path is rough and stony and hard to tread," she makes him surmount the great difficulty of his position, not by successful exertion, but by lucky accident. His curiosity leads him to stand at his window, and his opposite neighbour recognises and delivers him from a state of hopeless destitution. Not such are the ordinary experiences of life, and the young mind should be cautioned against trusting in such chances for emancipation from hard work, or, what is still worse, the want of work, the absence of employment. The rough and stony path of actual existence is not to be travelled without labour, and men must, in one sense or other, either work or beg their way along it, in all conditions, to the prosperous and adverse, or lie down and perish. For even if the evils of the physical man may by chance be thus assuaged, there are intellectual and moral eminences yet to be conquered; and if these remain unwon, the last estate of such a person, though saved from the ordeal of poverty and labour, must needs be worse than the first. Let us then look at the subject in its whole extent, and not deceive ourselves by a partial examination. Hope is not to be abused, and made an excuse for indolence, but a motive for activity. "It is not the man," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "who looks around him from the top of a high mountain at a beautiful prospect, on the first moment of opening his eyes, who has the true enjoyment of that noble sight; it is he who ascends the mountain from a miry meadow, or ploughed field, or a barren waste, and who works his way up to it, step by step, scratched and harassed by thorns and briars, with here a hollow that catches his foot, and there a clump that forces him all the way back to find out a new path; it is he who attains to it through toil and danger, and with the strong contrast on his mind of the difficulties he has encountered; it is he who enjoys the beauties that suddenly blaze upon him; they cause an expansion of ideas, in harmony with the expansion of the view; he glories in its glory, and his mind opens to conscious exaltation; such as the man who was born and bred on that commanding height, with all the loveliness of prospect and fragrance, and variety, and plenty, and luxury of every sort, around, above, beneath, can never know, can have no idea of."

Such then is the advantage of being born in a condition of life which makes

exertion needful; such is the office of hope —to supply motion and stimulus for such exertion; and such the duty of improving the privilege which, by the benevolence of nature, has been confided to the stewardship of man.

The Disagreeable Lodger.

A Tale of Rustic Life.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Annie Rickworth was only a farmer's daughter; but Annie Rickworth was a very pretty girl. Every body thought so; and I believe that Annie had some little notion of the fact herself, though, when people insinuated as much, she would of course receive their opinions with the usual "La, now, what nonsense!" and the "How you do *go on!*" &c. &c., followed by a pretty titter of confusion, a stray glance at a looking-glass perhaps, or a little twitching of a ringlet.

Annie was not very tall, but of what one would call a pretty *dancing* height; of slender, yet rounded proportions, and that ease of movement constituting natural grace. Her falling shoulders, and classically formed head, with glossy brown hair wreathed around it; her dark almond-shaped eyes, whose richly fringed lids reposed upon cheeks which, when unexcited, boasted no more than the white-rose tint; were said to be rather perilous objects of contemplation to the young men of the neighbourhood. Her slender nose was a trifle perhaps of the aquiline, and the little bud of a mouth might have been suspected of pouting, only that just as the suspicion was awakened, it would sink into all manner of smiling dimples, as though saying, "La, I was only in fun;" and then at such times the dark fringed eyelids would be raised, and the spirit of the almond-shaped eyes would press forth, and *then*—oh, I believe you!

Annie had two sisters; of course Annie was the youngest as well as the prettiest, which, had she been the heroine of a fairy tale, would have been but right and proper, you know; but Annie was no heroine; she was, as has been already stated, only a farmer's daughter, the scene of our story being nothing more than a farm-house. I have said that Annie had two sisters, but I have not yet announced that they were about to be married; such, however, was the case, and the Misses Rickworth had each her suitor—her betrothed—her sweetheart—her young man; and was to be led to the hymenial altar—to be wedded—to enter the pale of matrimony—to be *spiced*, according as the taste, usage, and notions of the reader may prefer to express it.

Having endeavoured to describe one pretty girl, I fear I have scarce nerve for a repetition of what must, after all, be but matter of taste; to vary the subject, therefore, I must be allowed to introduce the partners in perspective of these two village belles.

Mr. Peter Pennythread then, being distinguished not only by the acceptance of Miss Jane Rickworth, but universally allowed to be the "glass of fashion" and "observed of all observers," in the village of Merrivale, justly claims my first attention.

This young gentleman had recently quitted a dashing emporium of fashion in London, to set up on his own account in the country; his newly-opened shop glowed triumphantly with all the varied hues that judiciously selected haberdashery could boast of displaying; and many a dress-loving maiden, as she contemplated the bright array of fluttering ribbands, delicate laces, rich silks, and curiously worked collars, would sigh, as whispering to herself that Miss Jane Rickworth was a lucky girl. No great compliment to the merits of the gentleman, perhaps; however, we must let that pass, for Mr. Pennythread had far higher recommendations in the eyes of his Dulcinea; indeed, she always gave out that he was a very superior sort of person, and when in London, had moved in first-rate fashionable society; had been often to the Surrey theatre and Astley's, which of course made him a judge of acting; indeed, he had once or twice acted himself at a private theatre; whether as *Cato* or *Harlequin* she wasn't quite sure (Mr. P.'s leaps over the counter, to save the trouble of going round, might have suggested the latter); but she knew it was some such great character. Mr. Pennythread was poetical too; oh, I assure you he would make riddles and charades with anybody, and acrostics upon the name of Jane, which was undoubtedly very gallant, at all events; and once or twice, some effusions of his had adorned the columns of a county paper, sometimes on a "maiden's smile," sometimes on a "maiden's tear," sometimes on a "charming maid," sometimes on a "cruel maid;" and as they were always signed P. P., some people thought that meant "Pretty! Pretty!" the young boarding-school ladies especially.

Mr. Pennythread was extremely natty in his habiliments, and sported a great diversity of ties and under-waistcoats, though, to be sure, considering they were always at hand, that was not to be so much wondered at. It was a pity that Mr. Pennythread's coat was made so tight in the

arms, because, as they depended from his shoulders, the idea was always suggested of his having borrowed those of somebody else, that were extremely shy of being on terms of easy acquaintance with his sides. Whether he was handsome or not, must have been, after all, mere matter of taste; he was short of stature, and of small dimensions, which was to be regretted, on account of his head being somewhat of the largest; his complexion was pale and freckled; his eyes and eyebrows very light; and his nose something of the bottle kind; his hair, which he occasionally combed with his fingers, was of the hue that vulgar people designate carrotty, and which Miss Jane would sometimes tenderly hint might be dyed; and though the gentleman disapproved of the measure, it was the general opinion that, when Miss Jane should have become his "better half," she would not only have her way about dyeing Mr. Pennythread's hair, but would perhaps often "comb his head" into the bargain!

As for Miss Betsy, the second sister, she was well content to take up with Bob Bunch, who united the respectable calling of market-gardener and greengrocer, with much credit and profit to himself. He was a good-natured, rosy-faced young man, whose appearance afforded much promise of future rotundity and good fellowship; his features were not remarkable for anything but a very wide mouth, ever ready for astonishment, admiration, an overpowering roar of laughter, or a jolly glass with anybody disposed to share it with him; for Bob was no teetotaller—a circumstance often mentioned by Mr. Pennythread with a sigh.

"In course," observed Bob Bunch, "in course, my dear Betsy, I know's as Pennythread's a precious good cut above the like o'me: he's quite tip-top you know, on account of his coming from Lunnon; where he went to the the-a-tur, an Hashley's, Bartlemy Fair, an all them genteel places: as for me, Betsy, you'll never see me no otherwise than you see me at this here moment (here Mr. Bunch took a long draught of beer), and I can only say, my gal, that what I hoffer you, is a snug house, an a tidyish business, an a onest art."

Such were the two pair of lovers occupying farmer Rickworth's cleanly sanded parlour one fine summer afternoon. There were gay bow-pots in the highly polished grate, and flower-pots by the door, that opened by a little white-paled garden to the high-road: above it hung a cage enclosing a blackbird, merrily trilling forth his sweet, heartsome song, and by the side of which Annie loved dearly to sit with her work, and she was there at that moment; and her work happened to be a grey worsted stocking of her father's, in which she was very dutifully employed in mending a hole. And the old farmer himself was there, in his high-backed wooden chair, a mug of beer at his side, and a pipe in his mouth; for farmer Rickworth was a fine sturdy old fellow, and strictly adhered to all his old ways—among the rest, his old pipe; he called it his "gun;" and when he told Annie to fetch him his "gun," he would call her Annie-Nannie, a sort of coaxing repetition, it is presumed, suggested by the overflowing of paternal fondness. He was now established on the other side of the open door, opposite to Annie, the other being further back in the apartment. The worthy farmer had lost his dame some years back; but he still loved that cheerful sunny room, where he inhaled the fragrance of his own hay field, and viewed from thence his cattle and sheep tranquilly browsing; and would turn with satisfaction and gratitude to Heaven to look upon those of his family yet spared to him.

His glance now rested upon his youngest daughter, as she sat before him, quietly drawing forth her long needlefull of grey worsted. "Come, come, Annie; Annie-Nannie, what are you arter? All behind gal, all behind! You knows as them gals and their sweethearts will be wanting their slops (the farmer's polite term for tea) afore they fetches their walk. Come, come, be alive, gal; be alive! How do you do, mister?" This salutation was addressed to a genteel young man, at whose approach Annie hastily arose to prepare the "slops," in another part of the room.

The visitor, who had glanced rather with embarassment towards the female part of the company, and had appeared much relieved by the removal of Annie, now approached with a smile that added much to the native beauty of his countenance: he was of pleasing figure and address; though his habiliments denoted straightened circumstances, his coat being what I believe is called "seedy," and the rest of his attire, though with scrupulously clean linen, exhibiting all the tokens of a struggle with incompetent means.

Before we proceed, it may be as well to state that this young man was a Mr. George Forester, who had about six months previously arrived in the village from a distant part of the country, and was unknown to all but Josiah Crib, the attorney, whom he served in the capacity of clerk, and that Mr. Crib not being able to accommodate his assistant in his own house, had applied to farmer Rickworth, who at the time happened to have a room to let in his. Now this was a proceeding that had occasioned much village conversation, imputing extreme censure to farmer Rickworth for admitting to his house a

an so good-looking, poor, and de-
withal, when he had remaining at
ee young, single, and handsome
s—to be sure two of them were
be engaged; but what of that?
e people would talk; and wasn't
nie? she was not engaged; and
tiest of the three! Ah! there was
r now to guide the family. Had
r, bustling Dame Rickworth been
g, such an improper arrangement
ever have taken place: she would
ve allowed such a thing! No,
wouldn't. Annie so young and so
nd the lodger young—wasn't it
! and good-looking too. How
ble! Farmer Rickworth was a
t of man, no doubt; a really very
t of man in his way, but no more
e the charge of young daughters
, and then they all suddenly found
it was no business of theirs; which
ht have found out before they be-
saved themselves so much trouble;
then would have become of the
nversations.

return to farmer Rickworth and
r.

in mister; walk in," said the
fter his blunt fashion.

nk you, sir," replied the young
th an air of diffidence. "I'm
haste, and only looked in just
the little account between us.
ught you had been alone, Mr.
h," and the young man as he
lanced timidly towards Jane and
rning his back most determinately
nie. "Mr. Rickworth," he con-
urning over a few shillings; "I
ettle weekly, and I think you will
to be correct."

, there now!" replied the farmer,
in't no call for you being so
I never see sitch a chap as you
ny part and portion! tan't no
' consequence if 'tan't convenient
added, scanning involuntarily the
orry garment, and with an intui-
acy of which he was scarcely con-
s quickly withdrawing his eyes..
, Mister Forester," he continued;
, sir; never mind them gals; hap
e a cup o' their slop, hey?'

I thank you, farmer," replied the
in, colouring deeply as he turned

, then, hap you'll take a drop
Don't say no now, if you will.
ing a glass."

, Mr. Rickworth," said the youth,
be unsocial neither: here's your
th, sir."

kee, thankee: that be hearty

Bob Bunch; who, upon the introduction of more beer, ventured to leave the side of his dear Betsy. Mr. Pennythread, being a tee-totaller, of course remained where he was; and George Forester, after a little sociable conversation with farmer Rickworth, in which the two young men occasionally joined, shook hands cheerfully with them, bowed very stiffly and coldly to the Misses Rickworth, and, without taking the slightest notice of Annie, took his departure.

He was scarcely out of hearing when Miss Jane began—"What a disagreeable creature!" she exclaimed.

"I'm sure I quite hate the sight of him," said Miss Betsy.

Annie, who was poring more closely than ever over the stocking, which she had resumed, was silent.

"I can't think, father," continued Miss Jane, "how you came to take such a disagreeable lodger."

"Downright rude to us all three," chimed in Miss Betsy. "As for Annie—he quite—"

"La! Betsy," said Annie, at last, "I'm sure I don't care."

"Of course you don't, dear," exclaimed both sisters in a breath; "but to see that disagreeable, disgusting fellow, with his stiff, proud ways—to be sure he does just manage to lift his hat from his formal looking head when he meets us; and he takes care to keep as much out of our way as he possibly can; and as for poor Annie, I'm sure I saw him but the other day cross the road that he might'nt meet her, and I don't think he has spoken to her once since he has been in the house. Has he now, Annie?"

"La! Jane, what does it signify?" replied Annie, with a toss of her pretty chin; "I wish you wouldn't talk of the disagreeable creature at all."

"He can talk fast enough to Mrs. Crib and her sister, old Miss Tabitha Mumblewell," observed Mr. Pennythread; "ay, and walk with them too. I'm sure they all three came into my shop t'other day, as gay as you please; but I really think his behaviour to Annie—"

"Now, Mr. Pennythread," interrupted Annie, the white-rose of her cheek deepening considerably; "I must request, sir, that you don't say anything more about that disagreeable young man."

Annie spoke and looked with such an air of pretty offended dignity as to attract even the notice of her father, who professed, according to his own frequent boast, "never to mind them gals, when they was all a gabbling together."

"Hillo! hillo!" he now exclaimed, "what be ye arter there, all on ye? a hauling folks over the coals as soon as their backs be turned. The chap be a good chap; an a steady chap; an a always

pays right an reg'lar—a' jist what old Crib said he was, all upright an downright, an no mistake: only jist 'cause a don't go a jabbering, an a gallivanting 'bout wi' a parcel o' gals—Hollo, Annie! hey my little Annie-Nannie! don'tee look so glum, lass; thee'llt never get married if thee doo's."

"La! father," replied Annie, rather pettishly, "I don't wish to be married—I shall stay with you—I never mean to marry."

"Oh, don't thee! That be quite another thing, sartinly;" observed her father, with sly gravity, settling himself in his chair. "Thee don't never mean to marry—till thee's ax'd; eh, Annie-Nannie?" The worthy farmer was so tickled with this very novel stroke of wit, that he fairly chuckled himself into a violent fit of coughing. "Ay, my little Annie-Nannie," continued he, when he recovered, "never do thee mind: thee be a good girl, bless'ee! and I pray thee may'st always remain so. It be but a dirty world to walk in sometimes sure-ly; but you see there be one straight path, Annie, as goes through it all the way—it be called common honesty; it be precious narrow sometimes, to be sure; but while you walk in't you'll be sure to keep your footing, and not be draggled by the mire o' dirty ways; and by keeping yourself clean i' this world, you'll be fit for another, as I've often told you: as for anything else, my child, why, it be—it be—dang it! I beant no schollard, it be—all gammon."

Having arrived at this conclusion, the worthy farmer crossed his legs, and with his pipe in his mouth, continued to smoke with all the dignity of an English farmer upon his own freehold.

Meanwhile the two pair of lovers sat apart; they had all four their heads on one side—the heads of lovers are, I believe, usually so; indicative, perhaps, of their being a little on the *turn*. It was sunset; and beaming with all the subduing associations of that delightful hour. Mr. Pennythread was the first to make an observation, in a low voice, to his own fair one, about the evening sky, and the song of the nightingale in the lone vale, which, ending in a proposal to take a little stroll, the pair of lovers set forth arm-in-arm, and in appropriate sentimental mood. Mr. Bunch looked after them for a minute; but not presuming to emulate his genteel relative in perspective—simply remarked that there had been a fine growing shower, and asked his dear Betsy if she would not like to "fetch a walk," and see "how the cabbages and inguns comed on." As for farmer Rickworth, he appeared to suddenly recollect something, as, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he started from his chair, saying, "By goles! he must look arter them men," and was soon stumping across the farmyard.

Thus Annie, poor little "Annie-Nannie," was left quite alone—for Annie had no lover to ask her to take a pleasant evening walk. Many wondered that pretty Annie Rickworth hadn't a lover; and I shrewdly suspect that Annie had some little private wonderment upon that subject herself; more than perhaps she was exactly conscious of. She remained for a little while, still pondering over her father's worsted stocking, but somehow her work didn't progress. She couldn't help every now and then looking up to observe to herself, what a sweet evening it was, and how pleasant it would be to have somebody to walk with. Both her sisters were engaged, so that she had no companion now; and Annie looked out at the beautiful scene, but she quickly drew in her head again, with deepened colour, and anger in her pretty face—for she had just seen her father's "disagreeable lodger." However, his back was to her, for he was going from the house, and walking very fast; and Annie was very glad that the disagreeable man hadn't seen her. Nevertheless, though he was gone, she closed both door and window, and seated herself to resume her work; but I don't know how it was, everything about her appeared to have combined to oppose her notable resolve; everything appeared to have become what is called "sixes and sevens." Her thimble and scissors were both "absent without leave;" the kitten, after rolling and tangling the ball of worsted, in every perplexing direction, had concluded its exploits by creeping inside the stocking, and making holes for its own private amusement. Annie had, of course, lost her favourite darning needle; and as with the one she substituted she continued to perforate her finger, without improving her work, she at length threw it down in a pet, and magnanimously resolved to run up stairs to her own room, lock herself in, and indulge in a good hearty cry about—she didn't exactly know what.

Oh, Annie! Oh, Annie-Nannie! And what on earth can make you, as you are sitting on the side of your little tent-bedstead, what can make you sob, and sob, in that desperate way? Ar'nt you ashamed of yourself, Annie-Nannie? I believe Annie kept asking herself this question, now and then, between her heart-rending sobs, and was as glad as a blubbering girl could be, that nobody saw her; but that she had what young maidens call a good comfortable cry all to herself. Still, what was it all about? Was it because her two sisters were going to be married? —fie! That would have been wrong—wicked! Because she hadn't any one to

walk with? that would have been foolish. It certainly wasn't because her father's disagreeable lodger behaved to her with such marked rudeness: oh! no, no! She was glad of that—quite glad! She had such a dislike to him! Umph! there was no love lost, she could tell him, a disagreeable fellow!

And here Annie's indignant feelings greatly contributed to the recovery of her composure; and a glimpse of herself in her little, light, tumble-about looking glass, contributed a good deal more to that desirable end: since, to confess the truth, the white-rose tinted cheeks were terribly mottled and spotted; the pretty slender nose was swelled, as also were the almond-shaped eyes; so Annie, after thinking to herself that she felt better, and that it must have been the weather that had made her cry so, thought that she would leave off, and accordingly began twisting and arranging her dark brown hair before the glass, with just now and then, perhaps, a little convulsive sob, or slight sniff, as vestiges of the recent outbreak.

A trifling headache, being a very natural result, she opened the windows for air. How strange things happen sometimes! Just at that moment the disagreeable lodger returned, and Annie immediately drew in her head, for she knew what a fright she had made of herself, and his back wasn't to her now—to be sure it much signified what *he* thought of her looks. Good gracious, how she did hate the sight of that man! At the same moment she heard her father's voice below, calling about him in his usual bustling manner; and Annie, after having availed herself of nature's never-failing cosmetic, a plentiful bathe of cold spring water, unlocked the door, and ran down stairs, calling out, "I'm coming, father," in her usual cheerful voice. The two pair of lovers had also returned; and as Annie entered the apartment, her father, with an air of mock politeness, was pulling a front lock of his hair, saying, "Sarvant, gentle folks: and how be ye all by this time? and I hope as ye've found your way back agen, gentlefolks." Mr. Pennythread replied something about the "silver moon," and his "soul's divinity," with a glance at Miss Jane; and Mr. Bunch observed, "that things out o'doors looked pretty bobbish; taters seemed a coming about agin; and as for carrots—"

"What did you say, Mr. Bunch?" interrupted Mr. Pennythread, rather sharply.

Whereupon Mr. Bunch, glancing at that gentleman's hair, replied meekly, "Nothing peticular, Mr. Pennythread."

"Come, I say," continued farmer Rickworth, "Annie, what are ye arter? an't there nothin' for supper? Come, be alive, Annie-Nannie; be alive, gal. Don't shut the winder, Pennythread, unless you peticklar wish it; t'an't late, and it be pleasant like, to see the folks goin along. Hillo! mister, an't ye got no ticket for *me?* han't nobody left *me* a fortin, eh?"

This facetious inquiry was addressed to the village postman, who was just then passing on his evening rounds, and who, entering by the little garden gate, handed a letter through the open window, saying, "For somebody in your house, Mr. Rickworth, I believe."

"For Mr. Forester, father," said Jane, taking in the letter.

"What a wapper of a seal!" observed Mr. Bunch.

"Ay, an a black un," said farmer Rickworth; "some bad news, I'm afeard, poor lad!"

Annie, who we know joined heartily with her sister in detesting her father's disagreeable lodger, could not help, at the same time, feeling a sort of pang at the idea of his ill fortune, which, considering all things, was really very compassionate of her. Whatever was the import of this letter, the imposing appearance of which awakened much curiosity, and many suppositions hazarded by the two elder Misses Rickworth; it appeared on the following day that it promised greatly to influence the movements of him whom they chose to designate as the "disagreeable lodger," who, on his part, lost no time in acquainting the farmer that business of most serious importance summoned him to London immediately; that he did not, meanwhile, give up his apartment; for that he did not expect to be detained beyond a week—it might be somewhat longer—but that he hoped, on his return, to be able to inform him of the contents of the letter he had received; adding, with a shake of the hand, and a most expressive smile, that he did not think it would tend to break up their acquaintance.

Having paid a short visit to his late employer, Mr. Crib, George Forester departed for London that same day, leaving behind him the wondering conjectures of the two Misses Rickworth in particular, who, though mutually rejoicing at the absence of the ungallant, and therefore disagreeable lodger, felt doubly indignant at his thus tantalising their curiosity. As for Annie, she invariably echoed the sentiments expressed by her two sisters, and declared the day of his departure to be one of the pleasantest in her life; yet, on her father's announcing the lodger's intention of returning, she didn't add that she would be sorry for it; which, for certain reasons of our own, we must be allowed to observe was quite as well.

The term specified had been far exceed-

ed; but Mr. Crib had heard once or twice from the absent lodger; had himself been to London; had seen him; and had shaken hands with farmer Rickworth on his return, telling him with one or two chuckling nods, "just to wait a bit, that was all," to which the honest farmer, with a hearty hand-shaking had replied, "that he was glad on't, that he was." So much for pleasant inuendos and a lively imagination.

One day, however, when expectation was nearly rocked to sleep, and wonderment was beginning to yawn for want of stimulus, Miss Jane and Miss Betsy came bouncing into the parlour, where Annie was sitting alone with her needlework. Both were in a state of excitement, and both speaking at once, which is certainly not the method most favourable for arriving at the desired conclusion.

"Well, if ever!" exclaimed Miss Jane.

"Oh, really! I never!" shrieked Miss Betsy.

"I shouldn't have known him," screamed Jane.

"So improved!" bawled Betsy.

"So handsome!"

"In full mourning."

"In a smart chaise," they exclaimed alternately, till Annie succeeded at last in making herself heard.

"What? Who are you both talking about?" she demanded.

"Who, my dear? why the ——"

"The disagree——"

"No, Betsy, not now, I'm sure," interrupted Jane. "He came across the way to us from Mr. Crib's; not lifting his hat as if he was looking out of a vinegar-bottle with the poker run down his back, as he used to do, but coming and shaking hands with us."

"Yes," echoed Betsy, "shaking hands with us quite easy and genteel."

"So good-natured and merry too, I assure you," continued Jane; "I declare I didn't know him at first, dressed so smart, and looking so handsome as he did. And there, my dear, he asked after father, and Pennythread, and Bunch; but he didn't say a word about you, Annie."

"La! I'm sure I don't care," said Annie, pettishly.

"Well," observed Jane, "as he seems to have learnt manners since he's been in London, perhaps he'll make amends when he sees you, Annie."

"Yonder he is, in the hay-field, I declare, talking to father," said Betsy; "how pleased father does look! see—they're shaking hands; father can hardly let go his hand; I suppose he's agreeing to pay father higher for his room. La! and there's Bunch; I must run and tell him."

"And I'll run and tell Pennythread," exclaimed Jane.

Away flew the two girls; and almost immediately appeared farmer Rickworth, who, as he paced up and down, commenced a sort of rambling discourse, whether to himself, or to Annie, or the four walls, appeared at first rather uncertain.

"A said so," exclaimed the excited farmer, "a know'd a were a chap of a thousand; an now a's been a tellin on me all about un. Why a's feyther be the rich farmer old Forester there, up at Nettlebush; a goodish step fra' here it be. Why I know'd he, when we were both an us boys, thuf I were ne'er awer thick wi' un, he were always sitch a queer, unaccountable, strange chap; an tan't but a little bit agone, as he a tuk a second wife in his old age, an she a young wench too; a precious step-mother she made George —led him sitch a life, the varmint; at last she set the ould man so agin him, that he turned the poor boy out o' doors; so then George plucked up a spirit, and thought as how he'd seek his own fortin; an as he had some book larning, a went to Muster Crib to be a lawyer's clerk. An now only to think on't, the rich Muster Forester, the great builder, you know, Annie, as never had no family, a's George's own uncle; an now he have died, an a left George all his lot o' money, an all his big houses, every stick an stone, gal; that wur he letter you knows, an the black seal. Hi! hi! hi! why I be as pleased as Punch! an so now a's feather's taken to un agin, an they ha' made it up 'mongst 'em. An there a's been a tellin an me sitch a precious long rigmarole 'bout my having dasters living wi' me, which he didn't know till he comed, a said; and 'bout his being a young man as had no fortin, a said—a felt —*delicutly* situated, a said; thof I didn't think he looked partickler delicut, for my part; a thought a always looked brave an hearty like; bnt a said a was afeard it made him seem rude, an all that, to the young ladies. Ho! ho! ho! he called ye all ladies. Well, for my part and portion! Oh, an a said, if so be as I wud let un, a should like woundily to have some talk wi' you, Annie."

Oh! the quickness of female apprehension in some cases! White-rose tint, indeed! the cheeks were much more like two little bunches of carnations.

"With *me*, father?" exclaimed Annie (of course quite astonished).

"Why, yes; if you hadn't no objections, Annie-Nannie," replied the old man, archly; and as regarding her sudden change of complexion, he added: "To be sure, a tould un, as you thought un, *oncommon disagreeable*."

father, how could you——"
I don't know how it comed about,
aid as you didn't never mean to be
."
father——"
ould un as you meant to stay wi'
our born days."
v, father——"
ll un come in, then? A's waiting i'
len; shall I ax un to walk in, Annie-
?"
dear me! Really, father, in this
k — and my hair all so——"
e ran to the looking-glass for one
twitched at a curl, pulled at the
f her dress, gave one general sort of
; to her whole person, and turned
But her father had left the room;
re, bowing to her for the first time,
he disagreeable lodger! And then
rge Forester make amends for past
as explaining that, from the first
had beheld her, his heart had
l what, in his poor and dependent
in her father's house, honour had
his disclosing; and that, thus situ-
e had loved her far too well to
the slightest shadow of attentions
ght compromise her fair fame. And
id this, and much more to the same
Annie possessed too much virtue and
nse not to appreciate the purity of
nt that preferred her happiness, here
reafter, to a transitory passion end-
emorse; while she also learnt there-
espect him, and to respect herself
re, as thinking of days perhaps to
hen their respective glances should
tulate each other on the assurance
ual self-esteem.
how now! a sermon and a love scene
? Albeit, it is still addressed "to
hom it may concern," and has been
och of a new world unto millions,
nce this our old world was young.
now, Time, ever on the wing, how
flitted by since the return of him,
ly known as "the disagreeable lod-
The day has already arrived for
throw aside his mourning; and woo-
id weddings, white robes and wed-
wours, ribbons and streamers, hopes
ars, are lighting up young eyes, and
ng young hearts, like sunshine che-
g the green grass on a May morn-

ie was to have been bridesmaid to
f her sisters; but that was out of the
on now, for a particular reason, you
As to farmer Rickworth, he is the
st, happiest, of human beings, I as-
ou; only he keeps insinuating some-
about having a shocking cold in his
that makes his eyes water "oncom-
ad, sure-ly!" and he blows his nose
often, as he says "that he shan't
know the house agin, when them gals be
all gone; but howsundever, there'll be
Pennythread close by, jist there (and he
motions with his head over one of his
shoulders), and there'll be Bunch, ye know,
jist—out yonder (and he jerks with his
thumb over the other shoulder); and then
George has promised to bring Annie, his
little Annie-Nannie, to spend some months
i'the year wi' him, and he's to go and spend
some months wi' them: besides, old Mrs.
Dozey, his comfortable neighbour, ha'
promised to pop in o'arternoons, jist to
gi' him his 'gun,' and chat a bit, an sich
like."

At last the day arrived. Mercy! what
a ringing of bells, and hurrahing every-
where! for the "disagreeable lodger" made
himself vastly agreeable in giving every-
body ample cause to rejoice that he had
gained a fortune. Oh, he didn't do things
by halves, I can tell you! and when Annie
came out of church there was the carriage
(Ay, a little chaise-cart, I suppose). None
of your nonsense, reader—'twas a chariot!
a new, regular travelling chariot, and no
mistake; and then the "disagreeable" man
handed Annie into it—oh, Annie! how
could you put up with such shocking be-
haviour? and then the horrid, abominable
creature had the impertinence to take
his place by her side! the "disagreeable
lodger!" Oh, Annie—poor Annie-Nannie!
However, away they drove amid waving of
hats and handkerchiefs, and hip! hip!
hurrah!

Dear reader, unite in wishing them joy,
and there's an end of the story.

WATERLOO.

Hail, interesting spot! Hail, sacred field!
The palm of glory all to thee shall yield!
Nor pilgrims more devout at Mecca's shrine
E'er bowed, than British pilgrims shall at
thine.
For who this consecrated ground can tread,
Unmindful of the brave illustrious dead
That sleep beneath?
Rest, hallowed manes! To many a future
age
Your names shall live in history's proudest
page;
And pens immortal as your deeds shall tell
Where Picton, Ponsonby, and Curzon fell;
D'Oyly, De Lancy, Hamilton, and more
Than many an hour would take to number
o'er.
Natives of Brabant, wonder not to view
The British visitants at Waterloo;
Impell'd by motives of the noblest kind,

We come to share a banquet of the mind;
We come to examine for ourselves, and say
To our posterity, "On such a day,
I saw the place where Gallia's numerous bands,
The terror and the scourge of foreign lands,
Led by a captain of such mighty fame
That victory seemed familiar with his name,
Till Wellington destroyed the magic charm,
And beat him down with a superior arm;
After a long-contested, bloody fray,
Left us the victors of that well-fought day."
Yes, *us*—what Briton does not proudly claim
Kindred with those who earned so bright a name?
What feelings every object must convey,
As we recount the wonders of that day!
There stood the gloomy Corsican; afar
He viewed the dangers and the clash of war,
Himself in safety. Of his soldiers' blood,
Unsparingly he poured an ample flood;
Fiercely his legions flew to the attack,
But British courage firmly drove them back;
Fierce his artillery play'd a fiery shower;
The British columns still defied his power.
The line appeared an adamantine wall;
None fled, though many a gallant youth did fall.
The sight appall'd him, for now first he fought
With men who were not to be beat or bought.
With far less caution, but more glory, see
The noble Wellington at yonder tree,
Calmly directing, in the hottest fire,
His squadrons when to charge and when retire.
Feeling for all with true parental care,
Their lov'd commander did their danger share,
Some words of comfort dropping at each post;
The general's spirit animates the host;
The foe's manœuvres meet his anxious eye;
And where he sees the tempest rolling nigh,
To screen his soldiers from the coming storm,
Down on the ground he orders them to form.
The enemy comes on, and wonders where
The men they lately saw at present are;
Short their suspense, for in their astonished ears
"Up, guards, and at them," rings; a thousand spears
Start from the bristling corn, and British steel
Taught them their rash temerity to feel.
Impartial memory must admit the tale,
That long did victory hold a doubtful scale.
Fierce raged the conflict; steady as a rock,
Immovable, our squares sustained the shock
Of many a furious charge; each gallant band
Upheld the honour of their native land.
By danger undismayed, no ground they gave;
The soldier's station was the soldier's grave.
The page of history, with magic power,
Shall tell the important story of this hour;
And pointing to that memorable stage,
Describe the mightiest drama of the age,
Pregnant with incidents affecting, keen,
Renewing still the interest of the scene.
Methinks I hear a veteran warrior say,
"I was at Waterloo, that glorious day."
And as the listening circle stand and gaze,
What triumph animates the speaker's face!
Methinks I hear him earnestly relate
Some of the wonders of this field of fate;
With simple truth and honest feeling tell,
Here gallant Picton, there Ponsonby fell;
Yonder, in style that far transcends my praise,
Resistless charged the Caledonian Greys;
And as they made their terrible advance,
Struck panic through the cuirassiers of France.
Competitors in fame and service hard,
Follow'd the troops of England's household guard,
Led by the noble Anglesey, who gave
A limb to glory in the common grave.
Brunswick's brave duke, determined not to yield,
Increased the trophies of the bloody field.
Foiled at each point, the unsuccessful foe
Resolv'd his utmost fury we should know;
And like a losing gamester, in despair,
Napoleon staked his crown and empire there.
Maddening with rage, he called the imperial guard,
And bade them charge—his last, his fatal card.
Bravely the desperate order was obeyed,
And many an hero in the dust was laid.
Full in the cannon's mouth, the flower of France,
Despising death, continued to advance;
When suddenly a shout assailed our ears,
Which raised our hopes, and filled the foe with fears;
"Blucher!—the Prussians!" was the general cry;
"One effort more—we conquer or we die."
Tremendous was the rush along the line;
The Gallic bayonets the charge decline;
Appall'd, they pause—then in confusion fled,
Leaving the field encumbered with their dead.
There set the glory of Napoleon's sun;
The mighty stake was lost—the battle won.
Now over Waterloo's victorious plain

mes her unmolested reign;
ıarvests, gently bending, wave
ɜful trophies o'er the warrior's

r's steps have almost ceased to

ɜlios of the mighty dead.
years revolve, or time remains,
m visitors shall seek these plains;
h breast, to manly feelings true,
brave who fell at Waterloo.
ho keep constant vigil here,
sigh, recal the falling tear,
st monument that pity rears—
ratitude, a nation s prayers.

The Virginian.

ɜGEND OF OLD GLASGOW.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

t have been elbowed through the
ıres of busy Glasgow—may the
ɔwers of its inhabitants never be
; will recollect the comparative
quiet with which they perambu-
lagways of Virginia Street.
ɜalth and traffic of the city of
ıgo now flows through its main
rgyle Street, and the Trongate.
has set up her tabernacles in
ɔod Square and Woodside Cres-
there was a period about the mid-
ıe last century, when thatched
ɔccupied the site of the Royal
ɜ; closely-nibbled pastures that
ew Town; and Virginia Street
esidence of Glasgow's sovereign
ı, a company of merchants, who
onopolised the trade in tobacco,
it is still, an indispensable to the
ɣere, from the land of their com-
nominated Virginians.
vas the consequence of these lords
: merchants of other wares sunk
ɣnificance before them, and pre-
s would the burgher have been
d who ventured to address one of
ɣhty men, on their privileged walk
ɔss, still pointed out by tradition,
ɜy congregated for the display of
the dispatch of business, in scar-
and bushy wigs.
ı sensation would a company of
ɑ, similarly dressed, create at the
t in 1847 ? but the Virginians
ir distinctions as well, and main-
ɜm as tenaciously, as any modern
f the same good city.
; that exalted company, there was
ɔ wore the scarlet with a more
yet unforgetting sense of his own
ɜe than Mr. Robert Ruthven, who, in the year 1746, occupied a large corner house in Virginia Street, was just thirty-five, and a bachelor.

Mr. Ruthven was esteemed a great catch in his days; his father had walked on the high places of commerce, his brothers and sisters, who were numerous, had all formed fortunate connections, and dwelt around him in the same grave and steady town, attending to their business on week days, with the regularity of machines; and closing their windows and repairing to the kirk on Sundays, with a wholesome fear of the session and the compurgators.

Ruthven himself was a pattern of prudence and piety, after the fashion of his people and period; he had never been heard to swear, nor seen to drink too deeply, except at the company's quarterly dinners, where the Lord-Provost presided, and the Principal of the College said grace. Sounds of convivial revelry had never been known to proceed from his domicile on Saturday night, and no one had ever missed him from his pew in the High Kirk, in which he was a ruling elder, at either first or second service, without good and sufficient cause.

Moreover, he had never missed an opportunity of profit, nor ventured on a rash speculation; but rumours arose at length touching a contemplated change in his single state; he was observed to be a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Walter Denniston, the silk mercer of High Street, and he made no secret of the fact, that his visits regarded Jessie, the youngest and handsomest daughter of the mercer's family.

Jessie Denniston was just nineteen, but had early ripened into small but perfect womanhood; the girl was graceful of form, and comely of countenance, but she had a taste for finery, and a wild love of frolic, scarcely creditable to the daughter of a Glasgow merchant or the intended bride of a Presbyterian elder in those serious times. These tendencies, her half-English sisters and Scottish step-dame were pleased to say she inherited from her first mother, the worthy mercer having proved the liberality as well as the inexhaustible nature of his affections, by taking to himself three helpmates in succession.

The first was an English lady, who had brought him a large dowry, and left him two prudent and industrious daughters, with a small leaning to the Liturgy, but apt to think and do as they were bidden. The second was an Irish girl, who brought him nothing but two pleasant years, varied with some anxiety touching his household economy, and left him only Jessie; and at length, when his age was crowned with discretion, he wedded the third, a Scottish dame, who knew she was third cousin to a laird, whose grandfather

had fought for the Covenant; and she presided most judiciously over the family expenditure.

Poor motherless Jessie had scarcely a friend; her sisters regarded her as a kind of an interloper; the laird's cousin, her step-mother, did not approve of what she elegantly termed her "camsterie ways;" and from her father's brief leisure, she hardly heard anything but lectures on propriety, and the shorter catechism.

Mr. Ruthven had seen her, aye and Jessie had seen him, on his walks of honour at the Cross, where she passed daily to school; it might have been the very contrast of their charactors which fascinated both, but the prudent merchant only saw the girl was young and handsome, of fair fame and good connections. His relations shook their heads and said he might have looked higher; the old man was proud of the honour of the proposed alliance, and Jessie spoke more of the man's sense and judgment, and of his fine tall figure, and how long she would persuade him to wear his dark hair after their marriage, than of the wealth and importance of the great Virginian.

Things were in this state, when the year 1747 approached. The dawn of January, by most nations devoted to festive purposes, had long been celebrated by the people of Scotland, and particularly those of Glasgow, in a peculiar manner. As soon as the clock struck twelve, on the thirty-first of December, all the young men who had quietly waited for the hour, sallied forth, equipped with drinking materials, to treat whoever they pleased; no one thought of retiring to rest that night, and every house was open to the revellers.

Many small ceremonies and beliefs, regarding the first foot, and the first word, were connected with this festival; traces of which remain in the present day; but some influential divines having discovered, that the late rebellion was a judgment from God on the land "for overmuch forwardness in merrie-makins and countenancing papist customs in the observing of days," persuaded the magistrates of Glasgow to narrow the bounds of their presbyterian strictness to such a degree, that a proclamation was put up at the Cross, admonishing the inhabitants, to "abstain from that silly and sinful custom, practised in the days of darkness. An ilk ane to keep within his ain hame, to improve the season by prayer, for the kirk and ye kingdom of Scotland, or gang to bed, in a maist quiet and cristian-like manner: seeing that ony transgressor fand on ye street, after the town clock had chappit twelve, suld be hasled to the Tolbooth by the compurgators, and set in the jugs by ye kirk session."

This manifesto was received by the majority of the citizens, with that profound submission, attending every injunction supposed to emanate from the kirk; but a number of young apprentices, who already began to exhibit symptoms of that rebellion against magisterial authority, which afterwards burst forth in the celebrated Swinburne case, determined on a demonstration in favour of the old custom.

Accordingly, as soon as "the town clock had chappit twelve," in the refined phrase of the civic authorities, forth they went in wonted fashion, thundering at every door and waging many a stout battle with the night-watch and the compurgators.

That night, Mr. Ruthven sat alone in his back-parlour, turning over the leaves of a large Bible, with a wider yawn at every successive page; but just as the first chime sounded from the town, there came a smart tingle to the door-bell; another and another followed; the applicant was evidently impatient, and his servants had been early dispatched to their dormitories, so Mr. Ruthven with candle in hand stepped down to answer the summons himself.

Outside, stood two young men in high glee; one of whom producing the wonted bottle and glass, stepped forward, and tendered Ruthven the latter. "Begone," said the Virginian, rank and piety at once rising in his soul.

"Ah, noo, Mr. Ruthven, winna ye drink to the year yer to be merried in?" said the apprentice.

There was something in the voice that made Ruthven's anger pause, as a torrent of golden curls swept down from under the apprentice cap; but just at that moment, with a glare of torches, and a cry of "confound the wicked," a whole body of the kirk's myrmidons rushed to the spot.

Mr. Ruthven had a misgiving in his mind, but he knew it was not seemly to be seen in such a mêlée, and therefore, self-security for ever! he gave the apprentice a shove into the street, clapped to the door, and disappeared to watch the proceedings from his front window. He saw the pair run far out of sight, but their pursuers were on their track, and Ruthven soon learned, by the distant sounds, that both were captured. After which, the Virginian returned to his Bible, his prayers, and his bed, "in a maist quiet and cristian-like manner."

Next morning, all the breakfast-tables in Glasgow had a double savour imparted to their toast and red-herring, by the report that Jessie Denniston had been taken over night, by the compurgators, in the disguise of an apprentice, contrary to the baillies' proclamation, the rules of propriety, and the discipline of the kirk.

It was but too true; poor Jessie, in *an*

hour of mirth, some months before, had accepted a wager from her suitor, that he would know her under any disguise; and impelled by her natural love of fun, and the equally thoughtless persuasions of an Irish apprentice, whom her father, after many scruples, had taken into his warehouse, on the plea of his being a distant relation of the second Mrs. Denniston, had actually been imprudent enough to attempt offering him the new year's glass, and was now in the hands of both lay and clerical justice.

Great was the woe, the consternation, and, above all, the shame, in the house of the Glasgow silk-mercer; for the matter, however trifling in other eyes, was not one to be lightly passed over in that discreet and righteous town. Both magistrates and divines felt that an example was necessary. An ordinary offender would have been placed in the stocks on week-days, and in the jug on Sundays; but in consideration of Jessie's youth, and her father's respectability, the week-day discipline was left to paternal judgment, and the sackcloth exercise limited to a seat on the cutty-stool, with a most lengthy rebuke from the presiding divine; whilst the Irish apprentice was condemned to three months' residence in the Tolbooth, for grievously mauling the officers of the kirk and town, in vain endeavours to release from their grasp his unlucky companion.

Poor Jessie fulfilled her penance, as all the elders agreed, with signs of most exemplary contrition. What the domestic part of it was, history does not record; but we presume the worthy merchant came out strong in the lecturing-line; neither need it be doubted that there was a goodly gathering of the serious, on the Sabbath appointed, in kirk parlance, "for public satisfaction."

Every eye was turned on the young delinquent, who occupied her seat of humiliation, with a pale, worn face and eyes full of tears, which only once ventured to look up, amid the general stare, while the Rev. McClavers' rebuking powers were in free exercise; and that feeble glance was directed to Ruthven's pew, as if with a last hope that there might be some one there who would look less hardly upon her. But the Virginian was not in it: he was a ruling elder and a very respectable merchant, and neither his pride nor his prudence could tolerate the thought of being connected with a girl who had sat upon that dreaded stool, though but for a venial and thoughtless act, of which himself had been the cause. What would his relations — what would the people say?

Oh the discreetness and the cowardice of what men are pleased to call the affections! Ruthven did not appear at the Cross for three days; on the fourth, his servant left a note for Mr. Denniston, filled with all sorts of regrets for what had befallen the family, concluding with the announcement that the writer's attentions to his daughter were of course at an end.

That night, there was terrible confusion and fright in the house of the mercer; for some time, the cause could not be discovered; but, at length, it transpired that poor Jessie had been found, at dusk, quite dead, in her own bedroom, by her father. The event created a sympathy denied to her living days; for no one could doubt that grief and shame had done their work. But friends who were bidden to the funeral remarked that none were permitted to see the corpse. A loose-tongued servant observed that there were stains on the floor of that room which no sand could scour out; and the father, no matter how hurried his toilet might be, was sure to lock up his razors ever after.

These were fragments of a tale, which a respectable Scotch family could not allow to become public; perhaps they never reached Mr. Ruthven's ears, but on the following Sunday, he was in his pew, looking, if possible, more serious and attentive than usual, and the week-days found him at the Cross, in all the honours of his scarlet cloak and Virginian dignity.

As the year glided on, the whispers and surmises, regarding poor Jessie, gradually died away; it brought no change to Mr. Ruthven or the Dennistons, but both were observed to be more strict in the performance of their religious duties, and neither ever wished to meet, till an unexpected occurrence brought them once more together.

One gloomy evening towards the close of autumn, as the Virginian sat over his solitary toddy, wondering what could detain a ship laden deeply with his own merchandise, and then anxiously expected; he was surprised to hear a strange voice inquiring for him, and in stepped a sailor, who informed him that the "Queen of Scots" had just come to anchor at the Broomielaw, with a lady on board, who wished to see Mr. Ruthven, at the same time handing him a large, business-like letter.

With much astonishment did the Virginian read that long, but important, epistle, which ran in the form of a last will, leaving the testator's only daughter, and her dowry, in the guardianship of Mr. Robert Ruthven and Mr. Walter Denniston, and closed with the signature of John Cameron.

Ruthven recollected the name, as that of an old schoolfellow, who had grown up wild and graceless, and, some thirty-two years before, fled to America, to avoid the consequences of his share in the first Jacobite rebellion; subsequent rumours said

that he had grown rich by the slave-trade, and meant to purchase a plantation; but the sailor once more reminded Ruthven that the lady was waiting, and, with his wonted discretion, the Virginian hastened to consult his colleague.

Mr. Denniston also recollected Cameron; and as the lady was said to be rich in negroes and tobacco-fields, both felt the importance of the trust reposed in them, and hurried accordingly to the ship.

The lady had come ashore; she was tall and dark as a Creole might be; her features were not strange, but the face wore a singular expression of extraordinary gravity; but a shudder passed over the old mercer, and Mr. Ruthven started, when she said her name was Jessie.

She had brought with her considerable wealth, in the form of diamonds and old Spanish jewelry, which, she said, her father had bought at a great price from the Mexican merchants; and as the girl seemed entirely resigned to the will of her guardians, who congratulated themselves on finding their ward so manageable, it was arranged that she should permanently reside at the house of Mr. Denniston, as the most suitable home for her unprotected youth.

Great was the satisfaction which the laird's cousin and her step-daugher found in the grave and docile young orphan; every domestic arrangement, every family precept, was regarded by her as a law. In all religious exercises she was particularly forward, and the Rev. McClavers observed that "her thoughts, words, and actions were squared by the rules of prudence, and straighted by the plumb line o' grace."

Ruthven of course often visited his ward, and he was the only man of whom she seemed to take the slightest notice. At first, he said she "was an unco guid lass;" but as his words were listened to, and his coming waited for, the Virginian's vanity was engaged; and, besides, she was the heiress of a plantation. In short, it was observed that his visits were becoming as frequent to that house, as they had once been in the days of another Jessie.

The winter came, even as it does still to Glasgow, with long, sleety showers and palpable fog, and another year was approching, yet slowly but surely, as conviction comes to the Scottish mind, which, with all its faults, is most capable of being rationally convinced. Had a change passed over the dreams of the kirk and town-council, since poor Jessie's death? for it was determined that the compurgators should rest from their labours, and allow the old festival to take its ancient way.

In the meantime, preliminaries had been arranged between the guardians, touching the marriage of their ward; Mr. Denniston had given his consent, and though the bans were not yet published, nor even the wedding-dresses purchased, it was known, by the increased importance and industry of Mrs. Denniston, that the settlement was concluded.

The Tron clock had "chappit twelve" again on the last of December; Mr. Ruthven was in the wonted back parlour, looking over his accounts, with the title under his elbow; but his face was radiant, for the year's speculations had been fortunate; and the sum-total of his increased capital was cast up as the last chime sounded, and there came a tingle at the door-bell that made Mr. Ruthven start, as if he remembered something.

"It's only these silly New-Year's folks," said the Virginian, at length, taking up a candle, as the third ring had been given without response; and down he went to the door.

The night was pitch-dark; Glasgow was then but dimly lighted with oil lamps, that burned few and far between; but an opposite one shed its full light on two persons who stood without.

The faces of both were concealed by the caps and coarse woollen cloaks, at that period peculiar to apprentices; but one of them pressed forward, saying, in a low whisper, as he held up a flowing glass:—

"Ah, noo, Mr. Ruthven, winna ye drink to the new year ye'r to be married in?"

The Virginian sprang back, for his memory knew the voice; but the stranger followed, pressing the glass upon him; whilst his companion, who had now stepped in, throwing aside his cloak with one hand, and raising his cap with the other, looked fixedly up at Mr. Ruthven, as he pointed to a face ghastly as if from the grave, and a throat all gashed and bloody.

There was a long and piercing cry, as if wrung out by mortal terror, that roused the slumbering servants, and brought every soul in Virginia-street to their doors; but they found only Mr. Robert Ruthven stretched on the flags in his own darkened hall, with a countenance of freezing horror, and a vest all dabbled with some red liquid which his old servant averred could never be washed out of the garment.

Scarcely had they raised the man, when a messenger arrived from Mr. Denniston's house, inquiring for Miss Cameron, who had left her home that evening, how no one could tell, carrying with her all her jewels, and had been sought for in vain through half the streets and lanes in the city.

She was never afterwards found, nor was it ever ascertained who those New-Year visitants had been; but Mr. Ruthven declared to a conclave of divines, who assembled to offer consolation to the rich Virginian, that the one face was that of Mis

ı, and the other had a fearful resem-
› the dead Jessie.
amazement was still further in-
when inquiring letters were an-
'rom America, with an account that
ımeron had, ten years before, sold
plantation, and turned a pirate of
ıish main, for which he had been
l at St. Jago, in 1740. Within the
›nth of that memorable visit, Ruth-
red from business, sold his house in
ı-street, and went down to reside on
ɛs of Ayr, since rendered so classic.
l he was remarkable for never look-
ıe face of a woman, nor uttering a
'ord on any transgression committed
'oung.
'orthy mercer died soon after; his
me survived him, and went home to
h her cousin, the laird, after, as she
respectably bucklin' his twa dogh-
nd those curious in local tradition
ill discover, among the modern
;s of that ancient street, the site of
ɜe formerly occupied by that unlucky
an.

THE SUICIDE.

bridge all alone a pale female is
ing,
auty concealed by the darkness of
;
'ls in the breeze are around her head
ng,
h she is driven by poverty's blight.

staring and motionless, watching the
's,
; she leans o'er the cold running tide;
ildren she has, one is locked in her

ıer in innocence plays at her side.

moment she sinks on her knees to-
; God;
ising abruptly, in madness she goes;
eps for her children, and lovingly
; them,
ıto her own grave then quickly she
rs.

edly standing, she listens awhile,
ɹs not the screams of her children so

lrawing her garments all closely
ıd her,
ps to her death, without pain, without

D. E. JERROLD.

A Gossip about Patent Medicines, Old and New;

WITH

ANECDOTES AND "MODERN INSTANCES."

SKETCH I.

EMPIRICAL REMEDIES OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

If empiricism has done much harm, it cannot, we think, be denied that some good has also resulted from its hap-hazard experiments. The vain search after the philosopher's stone and the elixir vitæ, has been productive of valuable discoveries in chemistry, particularly as to medical results; and, in like manner, the science of astronomy is not altogether unindebted to the wild pursuit of judicial astrology. Donne and Cowley, two of our wisest poets, have rescued the alchemists from contempt by acknowledging the collateral benefits arising from their otherwise absurd labours. The latter, speaking of alchemy, says:

"So though the chemist his great secret miss,
(For neither it in art nor nature is),
Yet things well worth his toil he gains:
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way."

All medicine must necessarily, in its origin, have been empirical; that is to say, (according to the meaning of the Greek word), it must have depended on trial and conjecture; for, without experience, no sound and rational principles could have existed. The ancient empirics established their curative processes, not on any acquaintance with natural causes and effects, but on their own personal practice and experience, and without any investigation into the properties, occult or otherwise, of the drugs they prescribed. Thus, medicine remained altogether in the hands of unscientific men, till Hippocrates dignified the healing art by reason, theory, and patient research; and then arose a new class, who took the name of *theoretici*. Still the empirics continued their random practice, and occasionally effected cures beyond the skill of those physicians who too exclusively followed the teaching of the schools, and relied only on the reasonings of Hippocrates and Galen. In those early times, therefore, empiricism scarcely deserved to be called "quackery," though afterwards the terms were very properly considered synonomous; for it is a singular fact that empiricism never had so degraded a shape as it assumed on the *revival of learning* after the middle ages, when, and during several subsequent centuries, it was characterised merely by mendacity, and the presumption of audacious ignorance, equally remov[illegible] from the earnest and honest instinct

the primitive practitioners of medicine, and from the pharmaceutical knowledge possessed by many compounders of what are now designated patent medicines.

Of these last, we shall speak more fully in the closing sketch of the present series.

As an edifying specimen of the contagion of quackery above two hundred years ago, let us see the effect it had on one of the most illustrious philosophers the world ever knew—the "wisest, brightest of mankind"—the great Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. The following are his own words, in the "Sylva Sylvarum, or Natural History."

"The sympathy of individuals that have been entire, or have touched, is, of all others, the most incredible; yet according unto our faithful manner of examination of nature, we will make some little mention of it. The taking away of warts, by rubbing them with somewhat that afterwards is put to waste and consume, is a common experiment, and I do apprehend it the rather, because of mine own experience. I had from my childhood a wart upon one of my fingers; afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then in Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at least one hundred) in a month's space. The English ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition, told me one day she would help me away with my warts. Whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side, and amongst the rest that wart which I had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard with the fat towards the sun, upon a post of the chamber window, which was to the south. The success was, that within five weeks' space all the warts went quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had staid so long doth yet stick with me. They say the like is done by the rubbing of warts with a green elder-stick, and then burying the stick to rot in muck. It should be tried with corns and wens, and such other excrescences: I would have it also tried with some parts of living creatures that are nearest the nature of excrescences, as the combs of cocks, the spurs of cocks, the horns of beasts, etc.; and I would have it tried both ways; both by rubbing those parts with lard or elder as before, and by cutting off some piece of those parts, and laying it to consume, to see whether it will work any effect towards the consumption of that part which was once joined with it.

"It is constantly received and avouched that the anointing of the weapon that *maketh the wound*, will heal the wound itself. In this experiment, upon the relation of men of credit (though myself, as yet, am not *fully* inclined to believe it), you shall note the points following. First, the ointment wherewith this is done, is made of divers ingredients; whereof the strangest and hardest to come by, are the moss on the skull of a dead man, and the fats of a boar, and a bear killed in the act of generation. These two last I could easily suspect to be prescribed as a startling whole, that if the experiment proved not, it might be pretended that the beasts were not killed in due time; for as for the moss, it is certain there is great quantity of it in Ireland, upon slain bodies, laid on heaps unburied. The other ingredients are the blood-stone in powder, and some other things, which seem to have a virtue to stanch blood, as also the moss hath. And the description of the whole ointment is to be found in the chemical dispensatory of Cro'lius. Secondly, the same kind of ointment, applied to the hurt itself, worketh not the effect, but only applied to the weapon. Thirdly, (which I like well), they do not observe the confecting of the ointment under any certain constellation which commonly is the excuse of magical medicines, when they fail, that they were not made under a fit figure of heaven. Fourthly, it may be applied to the weapon though the party hurt be at great distance. Fifthly, it seemeth the imagination of the party to be cured is not needful to concur for it may be done without the knowledge of the party wounded: and thus much hath been tried, that the ointment (for experiment's sake), hath been wiped off the weapon, without the knowledge of the party hurt, and presently the party hurt hath been in great rage of pain till the weapon was re-anointed. Sixthly, it is affirmed that, if you cannot get the weapon, yet if you put an instrument of iron or wood resembling the weapon, into the wound whereby it bleedeth, the anointing of the instrument will serve and work the effect. This I doubt should be a device to keep this strange form of cure in request and use, because many times you cannot come by the weapon itself. Seventhly, the wound must be at first washed clean with white wine, or the party's own water, and then bound up close in fine linen, and no more dressing renewed till it be whole. Eighthly, the sword itself must be wrapped up close as far as the ointment goeth, that it taketh no wind. Ninthly, the ointment, you wipe it off from the sword, and keep it will serve again, and rather increase in virtue than diminish. Tenthly, it will cure in far shorter time than ointments do wounds commonly do. Lastly, it will cure a beast as well as a man; which I like best of all the rest, because it subjecteth the matter to an easy trial."

ssages might be found in the Bacon, particularly in his f Life and Death," as marvel- bsurd as the above; and it is is a matter of wonder that per- rior minds should become the rlatans. Of all the discerners pretence of every sort, Ben perhaps the keenest. He saw travagance of empiricism was reat social abuses of his time; vocation of satirical dramatist, and lashed it to the very "top ." In his admirable comedy ' he introduces the arch-sche- ie, on the stage, as a pretended , addressing a street-crowd, ig to the skies his wonderful s. The art of puffing can no indeed, it never before nor d so high a flight. Our rea- k, can hardly fail to be amused men in verse, and another in is quack eloquence. What a an advertiser's poet, might Ben ed, had he now been living!

l last long, list to my song;
nore coyle, but buy of this oil.
you be ever fair, and young?
teeth, and strong of tongue?
palate, quick of ear?
f sight, of nostril clear?
f hand, and light of foot?
ill come nearer to't)
you live free from all diseases?
* * *
ght all *aches* from your bones?
med'cine for the nonce."

bye, it is worthy of remark, ecessary accentuation of the , "achès," is an additional mble's correct pronunciation d, in "The Tempest."]

eceived from a lady an order o extolled, Volpone addresses following strain: "Madam, I over and above my oil, a secret and inestimable nature, shall r ever enamoured on that mi- your eye first descended on ; not altogether-to-be-despised myself. Here is a powder con- s paper, of which if I should worth, nine thousand volumes one page, that page as a line, a word: so short is this pilgri- n (which some call life) to the f it. Would I reflect on the y, the whole world were but as hat empire as a province, that bank, that bank as a private purchase of it. I will only s the powder that made Venus iven her by Apollo), that kept lly young, cleared her wrin- her gums, filled her skin, co- loured her hair: from her, derived to Helen; and at the sack of Troy, unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated), wherewith the ladies there now colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me, extracted to a quintessence; so that whoever it only touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion, seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as wall, makes them white as ivory, though they were black as ——."

This is the genuine lofty style, the true Cambyses' vein. Venus, Apollo, Helen, the sack of Troy, *some ruins of Asia* (a sweeping generality, scorning particulars), and the court of France, are all pressed into the service of this miraculous powder; only the modern vendor, not content with removing the French "sophistication," has *intensified* the virtue of Apollo's gift to Venus, by reducing it to a "quintessence." "O, rare Ben Jonson!"

But even Ben, with all his wit, humour, and satire, could hardly burlesque the preposterous pretences of mountebank empirics, who nevertheless succeeded in cajoling thousands of people; so besotted are the multitude, and so prone to put faith in any flattering lie, be it ever so gross. Oftentimes, indeed, faith is more than half the battle. Make a man believe in the infallibility of a given remedy, and (like pseudo-prophecies, which, by aid of credulity, are apt to fulfil themselves) the business is done. Some amusing instances of this are given by Montaigne, in his "Essay on the Force of Imagination." "Why," says he, "do the physicians tamper with, and prepossess beforehand their patients' credulity with many false promises of cure, if not to the end that the effect of imagination may supply the imposture and defect of their apozem? They know very well that a great master of their trade has given it under his hand, that he has known some with whom the very *sight* of a potion would work. A woman fancying she had swallowed a pin in a piece of bread, cried out that she had an intolerable pain in her throat, where she thought she felt it stick. But an ingenious practitioner that was brought to her, seeing no outward tumour nor alteration, supposing it to be only conceit taken at some crust of bread that had hurt her as it went down, caused her to vomit, and cunningly, unseen, threw a crooked pin into the bason, which the woman no sooner saw, but, believing she had cast it up, presently found herself eased of her pain. I myself," continues he, "knew a gentleman who, having treated a great deal of good company at his house, three or four days after bragged in jest (for

there was no such thing) that he had made them eat of a baked cat, at which a young gentlewoman, who had been at the feast, took such a horror that, falling into a violent vomiting and fever, *there was no possible means of saving her!*" Such are the advantages and evils of a strong imagination!

Doctor Millingen has given a very amusing and edifying account of empirical practice two or three centuries ago in his admirable and learned work, "Curiosities of Medical Experience." He tells us that mystery, in the dark ages, and even now, increases confidence in remedial means. "One cannot but wonder," continues he, "when we behold men preeminent in deep learning and acute observation, becoming converts to superstitious practices. Lord Bacon believed in spells and amulets, and Sir Theodore Mayence, who was physician to three English sovereigns, and supposed to have been Shakspeare's Doctor Caius, believed in supernatural agency, and frequently prescribed the most disgusting and absurd medicines, such as the heart of a mule ripped up alive; a portion of the lungs of a man who had died a natural death; or the hand of a thief who had been gibbeted on some particular day. The ancients firmly believed that blood could be stanched by charms; the bleeding of Ulysses was stopped by this means; and Cato the Censor has given us an *incantation* for *setting* dislocated bones. Avicenna declares that "he prefers *confidence* before *art*, [recepts, and all remedies whatsoever." The learned Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says that "this strong imagination, or conceit, is *Astrum Hominis*, and the rudder of this our ship, which reason should steer, but, overborne by phantasy, cannot manage, and so suffers itself and the whole vessel of ours to be overruled and often overturned."

Doctor Millingen proceeds to tell us that nothing could be more absurd than the notions regarding some of these supposed cures. For example, a ring made of the hinge of a coffin, had the power of relieving cramps; which were also mitigated by having a rusty old sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven in an oak-tree prevented tooth-ache. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal, was an infallible remedy for a headache, when tied round the head—an affection equally cured by the moss growing on a human skull, dried and pulverised, and taken as a cephalic snuff. A dead man's hand could dispel tumours of the glands by stroking the parts nine times; but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was the most efficacious. To cure warts, one had nothing to do but to *steal* a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed; then inter it in any filth, and, as it rotted, the warts would wither and fall. [This is something like Bacon's notion.] The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag round the the neck would cure the ague. A stone with a hole in it, suspended at the head of the bed, would effectually stop the night-mare. Hence it was called a hag-stone, as it prevents the troublesome witches from sitting on the sleeper's stomach. Ricketty children were cured by being drawn through a cleft tree, which was afterwards bound up, and, as the split wood united, the child acquired strength.

By the pretended great benefit derived from the agency of dead murderers and other criminals, as seen in the foregoing, one might think they attained a post-mortem sanctity, and deserved to be ranked with the genuine saints who, according to Burton, presided over the cure of human infirmities; only the men of the gallows were more extensive in their remedial influence than the beatified mortals, each of whom was confined to the relief of certain peculiar maladies. Thus, Petronella took in charge poisons, gout, and agues; St. Romanus watched over such as were possessed; and St. Vitus bestowed his services on madmen; like as, of old, Pliny reckons up gods for all diseases.

"Fashion in everything bears sovereign sway," says the poet. Accordingly, the adoption, observes Doctor Millingen, of any particular medicine by princes and nobles will endow it with as great a power as that which was supposed to be vested in regal hands, in the cure of scrofula, hence called "king's evil," a nonsensical belief, which Shakspeare, in "Macbeth," has gone out of his way to eulogise, as an offering of homage to such a weak and culpable monarch as James I.

In our next sketch, we shall show the altered aspect which empiricism assumed in the reigns of Charles II, Queen Anne, and the first and second Georges. The concluding part will point to the pharmaceutical skill and comparatively beneficial efficacy of some of the Patent Medicines of the present era.

Life Assurance.

Having shown at considerable length, in the series of articles which have appeared in the pages of THE MIRROR on that subject, the general importance of Life Assurance, and explained the ordinary routine of procedure upon taking out a policy, we now furnish our readers with a complete list of all the Life Assurance Offices in the United Kingdom, with the names of their secretaries or corresponding actuaries, &c. &c., a letter addressed to whom will procure for our readers the detailed prospectuses of their respective offices, &c.

NAME OF OFFICES.	ADDRESSES.	SECRETARIES.
rdeen	89, Union-street, Aberdeen	J. Watson, Esq.
ion	New Bridge-street, Blackfriars	Edw. Charlton, Esq.
red	7, Lothbury	J. W. Hampton, Esq.
ance	Bartholomew-lane	And. Hamilton, Esq.
icable	Fleet-street	T. Galloway, Esq.
:hor	Sackville-street, Piccadilly	J. Dalby, Esq.
pus	39, Throgmorton-street	E. Bates, Esq.
dum	70, Cornhill, and 5, Waterloo-pl.	G. Farren, Esq.
as	92, Cheapside	H. Desborough, Esq.
stralasian, Colonial and Gen.	1, Leadenhall-street	E. Ryley, Esq.
n Accord	18, King-street, Aberdeen	A. Masson, Esq.
itannia	1, Princes-street, Bank	P. Morrison, Esq.
itish Annuity	36, New Broad-street	
itish Commercial	35, Cornhill	John Goddard, Esq.
itish Empire	New Bridge-street, Blackfriars	W. S. Gover, Esq.
itish Mutual	17, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars	C. J. Thicke, Esq.
ledonian	19, George-street, Edinburgh, & 27, Moorgate-street	E. F. Sealy, Esq.
itholic	8, New Coventry-street	J. Norris, Esq.
ristian Mutual Provident	53, Moorgate-street	H. Hadland, Esq.
urch of England	Lothbury	Wm. Emmens, Esq.
ty of Glasgow	40, St. Vincent-pl. Glasgow, & 120, Pall Mall	Hugh Bremner, Es
ty of Glasgow Ann. Endowmt.	54, St. Vincent-place, Glasgow	S. Pollock, Esq.
ty of London	2, Royal Exchange Buildings	E. F. Leeks, Esq.
erical, Medical, and General	78, Great Russell St. Bloomsbury	G. H. Pinckard, Esq.
ergy Mutual	41, Parliament-street	Rev. John Hodgson
lonial	1, George-street, Edinburgh	H. J. Williams, Esq.
lonial and General	Barge-yard, Bucklesbury	C. T. Campbell, Esq.
mmercial and General	112, Cheapside	James Daniell, Esq.
nsolidated Inv. and Assur	28, Leadenhall-street	C. Wheeler, Esq.
own	33, New Bridge St. Blackfriars	T. G. Conyers, Esq.
ssenters and General	62, King William-street	Dr. Thomas Price
ugle	3, Crescent, N. Bridge-st., Blackfrs.	H. P. Smith, Esq.
ust of Scotland	1, Bank-street, Dundee	William Neish, Esq.
:onomic	6, Bridge-street, Blackfriars	C. J. Downer, Esq.
linburgh	22, George-street, Edinburgh, & 11, King William-street, City	Thos. Marshall, Esq.
nglish and Scottish Law	12, Waterloo-place	J. H. Williams, Esq.
quity and Law	Lincoln's Inn Fields	J. J. Sylvester, Esq.
quitable	Bridge-street, Blackfriars	Ar. Morgan, Esq.
quitable	10, Lancaster-place, Strand	John Clayton, Esq.
uropean	10, Chatham-place, Blackfriars	C. Saunderson, Esq.
perience	15, George-street, Edinburgh, & 58, King William-street, City	T. Y. Wardrop, Esq.
mily Endowment	12, Chatham-place, Blackfriars	John Cazenove, Esq.
eemasons' and General	11, Waterloo-place	J. Berridge, Esq.
iends' Provident Institution	Bradford, Yorkshire	Benj. Ecroyd, Esq.
neral Ann. Endow. Association	40, King William-street, City	Charles Hewitt, Esq.
neral Benefit	4, Farringdon-street, Blackfriars	John Brydie, Esq.
. Reversionary and Inv.	5, Whitehall	W. B. Hodge, Esq.
sgow Annuity Society	49, Virginia-street, Glasgow	Thomas Brown, Esq.
sgow	55, St. Vincent-street, Glasgow, and 93, Watling-street	Robert Mutrie, Esq.
be	Pall Mall and Cornhill	J. C. Denman, Esq.
at Britain	Waterloo-pl. & 79, K. William St.	A. R. Irvine, Esq.
rdian	11, Lombard-street	George Keys, Esq.
fax, Bradford, & Keighley	Waterhouse-street, Halifax	F. C. Spenser, Esq.
d in Hand	1, New Bridge St. Blackfriars	Robert Steven, Esq.
erial	Sun-ct., Cornhill, & 16, Pall Mall	Samuel Ingall, Esq.
a and London	17, Cornhill	G. N. Wright, M.A.
o	Fleet St., next St. Dunstan's Ch.	G. Kirkpatrick, Esq.
ds and Yorkshire	Commercial-buildings, Leeds	Wm. Lister, Esq.
al and Commercial	73, Cheapside	J. C. Hardy, Esq.

NAME OF OFFICES.	ADDRESSES.	SECRETARIES
Legal and General	10, Fleet-street	T. R. Edmunds,
Licensed Victuallers	4, Adelaide-place, London Bridge	John Bigg, Esq
Life Association of Scotland	2, Hanover-street, Edinburgh	Alex. Low, Esq
Liverpool	8, Water-street, Liverpool, and 3, Charlotte-row, Mansion-hs.	A. Robertson, E
London Annuity Society	11, Chatham-place, Blackfriars	Rev. R. H. Shep
London Assurance Corporation	Royal Exchange, & 10, Regent-st.	John Laurence,
London and Provincial Law	32, Bridge-street, Blackfriars	John Knowles,
London Life Association	81, King William-street	H. J. Brooke, E
Mariners' and General	5, Arthur-street-east, City	T. Foley, Esq.
Medical, Invalid, and General	25, Pall Mall	F. G. P. Neison,
Medical, Legal, and General	126, Strand	R. W. Morris, I
Mercantile	42, George-street, Edinburgh	Wm. Wood, jun.
Merchants' and Captains'	17, Royal Exchange	H. R. Tomlin, I
Merchants' and Tradesmen's	5, Chatham-place, Blackfriars	T. Musgrave, E
Metropolitan	3, Princes-street, Bank	R. Heathfield, I
Minerva	84, King William-street, City	W. T. Robinson,
Mitre	23, Pall Mall	S. P. Plumer, E
Mutual Accumulation	17, George-street, Edinburgh	R. Balfour, Esq
Mutual Assurance	51, Threadneedle-street	James Bishop, I
Mutual	37, Old Jewry	Peter Hardy, Es
National Assurance of Ireland	3. College-green, Dublin	J. Todhunter, E
Nat. Debt Office (Annuities)	Old Jewry	John Finlaison,
National Friendly Society	31, Red Lion-square	W. J. Reynolds,
National Ins. of Scotland	2, South-st. David-street, Edinburgh, and 7, Old Jewry	J. M'Candlish, I
National Loan Fund	26, Cornhill	F. F. Camroux,
National Life Society	2, King William-street, City	C. B. Smith, Es
National Mercantile	Poultry	Jenkin Jones, E
National Provident	48, Gracechurch-street	Joseph Marsh,
Newcastle-upon Tyne	6, Side-street, Newcastle	William Woods,
North British Exchange	137, Union-street, Aberdeen	W. N. Fish, Esq
North British	64, Princes-street, Edinburgh, & Bank-buildings, & Pall Mall E.	H. T. Thomson,
North of England	Norfolk-street, Sheffield	T. Bill, Esq.
North of Scotland	3, King-street, Aberdeen, and 1, Moorgate-street	A. P. Fletcher,
Norwich Union	Norwich, and 6, Crescent, New-Bridge-street, Blackfriars	C. J. Bunyon, E
Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire	Park-street, Nottingham	H. M. Wood, Es
Palladium	7, Waterloo-place	Jer. Lodge, Esq
Patriotic	9, College-green, Dublin	Wm. Robinson,
Pelican	Lombard-street and Charing-cross	R. Tucker, Esq
Preserver	Bond-court, Walbrook	J. Widowson, I
Preston and North Lancashire	83, Fishergate-street, Preston	H. Jennings, E
Promoter	9, Chatham-place, Blackfriars	M. Saward, Esq
Protector	35, Old Jewry	Charles Jellico
Provident	50, Regent-street	H. Beaumont, I
Provident Clerks	42, Moorgate-street, City	T. Mullinger, I
Reliance	71, King William-street, City	O. Smith, Esq.
Royal	Oldhall-street, Liverpool, and 29, Lombard-street	C. T. Jenkinson
Royal Exchange	Royal Exchange, & 29, Pall Mall	Alex. Green, E
Royal Farmers	346, Strand	John Hanson, I
Rl. Naval, Mil. East In. & Gen.	13, Waterloo place	J. C. Brettell, I
Rock	14, New Bridge-st., Blackfriars	W. S. Lewis, E
Scottish Amicable	141, Buchanan-street, Glasgow	Wm. Spens, Es
Scottish Equitable	26, St. Andrew's-sq., Edinburgh, and 61 A, Moorgate-street	R. Gibson, Esq Wm. Cook, Esq
Scottish Masonic and General	2, St. Andrew's-sq., Edinburgh	J. L. Woodmar
Scottish Life and Guarantee	4, St. Andrew's-sq., Edinburgh, & 89, King William-street, City	Thos. Manson,
Scottish Provident	14, St. Andrew's-sq., Edinburgh, and 12, Moorgate-street	J. R. Leifchild,

NAME OF OFFICES.	ADDRESSES.	SECRETARIES.
Scottish Reversionary	19, Albany-street, Edinburgh	W.& R.Rhind,Esqrs.
Scottish Widows' Fund	5, St. Andrew's-sq., Edinburgh	Hugh M'Kean, Esq.
Scottish Union	47, George-street, Edinburgh	F. G. Smith, Esq.
Solicitors and General	57, Chancery-lane	C. J. Gill, Esq.
South of England	High-street, Winchester	G. Johnson, Esq.
Sovereign	5, St. James's-street	H. D. Davenport,Esq.
Standard	3, George-street, Edinburgh, and 82, King William-st., City	Peter Ewart, Esq.
Star	44, Moorgate-street, City	W. Hillman, Esq.
Sun	Threadneedle-street	C.H Lidderdale,Esq.
Temperance Provident	39, Moorgate-street, City	T. Compton, Esq.
Tontine	20, Pall Mall	Ferdinand Grut, Esq.
Union	Cornhill and Baker-street	Thomas Lewis, Esq.
United Deposit	21, St. Andrew's-sq., Edinburgh	Jos. Maitland, Esq.
Universal	1, King William-street, City	M. E. Impey, Esq.
University	24, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall	C. M. Willich, Esq.
United Kent	High-street, Maidstone	Charles Hughes,Esq.
United Kingdom	8, Waterloo-place	E. L. Boyd, Esq.
Victoria	18, King William-street, City	Wm. Ratray, Esq.
Wesleyan Provident	Cherry-street, Birmingham	James English, Esq.
West of England	Exeter	J. Anderton, Esq.
Western	3, Parliament-st., Westminister	A. Scratchley, Esq.
Western Annuity	High-street, Exeter, and St. Mary Axe	T. Wardell, Esq.
Westminster and General	27, King-street, Covent-garden	W. M. Browne, Esq.
Westminster	429, Strand	John Helps, Esq.
Widows' General	16, Upper Sackville-st., Dublin	Wm. Heney, Esq.
Yorkshire	St. Helen's-square, York	W. L. Newman, Esq.

My Uncle's Diary.*

BY ION, D.D., CAMBRIDGE.

Dec. 10th.—Time advanced: the autumn passed, and winter came. We had had several meetings, and no one's suspicions appeared raised. Unfortunately for us both, however, I had become so engrossed in Alice, that I omitted to pay that attention to Miss Crayley which she considered her due, and she made me feel the fatal error most bitterly through my long life of solitude.

I was about to leave the place at Christmas, and it wanted little more than a fortnight to that time, and I had arranged a last meeting with my beautiful Alice as she was just on the point of starting for London. At dinner, she tried to smile and look happy, but I marked her dejected appearance through it all. I witnessed the sudden dimming of that bright eye as the involuntary tear flooded it. I saw the blanching of that cheek, and heard the tremulous sound of that silvery voice, striving to infuse into it its wonted merriment. She did not trust herself to gaze on me. My own feelings were such as I dare not hope to describe. A strange inexplicable sickness of the heart stole over me, and numbed my acute sense of pleasure or pain. It was the presentiment of coming evil. We conversed but little; and it seemed to me as though all the company had caught the infection. I experienced that uncomfortable sensation which steals over one when we are prevented from talking by the consciousness of sorrow or depression of any kind. Every moment the silence is prolonged makes matters worse. The dinner passed. Why did my spirit yearn to extend it so? why did that gloom overpower me, when I saw her figure recede from the room? Never again did I behold her thus! That look of mingled anguish and hope which she cast upon me as she quitted us, was the last distinct glimpse I ever obtained of her face. Methinks even now I behold the half-opened door through which she glided. I see her there on the threshold. She turns her head back and gazes upon me. * * * *

Dec. 16.—This is the anniversary of the day on which I last met Alice—I keep it every year in solitude and retirement. But I cannot do better than look back to-night and describe our stolen meeting after the last meal we ever partook in each other's society. It was a bitter evening; the very heavens seemed to frown, and predict the storm that was lowering upon us. A bleak tempestuous wind roared round the old house as I took my way to the wood on that dark cold night. The tall trees bent, driven by the wind, down almost to the very

* Concluded from page 128.

ground, and then upraised themselves, only to be again laid low. They appeared to struggle with the blast, and now to be victorious, now to be overcome. Black clouds obscured the surface of the sky, and large flakes of snow wandered through the air, tossed in a thousand directions ere they reached the ground, from whence they were again raised and drifted into piles at the foot of each large tree, or sloping bank, or hedge. The moon described a slight semi-circle behind a mask of hazy clouds which deepened as they receded from her into dense threatening masses. Well do I recollect that night: the whistling and roaring of the wind is fresh in my ears, the distant notes of the anvil in the iron foundry, the crackling of branches, the tossing of withered leaves in the wood, the bending of the trees, are all fresh in my remembrance. The hour struck, and, in another instant, Alice was by my side. We had much to converse of, many arrangements for the happy future were to be made. I thought her nobly beautiful, as she stood in that cold wintry blast, gazing full upon me in the imperfect light, and breathing such inspired words of hope that I scarcely seemed to dare to sorrow while she spake. Truth beamed from every sentence; her words did not permit me to indulge at the moment in any of those wild imaginings, doubts, and misgivings, which have ever seemed as the very bane of my existence.

"As surely as now in the face of heaven I plight myself to you, dearest Henry, so surely will I be true to you, until, what at present seems an impossibility, until you give back to me my vows, my promises. Then, Henry, strive to banish these sorrowful anticipations. We cannot part without a pang; but let us look forward trustfully, hopefully to the future, which, if we be constant, will bring nothing but joy. We part, for years it may be; you leave me to work your way in the world, to earn for yourself a position, a name; and will not your labours be ever sweetened by the recollection that if you are unable to accomplish all you hope, still I will be true to you as I will prove, when, in a little while, I am my own mistress, free to bestow my hand where my heart is placed—"

"Six long years, at least," murmured I.

"Nay, place no such distant goal before you: labour and time will fly ere you have time to feel its passage."

"But never to behold you, Alice, never to be greeted by one smile from you, to be banished from your presence, must I go, a solitary, lonely being: perhaps leave England—"

"All this must be done, if you love me, Henry," she said, calmly; "is not your love equal to a trial?"

"Any trial," I answered passionately, "forgive me if I poison these last moments with my selfish repinings, thus forgetful of all that you must suffer."

"I will write to you often, dear Henry," she answered sweetly, stifling every consideration of her own feelings, in her endeavours to reassure and inspire me with a portion of that confidence and hope she herself seemed to feel. No murmur broke from her lips; she would not permit herself to repine, and yet I felt how much she suffered. The hand I retained within mine own became cold as stone, and hot, by turns, as her heart was swayed by fear, or bounding for an instant with hopeful joy. The time was drawing towards a close, and I perceived that her tones became more and more tremulous as she grew more earnest and hurried in her injunctions. There was more of tenderness in every word, as though in each syllable she would make me feel how much her future happiness was bound up with mine.

"It is growing late," she said, "*too* late for me to linger here: yet, Henry, I would prolong every moment into a day, each day into a year. We must part now; Henry, dear Henry, you will be true—"

"True! Hear me, Alice. This is no rash resolve. I am young; I have never loved before; but I know the workings of my own heart. I have found room there for one image around whom every thought henceforward clings. I live but in that image. A new existence has dawned before me. I labour for an object, and let that object be once withdrawn, my worldly ambition is then at an end. And should any unforeseen circumstances intervene to separate us, this heart, Alice, will still hold true to your memory. I shall forget the world and live but for this sweet past which will never be effaced from my remembrance. Solemnly, Alice, I give this heart to you, and however fortune may dispose of us both, yours it shall ever remain. Do you believe me, love?"

"Yes, Henry; promise me one thing, that you will not listen to what others may tell you of my conduct; never think me untrue until you have from me some positive confirmation that it is so?"

"Never, never, will I cease to believe in the truths of your affection until proofs stronger than words appear before me."

"We must part soon, Henry," she said, still lingering: "Shall we ever meet again?"

"Oh, wherefore dash all my hopes, thus, by these foreboding words?"

"We shall meet, dear Henry," she said, soothingly, "never, never to be parted more, that is, if it be God's will," and I felt her hand tremble. Was there in her heart a fearful presentiment like unto mine that already on the tablets of the future, a

stern sentence had been traced that never more upon this earth should we meet thus in love? Falsehood and treachery were now sitting together and weaving a portion of the tissue that was to drape her form to me in years to come. At that hour, in the lonely echoless solitude of that wood, beneath the o'er arching depth of blue, that floats before the mysterious and unknown eternity beyond, in the presence of her Maker, Alice felt all she said; and had no shadow fallen between her and myself, obscuring my truth with its deceptive form, she would have remained constant to this day, and I should have been a proud and happy man instead of a lonely misanthrope—a stumbling-block to the happiness of others, and capable of deriving no happiness from himself.

Our interview was nigh over. I cannot dwell upon the feelings which inspired me at that moment. In both our hearts the deepest sorrow prevailed. We felt we were destined never to meet again; we parted; we exchanged farewell once more; and, in the midst of the chilling blast, whistling round us with such violence as almost to drown our words, walked to and fro, again reiterating our promises, now bursting into impetuous forebodings, and then breaking off in the middle of our sentences; now comforting one another. The danger of prolonging that unhappy interview was set aside, we never thought of it. I only felt that Alice, drowned in ill-concealed tears, was by my side. We were together for the last time, and though we knew not that such was to be the case, what wonder is it that we sought to extend these brief moments? But all must have an end. Suddenly recollecting herself, Alice wrung my hand and tore herself away. I saw her depart, and every step that separated herself seemed to plunge me into deeper misery. I remember that as she entered the gateway of the shrubbery, she stood for a moment, and turned; I bounded forward, called her by her name, bade her return once more, but no! we were not to meet again.

Plunged in despondency, I entered the house, and went to my room. As I crossed the large hall, I saw a female figure glide from the library into the drawing-room. It did not strike me at the moment, but I have since recalled the circumstance, and I became convinced that it was Miss Crayley, entering on the first step of the plot which was destined to lead to our separation. I did not suspect her then of such baseness, though I never could bring myself to like her.

Dec. 17.—The morrow came. I went as usual to my pupils, and sat down in gloom of soul to discharge my duties. A cheerful fire blazed in the room; the voices of the children were merry, their observations light and glad-hearted. But every sweet sound jarred upon me; every ray of pleasure that glanced from their bright eyes seemed a mockery to my soul. I felt that there was something gone from about me; a cold vacuum was in the air, chilling all nature. I knew that she was gone. How my heart leapt at every movement! The opening or shutting of a door, the sound of footsteps in the hall, the laugh of some one passing on the stair, all startled me. I expected chance would show her to me. I fancied she might flit by, as persons opened the door of my little study; but I listened and hoped all day; and in the afternoon, the sound of carriage-wheels rolling over the court-yard told me that we were indeed separated. No window looked forth upon the highway; I could not even see the thing that conveyed her from my presence. Little, little, did I imagine, at that moment, with what feelings she had left my home. I was soon undeceived. I thought that she had, at least, to endure nothing more than the misery of our separation; but... My pupils had left me, when a servant opened the door, and told me that the Hon. Mr. Courtenay, the uncle of Alice, desired to speak with me, in the library. I knew little of this gentleman. He had only within the last few days been a resident at the house. I turned somewhat sick at heart; I seemed to feel that this summons was in some way connected with Alice. But rousing myself, I determined to put the best face upon the affair; and accordingly obeyed. Mr. Courtenay, when I entered, politely rose from his seat, bowed, and then motioned to me to sit down opposite him, by the fire. I returned his bow, and took my seat. Then, in the mildest and most considerate manner, he related to me that Lord Carden had accidentally become acquainted with all that had passed. I listened to him without speaking a word. My agitation was great, but I did not choose to betray it. He continued, affecting not to observe me, and told me that Lord Carden had questioned his daughter how matters stood; and that she, in obedience to his commands — "his wishes, I should say," remarked he, had given up all my letters.

"'Tis false," I exclaimed.

"Nay," calmly replied Mr. Courtenay, "I will endeavour to convince you that I am speaking the exact truth. Here is a letter, in which she explains herself, and asks for a return of her letters."

I took it from his hand, glanced over it, and saw that it was indeed her handwriting. She had enclosed in it a lock of my hair, which I had given her. There, traced with her hand, were the commands. In it no explanation was given, I saw nothing

more than that she bade me return all she had written; all her fondest vows, her promises, all were to be given up. I crushed the paper in my hand, tore it into a thousand atoms, and rushed from the room, to fetch her letters, which, trembling with agitation, I sealed into a packet, and then returned to Mr. Courtenay. I placed them before him, merely with the remark—

"I trust to your honour not to read them."

"I shall not read them, young man," he replied; "most assuredly not. They are your own. Nay," he exclaimed, as he saw me, without pausing, hurl them into the fire; "be not rash."

I prepared to leave the room.

"One word," he continued, extending his hand in the kindest manner possible. "Do not go away impressed with the idea that I am not your friend. I sympathise with your condition most cordially; but while I do so, cannot but regret that you did not both act with the openness and candour which became you. It might have saved you both much misery. You are each young. That, indeed, is Lord Carden's principal objection to the whole affair. But if your love be such as to stand the test of time, if it urge you to persevere and raise yourself in the social scale, then hope for the best. In the meantime, let me beg of you, as a man of honour, to hold no further correspondence with her. You are, I am sure, unwilling to destroy the peace of a whole family, by persevering in this clandestine course. I may consider that I have your word, Mr. St. George?"

"You have," I said, somewhat haughtily; for I was in no mood to unbend.

Mr. Courtenay then proceeded to arrange about my leaving, and offered to give me a strong recommendation to another family then engaged in seeking for a tutor; but I refused all his offers, and left the room. I have often since reproached myself for my unyielding manner to Mr. Courtenay, in this scene. He was a perfect gentleman, and evidently entered unwillingly upon his task.

Dec. 19.— I remained one week longer in the house of Lord Carden, shut up in my closet, never seeing any one, and refusing to descend to such of the family as still remained in the house. How I lived, I know not. The shock of finding her I had believed so true, so suddenly changed, seemed to overpower my better reason. Sometimes I argued that she was forced into it; and then I became calm. But still she was gone from my sight, and I possessed no token that she loved me. Then, in bitterness, I would exclaim: "How could I expect that she would in reality bestow a thought upon her brother's *tutor*? My better feelings would sometimes prevail, and tears would come to my relief. I sat at one corner of the fire all day long, brooding over my misery, scarcely raising my head when the servants entered the room, to bring me my meals, which I mostly dismissed untasted. My frame seemed sinking, my heart full to bursting; while my throbbing temples beat so that I fancied I could hear them. Sometimes, after all the family had retired to rest, I would rise, and rush out into the open air, wandering backward and forward over those scenes where we had been together, the spots where we had met. I would stand, fancy I heard her voice, then dart away from the spot. At one moment, I vowed I would forget her, that I would banish her image from my heart; but then all the sweetness of her love came like a refreshing balm over my wounded spirit, and I would reproach myself for that dire impatience which was urging me to commence the process of forgetting her to whom I had so solemnly pledged myself. "In her heart she must be true; she cannot be false," I said. Then, the circumstances related by Mr. Courtenay, her own letters, came to my remembrance. I should have suffered myself to sink, day by day, into the tomb, had not a bright ray of her love suddenly fallen me in my solitude and darkness. On morning, I heard a gentle knocking at my door; on opening which, I discerned Miss Crayley standing, pale and agitated, without.

"May I speak with you one moment, Mr. St. George?"

"Can you tell me news of *her*?" I asked, faintly.

"It is from Alice I am come," she said.

"Alice! poor Alice! Thank Heaven!" to my own heart I murmured. "Where is she?"

"In London, Mr. St. George."

"Is she well? oh, tell me! Is she happy?" I asked eagerly.

"Nay, you must listen quietly to me, and I will tell you briefly what you are to know. This letter I have written will explain the rest," she continued, drawing one forth.

"Alice has sent you this locket," she continued, coldly, "with her hair; and she begs you will once more give back the ring. This is the last time you will hear directly from her; in future, all must be conducted through me. She has promised her father never to write to you; and she has already partly disobeyed him, in sending the locket," she added, with a strange smile. "However, I cannot remain longer; I must go. They will suspect there is something the matter."

"I thought you also had abandoned me, Miss Crayley," I said.

"If so, why am I here!" she answered,

ouring violently; "but I shall be tched, and must go. On no account respond with Alice. Write to me any- ng you may wish, to this address," added, giving a paper. "Now, good e! We shall meet again."

She lingered for a moment, glancing at in a most strange way; and then hur- dly departed. I cared not; I was again ppy. All the full tide of its bound- ambition had returned to my heart. e world was again joyous, and I pre- ed for my approaching journey with erity; and on the morning of my depar- e, received from Mr. Courtenay a valu- e introduction to a merchant's house, in ndon, where I soon, thanks to some n unknown influence, obtained a most rative position. I afterwards, in a long rse of years, discovered that Mr. Courte- y himself was a sleeping partner in very house, amd bound up with all its erests. His generous forgiveness of rude neglect of his kindness inspired n with the desire of benefiting me in ery possible way.

When a sort of prosperity again began dawn upon me, I remembered my home, d those who, in exile from their country, re expiating the fault I had committed setting out in life. Yet they had for- ven me, and, by every opportunity, con- yed to me assurances of their perfect ppiness. I now began to forward, from ne to time, remittances, which were cal- lated to render their position more com- table, when suddenly a letter from my ly sister arrived to tell me, that having erited from a maiden aunt a very con- erable fortune, they begged I would se to toil for them, and think in future y of myself.

For four years, I steadily pursued my eer in London, with no token that Alice remembered me, but an occasional less note from Miss Crayley, generally filled with excuses for not having ten before, and a brief—the briefest ible—acknowledgment of Alice's de- to be ever affectionately remembered. love, however, buoyed itself up, and so that it scarcely seemed to need this der support. It was an all-engrossing ng with me. For it I laboured almost t and day, caring for no general socie- requenting no place of amusement; but king until the frame was exhausted, then, after the necessary refreshment leep, working again. Many wondered ny perseverance, so young and once so sipated. But they knew not the glorious action that kept me in my steady course. ey knew not that influence which athed around me, by day and by night, eetening every toil, raising the dejected rit, giving life and vigour to every im- pulse, and nerving the frame to any amount of exertion. Like an angel it stood in my path, shedding upon me its refulgent light, smiling before me, and whispering comfort every hour of the day. Oh! it was that never-failing love for Alice which bore me above all the temptations around me, kept me aloof from all but those with whom necessity compelled me to associate, and hovering about in my waking hours, came at night, and raised sweet visions of a happy future which never arrived.

Dec. 21.—At length I was appointed supercargo to a merchant vessel, bound on a valuable expedition to the coast of China; but when the time of my departure arrived, a letter came to announce the rapidly declining health of my sister Emily, and beseeching me to attend her sick-bed, which they too truly feared would be her last. My return, like the prodigal son, to the home of his father, I cannot describe. Forgotten that day has never been. What changes seemed to have come upon them all in those few years! My mother's blue eye had lost much of its brightness; her countenance was careworn; yet when she smiled through her half-glad tears upon her repentant son, I knew the smile again; and my father, as he pressed my hand affectionately between both his own, made me feel that all my waywardness was forgotten. My brother was expected home from school every day. Yet Emily, most changed of all, from the light, glad-hearted, merry girl to the pale, emaciated woman, passing away gradually from this life, yet making her gentleness, her meekness, her pious resignation to the will of her Father, felt by all about her. Long, long, did she hang around me that day; but, alas! one short week was all. Her days were numbered, and her sweet spirit fled upwards. * * *

Dec. 22.—My birthday! Mine has been a chequered career; yet never did I feel a mournful sorrow like unto that which I experienced at my sister's death. I felt how I had neglected the very one who might have proved to me an adviser and a friend. The coming year was all overshadowed by her death; yet in a worldly sense, what privileges did it not bestow! I was heir to her property: wealth was mine once more. Yet I continued my laborious career. Emily had provided amply for my parents and my brother. Their position, therefore, as far as worldly comforts went, gave me no concern.

Before I quitted the country, I resolved to have an interview with Miss Crayley, who now happened to be in London, on a visit to an aunt. She acceded at once to my proposal, and met me in the Park, as I had no other possible place of rendezvous for her. We conversed long together of

Alice. I bade her inspire her with every hope, and heard all the news of her which she could possibly tell me. Several suitors had presented themselves, but had been in succession rejected. Yet she added one piece of information, which inflicted a sharp pang upon me, though, at the moment, I could scarcely fathom why. The constant admirer that had tracked her path so assiduously, while I had been living in the house, the refined, educated Mr. Clanberry, returned every now and then to his persevering endeavour to gain her hand; and I pictured to myself her dislike growing less every day, until at last she would perhaps yield. But scarcely had the thought been framed, ere I discarded it as unworthy of myself and her, and strove to listen to the remainder of Miss Crayley's communication with the utmost composure. Just as we were about to part, she exclaimed: "Oh! I had, I declare, almost forgotten one thing. Alice bade me to entreat you to let me have the locket for a few days, that, before you quit England, she may repair an error she committed at first, in not having her initials engraved upon it. It seems she told me," continued Miss Crayley, smiling, "as though she feared to tell whence it came. You shall have it certainly before you leave England. Trust me."

Frankly, confidingly, I placed the locket in her hands, wondering at the eagerness with which she grasped the little treasure, which innocently was destined to be the cause of so much after misery. Oh! wherefore did not some kind angel descend, and warn me of my false step. That brief instant sufficed to insure my future despair. Unsuspiciously, I listened to her reiterated promise of returning the locket in three days at latest, and parted from her kindly and hopefully, lading her with a thousand messages to my Alice, bidding her inspire her with every hope, and to look forward trustfully, for two little years, at most, and then I would come back and proudly claim her as my wife. Happy moment, long expected, never destined to come! How we mould our future to our own will, and never dream of being thwarted!

Three days past. No message, no letter came to me. I began to fear some mishap. I was to leave London at midnight; I could not do so without her precious gift—I began to doubt, to wonder; and my heart again was filled with that sickly presentiment of evil which had been so long absent. I sat at home, listening to every knock, every footstep in the street; but the hours passed on, and no messenger came for me. The clock struck eleven. One hour was before me. I had made every preparation before hand; so that I had nothing to do but to ride down to London Bridge. Suddenly becoming desperate, I ordered a cab, and drove to her aunt's house; knocking at the door of which, I was speedily answered by a servant.

"Is Miss Crayley within?"

"Miss Crayley, sir!" exclaimed the man, a little surprised, no doubt, at my question, at such an hour. "Miss Crayley left London this morning."

"Left London!" I repeated to myself. "Then all is lost!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Cooke are at home, sir; would you like to see them?"

"No, thank you; I am in haste;" and I hurried away, with a heart full of bitterness and disappointment. Again, however, my hope triumphed, and I argued myself out of my doubt, by imagining various reasons for her having disappointed me; until, at length, I determined, though my heart sunk more and more, to hope manfully on. This trifle could not be of sufficient importance to break one link of our happiness. Little did I imagine the use to which this little token was put, in the perfidy and blackness of her heart to whom I entrusted it thus confidingly.

I went upon my voyage. On this part of my life it is unnecessary to dwell; I was absent from England altogether two years and I returned to my native land a rich and prosperous man. Success had attended my footsteps wherever I trod. I had cleared an enormous profit on the lading of my vessel. The fortune bequeathed me by my sister had been accumulating, and foresaw no possible obstacle to the fulfilment of my hopes. The vessel that bore me home seemed joyously to cut the waves; and as I neared England, the white cliffs of my native shore, bathed in brilliant sunshine, cast back a welcome upon me. The blue waters lashed the ship's sides, and broke in restless murmuring around. Oh, what secrets it seemed to tell of all that had been enacted since my departure. I listened to its troubled voice as I stood upon the deck, and peered down into its dark depths with a sort of restless desire to learn something. How my heart swelled, as I neared the land—my home, my future home, never to be quitted again. Once more I beheld it; and all my trials were over. More than six brief years had sped their way, and were launched in the ocean of the past; and at length the hour was come. Exquisite indeed were my sensations of happiness. I never doubted for an instant but that I should find her true as when I left her, when I bade her farewell in the wood long ago. How little appeared those sorrows, in the fulness of my present joy. I pictured Alice on the cliff's top, imagined her there watching for my coming, even though I know she could

ot be aware of my approach. A fine vessel ood off to sea; and as I, shading my eyes ith my hand, was gazing towards the nore, a boat with passengers put off from and. Only two persons beside the sailor at there; they passed close, but I did not ee their faces. They interested me merely ecause in figure the lady resembled one I emembered only too well. The boat sped n—little did I imagine that away, away ver the deep blue sea it bore my life, or hat those waves now rolling towards those hores were gathering strength to send the vessel out to sea that carried to another clime all I loved and cherished upon earth.

I was at length in London, and one day sufficed to conclude all my business arrangements; and now no longer needing concealment, I ordered a post-chaise, and hurried down to the family seat, in the proud consciousness that I had done all that within me lay to deserve her hand. Lord Carden's consent I now doubted not of receiving, with my splendid fortune, backed by her constancy, truth, and devotion. Slowly did I seem to near the goal. I saw the ivy-covered turrets of the old-fashioned mansion rising in the distance before me. Now I could distinguish the very windows. I seemed to think that *she* must be everywhere. Alice is looking from those windows! The wooded lawn met my gaze—Alice is wandering there! The meadows spread green before me—Alice's footprints must be on the grass! All, all, breathed of her! Signs of life soon became visible; the smoke curled from the chimneys, the flocks were scattered on the fields. I am in the park; my carriage dashes up the drive; the gardeners rise up from their work, and lean on their spades, to watch my movements; the air is perfumed with new-mown hay; the sweet breeze fans my cheek; the flowers bloom around me, glistening with the traces of a late shower; the sun bursts gloriously from behind a cloud—the carriage stops! I am ome!

Dec. 23.—The first intelligence which eeted me was that Lady Carden was inposed, and her husband was in Lon-. The only person, therefore, with om I could have an interview, was Miss yley, now attending upon her aunt ing her indisposition.

"Miss Crayley," thought I, while a dizzy ness overspread my heart, and cold ps stood upon my brow, "why is Alice here?"

Memory flies back, as if riveted with nder at all that flashed across my brain that moment. I could form no conjecre; I did not dare to frame my fears; I as in the drawing-room, the scene of my ppiness, and o: much of my uncertainty d consequent misery. There was the window, apparently all unchanged in its aspect, its decorations, where I first breathed my love. The room seemed as though no hand had passed over anything since that time fled by. There was the piano before which she had so often sat, there the open music, there the song I loved so well. It seemed as if she had but passed away from the room that very night, and left all the same to speak of her constancy. There were flowers placed, perhaps by her hands; I stooped and inhaled their fragrance, and, pressed my lips upon them; I hung over the vase, I listened, I peopled the changeful air with echoes of her voice. I seemed to hear her sing, and all was harmony and melodiousness around. But a sound of earth disturbs the spell, the door is opened, and Miss Crayley, cold, emotionless, and silent, stands before me!

I looked at her for a moment, then extending my hand, said,

"Do you not know me, Miss Crayley? have two short years so changed me?"

"I do know you," she said, stiffly bending, "Mr. St. George; may I inquire how or in what way I can serve you?"

"Miss Crayley," I exclaimed, starting towards her, "you cannot be ignorant of what has brought me here? My long probation is at an end. I am come, now, to hear news of her whom I love; in fact, to claim Alice as my wife!"

Miss Crayley affected a start, but her face did turn pale as she half averted her head, and said: "You have not then heard—"

"Heard—heard what?"

"The news!" she answered quietly.

"Miss Crayley," I exclaimed, trembling with fear and anguish, for I felt that some disclosure was at hand, "do not rack my heart thus, but tell me at once; how and where is Alice? but," I continued, scarcely waiting for her reply, "do not tell if she be dead, or married – no! I will not hear that Alice is any other than constant! Speak, Miss Crayley! you are still silent! speak, I entreat you!"

"You must calm yourself a little," returned Miss Crayley; "I have much to tell you, but I will never speak, while you continue to rave in this preposterous manner."

"I am calm, now," I replied, with a choking effort. "I will listen to everything; quickly tell me only one thing: is she still free?"

"Lady Alice is married," returned Miss Crayley, with a cruel *sangfroid* I shall never forget.

I heard the words; they rang through my ears; but I soon lost all consciousness. For one brief moment the room swam before me; the window, the green landscape, the flowers, her songs, all danced before my eyes. I threw myself on the

ground, forgetful of everything. I often have expressed a wish since then that I could have remained so and have never awakened to a sense of the overwhelming truth that she who had formed the sunlight of my existence had gone, was lost to me, separated from me, for ever! Our vows broken, every link scattered, every word of affection denied, each hope blown aside! When I recovered, a gentleman, who proved to be the doctor attending Lady Carden, was with me. I had been removed to a bed-room, and had lain there for hours. In the half waking, half dream-like return to consciousness, I heard him speak soothingly to me. The word comfort smote my ear, and I turned from it with loathing. I kept my eyes shut; I would not speak; I only felt then a wish to die, to sink into the grave, and never, never to hear again that name I had loved so fondly. But her form would float before my imagination; in vain I turned from it; Alice was there — now appearing as the bride of another, now coming and bending over me, and with her own lips breathing words of comfort: and then, indeed, I would listen, and for a moment fancy myself joyful. But these were dreams—visions that haunted my imagination in the delirium of sickness, and from which, when awake, my fancy turned with abhorrence. Often, as I tossed upon my restless bed, I would conjure up the past, recal her every word, and fancy that I heard her breathing them kindly to me once more. I trod again over my busy and laborious career; I looked upon my happy anticipations until my breaking heart found relief in tears, which started and forced themselves a way down my cheeks.

But why dwell longer on these scenes of woe and misery? My bitter lesson will not be understood by those who have not loved as I have loved. I only know that on my recovery the now hated ring was conveyed back to me, and never until years had passed did I understand the whole circumstances of the case. Lord and Lady Carden treated me like a son during my protracted convalescence, and their kindness is registered upon the tablets of my heart among the unrequited acts which others have done unto me. I could not make them feel me grateful. I hurried away from the scene of my misery. I took this house, and here I have lived through more than thirty summers, thirty winters, but shall not live through another. Miss Crayley I never saw again, but years afterwards a letter was given to me, which, delivered after her death, was destined to explain all. In it she made the startling confession that from the first she herself had loved me, but that, maddened by jealousy, she resolved, the better to work out her revenge, to affect the deepest interest in our attachment. This accounted for everything. I forgive her now—now that I would be at peace with the whole world. She said that, beholding our continued devotion to each other, undeviating through years of trials, she had invented the affair of the locket for the express purpose of bringing about the termination of our engagement. Having once secured the locket, she bore it back to Alice as a token that the last link was severed, and told her that my sentiments had wholly changed, and that I had gone abroad as the husband of another. Alice, unwilling at first to believe the intelligence, was convinced by the sight of the token she had given me, and, in accordance with my supposed wishes, gave back the ring and married Mr. Clanberry. Thus was my love overthrown, my happiness in this world irrevocably destroyed. I bear no malice towards Miss Crayley; I have stated the circumstances, as they in reality occurred, from one desire only—to convince *her* that, in the whole course of my long life, my soul has been devoted to her alone. I wish her to know, when my spirit has ceased to inhabit the earth, when the grave contains me, that I have loved her well, that I would have made her happy! Yet wherefore do I say this? Perhaps she is happier far than I could have rendered her. I trust she is! Yet happy as she is, is it selfish of me to wish to cast one shadow on her path, to awaken one sorrowful feeling when she reads this and discovers how she has wronged me and been the innocent cause of crushing every best impulse of my heart? Not while I live would I wish her to know the truth, but I shall die with less regret if I feel that she will understand me at last, even if it be too late. Yet proudly do I look back in the consciousness that I have been so constant! I have not broken one solemn pledge; I have snapped asunder no vows. Here I am, an old man, but cherishing towards the Alice of the past the same feelings that I did then when both were young, both looking forward to a bright future that never came at least for me.

Farewell, Alice! this is the last time my pen will trace your name! The hand that even now is trembling as it writes, will soon grow cold, and I shall no longer murmur over your name in my nightly prayers. Into the hands of the Great Father of Heaven I commend you, trusting that in your children you may reap joy and gladness, and that in your future life you may be, through His mercy, crowned with an eternal crown! Farewell for ever, then, farewell!

Jan. 1, 18—. New Year's day! The

t, I feel, that I shall ever see! The old ar has gone, with its changes, its sor-ws, its hopes, and its fears; the next is l of hopes and changes for the rest of e world. Young hearts are looking with r and gladness to the promises it is des-ed to fulfil, but in peace and meekness r spirit is awaiting that great change ich must come to all. Ere the year ses, I trust I shall be in the presence of r Redeemer and my God. The world is ne to me. I am preparing for death; I forgiving all; I would die at peace th the whole human race. I indulge in vain regrets. I strive to banish the st, and look forward hopefully, trust-ly, to that glorious future stretching ay interminably before us, never known, ver understood, until actually entered on.

[My uncle died in the course of the ar, bequeathing his property to Mrs. anberry's daughter; but, with a gene-sity most kind, half has now been made er to me, so that I am restored to a com-rtable position once more. In justice to r poor uncle's memory, I have transmit-l a copy of the MS. to Mrs. Clanberry, r which I received her warmest thanks. few months ago it was told me that an lerly lady and gentleman were seen ndering about my uncle's tomb, and, om the description, I cannot doubt but it as Alice visiting, in her husband's com-ny, the grave of him whose history they th knew. — EDITOR OF "MY UNCLE'S IARY."]

SUMMER.—A SONNET.

BY L. GIDLEY.

Author of "Judgment of Brutus," Oxford Prize Poem, 1840.)

om leafy hedges comes the pleasant breath
Of cows that seek the trees, which over-shadow
een resting-places, where they lie beneath
The woven boughs and leaves, and view the meadow,
ere haymakers upturn the tangled wreath
Of brown and fragrant grapes, or the mower
cking his whetstone from its belted sheath,
akes tuneful grating. Now the freshening shower
ls cools from heaven, whereat the earth rejoices,
nd seems to suck the gentle moisture in;
l then a thousand little murmuring voices
f weary leaves and flowers, which begin
stretch their curvèd necks, are heard like strings
harps which sound to fairy fingerings.

Mary Whitfield's Last Night.

It was a cold, bleak night; round the cloud-belted summit of the Devonshire cliffs the wind whistled, and roared, and then died away into a low sigh or moan. Not a star was visible. The moon, occasionally appearing between a chink in the dark canopy, suffered the snow-covered roofs of the village of Dawlish to be seen glittering beneath its beams. All was still, and no motion, save the occasional swaying to and fro of the leafless trees and the twinkling of lights in the village, was perceptible. Along the great London road might be seen approaching the form of a man on horseback, enveloped in a large cloak, and riding low-bent over his steed, as if urging him impetuously on. Presently, a sharp, shrill whistle broke the stillness; and immediately from behind a clump of trees and bushes near the road, a woman, closely muffled, stepped forth.

The horseman leaped down, and was by her side in a moment. A few minutes were passed in low earnest conversation, during which the girl remained leaning against the tree; while the stranger stood near, evidently seeking to urge her to do something or to exonerate himself from some fault.

At length, the girl, throwing back the shawl, suffered her beautiful face to appear distinctly revealed by the moonlight.

"Henry," she said, "I am satisfied. You have told me," she continued, in a calm, melancholy tone of voice, "that there is no truth in what I have heard. You *say*," and her voice slightly trembled, "you *say* that you still love me the same, and I *must* believe you."

"Did you then doubt it, Mary?" hurriedly exclaimed the young man.

"Was I wrong? would not you have doubted too? What could I do, when it was rumoured through the village that Lord Henry Vernel was to be married to the beautiful heiress, Alice Markham. I did not think that Lord Henry and my Henry were one then, until poor Robert told me so; and even when the thought did flash across my mind that there was unnecessary concealment of your name, still I trusted you, until I saw you this morning leave the park."

"But have I not explained that to you, Mary?" interrupted Lord Henry. "Have I not told you my reasons? What can I do more?— how convince you?"

Mary still remained silent.

"You do not answer."

"What shall I say, Henry?"

"Do you believe me?"

"Yes, yes, I believe you. But it is time for you to go now. The village clock has struck eleven."

"You seem anxious for my departure," he replied, with an expression of bitterness.

"You are in danger, Henry," she replied, with a burst of the affection she was struggling to conceal; "and shall I detain you near *me*, when your every step is tracked? Nay, go!"

The young man was moved: "God bless you, Mary! To-morrow, then——"

"To-morrow," she murmured, lowly, without moving or changing her position, or raising her head. A hurried farewell was exchanged; and Lord Henry, putting spur to his horse, was soon on his way.

Mary watched his retreating figure, as it disappeared in the distance; and then the feelings which had been swelling in her breast, and to which she could not give utterance while her lover was present, now burst unconstrainedly forth; and burying her face in her hands, a flood of tears came to her relief. She remained leaning against the tree, and a host of memories flocked dimly over her brain. Remembrance took her back to the time when, before she had met Lord Henry, she had regarded the humble Robert in the light of her admirer. She remembered her simple but truthful love; his little offerings of affection — the earliest roses, sparkling with the morning dew, brought to the cottage-door, and offered so kindly, so gently. She remembered the glance of pride which shot from her eyes, when he secured her for his partner in the village dance; and she remembered, too, the look of anguish and dismay with which he listened to her rejection of his suit, and the reasons she assigned to it. And what had she exchanged for that honest, earnest love? For what had she all but broken that heart once beating with noble impulses, though lodged in a poor man's bosom? for what had she consented to forego his love? For one who had ceased to call for her. There was bitterness in the thought; and yet the deeper bitterness that Mary felt she loved him even more passionately than ever. She read in his hesitation, his faint excuses, the truth; and she resolved never to see him more, but to suffer him to act as his heart prompted him, and to marry the beautiful heiress, if he considered it best for his happiness. The knowledge that her lover was in danger, that he was deeply implicated in the Papists' plots, that he was tracked, that facts were being collected in evidence against him, served but to increase her love. But it seemed to her then that she, a poor village girl, unaided and alone, was utterly unable to assist him. Ere the morning sun arose, however, Mary discovered with what a dear-bought sacrifice she could save Lord Vernel's life.

She had remained in the same place, quietly pondering on the past, when, over the hard and frosty snow, she heard the sound of approaching footsteps. It seemed as if persons were coming in opposite directions; and soon a clear voice, which sent a painful thrill through Mary's heart, exclaimed:—

"What, man, are ye back so soon? what news?"

"News, aye," chuckled the other, "news that will make your heart bound again."

"What!" exclaimed Robert, for it was he, "what is it? tell me, and be brief."

"Your rival is in your power."

"Is it so—is this true?"

"On one condition—"

"Any condition," interrupted Robert, "say, what do you want?"

"Why, I don't like to do these things without a reward—and the money offered for his reward is not so much after all—"

"I suppose you want it all yourself?"

"Now, what a clever fellow you are at guessing."

"Well, take it and welcome; it's not the *money*, I want—it's revenge."

Mary shuddered, as she listened to this dialogue with breathless interest. Her heart sank within her, she grew faint, and cold drops of perspiration stood upon her forehead. Was this Robert? was Henry so encompassed? The dialogue proceeded:

"But have you got the passport?"

"Aye, safe enough; here it is," and in the moonlight the fellow extended the paper.

"Now," continued Robert, sneeringly, "he shall leave England, and get safely off to France. Aye, trust me; I'll go to-morrow, and tell him myself of my triumph! And the blood-hounds are on his track?"

"They've got scent of him, and when you've had your bit of revenge, I'm to give him up—aye—"

"Yes, as soon as you please, after to-morrow; he's still in the cottage on the moor?"

"Oh, yes! he thinks he's all safe there, because the house is haunted."

"All hail!" laughed Robert, "good night!"

And the two separated, and went by different ways. And what did Mary? She was a slight, fair creature, with a delicate form, and timid of mind as a child. But there is a moment when courage, a desperate courage, fills the breast of a woman, and that is when she feels that by abandoning all affectation of meekness and putting on the armour of strength she may serve those on whom she has bestowed her affections. Mary felt this, and instead of giving way to the first impulse of her despair, roused herself from her trance, and sinking for one moment upon her

nees, to implore the aid of Heaven, rose, nd gathering her shawl closely around er, stepped forth into the road, and took ıe same direction as that pursued by Ro-ert. She followed him to his cottage, ıused before the door, and saw him go in. ıe knew he lived there alone. But Henry as in danger, and Mary might save him. he little wicket-gate was open, and en-ring, she tapped at the door. What oughts floated through her mind, as she ood patiently waiting outside the door of m she had rejected, she could not herself ll. Pride had utterly departed for the oment, and one vision, the scaffold, float-before her dizzy brain. Who shall de-ribe the surprise of the young man, nen, on opening the door, he discovered ary standing on the threshold: the blood rsook his cheeks, and he exclaimed only, "Mary!"

"I would speak with you, Robert; only ıe moment—do not deny me—"

"Come 'inside," said he, gently, for the nes of her voice, so low, so gentle, so ploring, touched again the chord of his epest love, and sent it reverberating rough his heart. "Come in; the night bitterly cold. What can you want with ?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then tered, but refusing the offered chair, covered her pale countenance, and trem-ng with agitation, exclaimed:

"Robert, you loved me once!"

"Loved you, Mary! did you come here ask me that? Do you need an answer your question, look on my embittered ,remember how you have crushed every pe, and—"

'Do not reproach me, now, Robert," said, in a heart-broken tone of voice, ile tear after tear slowly rolled down her eks, "do not reproach me, but listen for w minutes; I am come to ask you," she tinued, "to do me one favour, to *prove* t you did me love."

I will do anything—anything to prove t—to serve you."

Say that again," she exclaimed, hur-lly, and laying her hand on his arm; y it again!"

Only ask, Mary," he said, in his gen-; tones.

You have it in your power to betray d—"

Ah!" he exclaimed, starting from her, 'stung by a serpent, and rudely shaking ıer hand, "ah! it is for that you are e? No," he added, with a bitter scowl ıis countenance. "But," asked he, ab-ly, "how came *you* to know that? Tell ' he inquired fiercely, "have you been ı playing the eaves-dropper?"

I will not deceive you," said Mary, ly, while her agitation almost over-powered her: perceiving which, Robert attempted to make her sit down, to which she no longer offered any objection, while she briefly related what she had heard.

"Oh, Robert!" she continued, "by the memory of your love, do not deny what I ask. If you have loved, you know too well what I am suffering, you know—" and her face became flushed for a moment, "you know I love him, or I should not now be here imploring you, by the hope of forgiveness hereafter, to spare his life. Robert, would you, can you refuse me? Here, I will kneel to you—do anything; but save him."

And the poor girl sank on her knees, and clasped his hand imploringly.

"Do not do that," exclaimed he, moved for a moment, and attempting to raise her, "it is useless; I will not, cannot consent."

"Nay, I will never, never rise, until you grant my prayer. Give me the passport, let me but take it to him, and permit him to fly."

"And you with him," exclaimed the young man, bitterly: "and where shall be my reward? What, am I to suffer, aye, and I tell you, Mary, I do suffer—and have no consolation?"

"Heaven will console you; you will have done a noble action; you will have secured a life, and you will be rewarded in Heaven. Robert, Robert!" she exclaimed, passionately, "oh, I beseech you, in mercy grant my prayer."

He gazed a moment on the beautiful but agitated face of the kneeling girl, her lips growing with emotion, her dark lashes heavy with tears, and the flowing auburn curls floating round her forehead, and he turned away.

She hoped he was relenting; she waited for his words, as though her own life depended on his answer.

"Mary, dear Mary!" he said at length, in a deep earnest voice, "I will, on one condition, set him free, and never betray whither he is gone."

"Name it, name it, whatever it be," wildly exclaimed she, rising and grasping both his hands.

"Listen! do not be rash; you may repent your promise."

"Never," she said, "*my* life to save *his*."

"You promise—"

"Yes, yes, promise; only name your condition. Do not keep me in this agony of suspense."

"Will you be mine?"

The poor girl started back, overcome by the words she had heard: she had never dreamt of such a sacrifice.

"It *is* too great a price to pay for his life," continued he, regarding her evident abhorrence of the proposition with bitter jealousy. "Then we must part instantly,

and to-morrow sees your lover, Lord Henry, in the hands of his executioners."

"Oh God in heaven!" exclaimed she, "what must I do?"

There was a sil nce, a death-like silence in that little room; the young man stood erect, watching her countenance. Poor Mary closed her eyes as if to shut out the dreadful remembrance of the present. It was a suspense, but not long did she continue silent. Even Robert himself was startled by the unnatural calmness with which she spoke at length.

"Robert, I will be yours; I will make you a faithful wife; will that content you?"

"You will! Mary, dear Mary! you will be mine!" he exclaimed, bounding forward, forgetting everything in this sudden revulsion of feeling: "you promise, you truly promise."

"I have said it, Robert," she said, retreating, and with a forced smile; "I promise if I am alive to-morrow, I will be yours. Do not thank me," she continued, as she perceived him about to speak. "Now, give me the passport. This night I deliver it to him."

"What, you!" he said, while a suspicion suddenly crossed his mind, "will you give it to him?"

"Do you doubt my word?" she said, looking fixedly at him; "I swear I will never marry Lord Henry."

"Will you go alone, dear Mary? surely not, to-night?"

"This night, Robert, and alone. God will watch over me."

"There is the paper, Mary. Nay, one embrace."

"To-morrow. I am not yours yet," she said, gliding from the room. "I remember what I have sworn, and trust me."

The dark clouds which seemed, in the early part of the evening, lowering close over the far hills, had now scattered themselves over the whole heaven, every now and then obscuring the moon, over which they passed hurriedly, as though their destination lay far ahead. The snow fell thickly, mingling with fine, drizzly rain; while the wind, catching the outer particles of the dry snow drifted into piles near every bank, sent them in whirlwinds through the air. Mary's way lay over the high road, for more than a mile; she had then to strike off into a pathway, leading gradually up the hill-side. Her heart was full, almost to bursting. She had achieved the purpose for which she had sought her first lover's cottage; but at what a price! —a price she seemed to feel even now was too high to pay. A wild excitement rendered her unconscious of the perils of her journey. At another time, the superstitious dread firmly rooted in classes not always the humblest, would have deterred her from proceeding. Each dark trunk of the trees, each projecting bank, would have been conjured into something supernatural. As it was, she saw, she heeded nothing. But there was something in her mind which seemed to speak a fearful warning of evil to come. What was it that made the poor girl pause at the last corner whence she could behold the village before him; and look back, with a long, wistful glance, to the plain on which her home lay scattered round her? What presentiment was it that made her yearn so fondly to that little cottage apart from the rest, which she fancied she could still see out in the uncertain light of night; and the one aged heart that beat beneath its roof? Why was it that she felt a bitter regret that she had not returned, and sought her blessing before proceeding on her journey? and why did the feeling steal across her mind that she had pressed her lips upon that wrinkled hand for the last time? She paused, she looked back, and again she hurried forward. There was a lonely death behind; so she passed on.

Far up the hill-side, a rude bridge had been thrown across a deep chasm, in whose bed rolled and tossed a mountain stream, now swollen with melted snow and rain. Following the path on the other side, it led up to a large platform or moor on the summit of the cliffs, on which stood a solitary, low, thatched building now fallen to decay. This house had formerly been tenanted by an old astrologer or fortune-teller, who was said to have been carried off mysteriously one night; but his spirit had returned, and, according to tradition, still inhabited the old place, now in consequence utterly deserted. Few of the most courageous ventured thither, even in the daylight; but the villagers would as soon have precipitated themselves down the yawning gulf below, as have trusted their bodies there by night. In this hiding-place, Lord Vernel therefore felt perfectly secure. As Mary ascended the pathway, and found herself on the black moor, over which the wind blew with a sharp bitterness that seemed to pierce her body, she perceived a light in the deserted building standing far away on the other side. Her heart trembled with mingled feelings of apprehension and uncertainty; and she who had almost boldly ventured to Robert's cottage-door, turned faint and sick at the prospect of encountering him she loved so devotedly. But again she prayed for strength, and it was granted. Quickening her pace, she trod the soft snow, now nearly ancle-deep; and tightening her shawl around her, she soon crossed the ground, and stood without the house-door. Not a sound could be heard; the light seemed to have been extinguished, and no sign of life

was visible. But casting her eyes up to the broken chimney-stack, she perceived a column of smoke curling up to meet the black clouds.

"He is here," she murmured, "I feel he is."

But then she hesitated, and she remembered a thousand things she had not remembered before. Why did she venture alone? What would he think? And such were considerations which suggested themselves, so as almost to tempt her to return. A few minutes elapsed; then she tapped humbly at the window-frame, but so gently that the summons met with no attention. Presently, courage came, and knocking more loudly, some one cried out from within,

"Who's there?"

"It is I," faintly ejaculated Mary.

Her voice had been recognised; for in another instant, the bolts were withdrawn, and Lord Vernel, with a light in his hand, and looking the picture of consternation, opened the door, and rushed forth.

"Good Heavens, Mary!" he exclaimed; "what do you here? Tell me; what is the matter? Speak, dear Mary! what is it?"

Overcome with timidity and agitation, she had burst into tears; but quickly recovering herself, said,

"Oh, Henry! I am only come to give you this;" and she held forth the paper. "Take it, Henry; I must go."

"Go, my poor child! go!—go where? Have you come over this wild heath alone to-night? What is this paper? But come inside; you will kill yourself."

"No, no, I won't come in; indeed, I will not," she said. "I must go home. There is your passport."

"Nay, you shall come in, Mary," he said, taking her cold hand, and drawing her by gentle force within the door. "What do you take me for, that I should suffer you to come here, and depart in this way, alone and unprotected?"

Mary silently suffered him to lead her in; and then, lest he should ask her questions to which she would not reply, briefly related the fact of the passport having been placed in her hands, but that she was bound to conceal how. She told him also that his messenger had betrayed him, and that he must, to save himself from his pursuers, depart that very night from the moor; for to-morrow would be too late. She then was silent; she never raised her eyes, but kept them fixed upon the ground.

The young lord listened intensely to her words, and appeared deeply moved by her simple tale, and the recollection of what she had done for him; and he so unworthy. He attempted once or twice to speak, but a choking sensation prevented him; and, at length, covering his face with both his hands, he leant over the letter, and the big tears forced themselves through his fingers.

"Mary!" he at length said, "have you done all this for me? for one who has treated you neglectfully, who is so undeserving of your love, or who has been? Listen to me now. I swear by Heaven that I will become worthy of you and such affection. Dearest, grant me what I ask. Fly this spot with me! and ere to-morrow's sun sets, you shall be my loved, my honoured bride. Nay, do not deny me, my own Mary! Let me redeem the past."

"No, no!" exclaimed she, clasping her hands in agony. "This can never be; it is now too late. We must this night part for ever!"

"What does this wavering mean? But a few hours ago, you reproached me with want of affection; and now you reject my offer. Mary, for the love of heaven, tell me what is the meaning of this."

She pointed to the passport on the table.

"What has that to do with it, Mary?"

"All, all," she answered. "To obtain that," and she shuddered as she spoke, "I have promised to become the wife of another— Robert's bride. Now you know all, let me go, I entreat you."

"Not till you have recalled these words. No, Mary, do not tell me you have done that. What, barter the whole happiness of your life, for the sake of setting me free! No, let me remain. Go, restore the paper to my betrayer. I will be taken, and you shall live. But stay," he continued, "what is your promise to him? Were you not mine before? Have you not sworn to be mine, and mine only? Come, dearest, reflect; remember the past. By the memory of our earliest affection, I conjure you to fly with me. The day is already dawning. Say the word, and how will he ever be able to trace us?"

Mary's heart warmed for a moment; then the remembrance of her oath floated over her mind, and suddenly raising her eyes and casting them round the room, they fell on a jewelled miniature lying on the table. At a glance she saw whose it was—those lovely features could not be mistaken, but in spite of the bitter fancy which crushed her heart, she made no allusion to the discovery, but replied calmly,

"It is impossible to grant your prayer; I have sworn, and," she continued, "no power on earth shall make me recal my promise."

"Then you never loved me!" he cried, with an uncontrollable burst of passion.

"This is not the time to inquire into that," she said, proudly; "it is sufficient for me that you are safe. I only need the

assurance that you are beyond the reach of danger, to make me happy."

"Forgive me, Mary, forgive my hasty words, but this you can do—will you promise to delay this hateful marriage for one short month?"

"If I can—if it is in my power," she said, imagining she should thus escape his importunities, "I will."

"You promise?"

"I do. Now," she said, "you had better depart: let me but see you mount your horse; you are in readiness, are you not?"

"A few minutes will render me so!" and hastily turning round to gather a few papers from the table, he perceived the miniature; colouring violently, and glancing towards Mary, who had averted her head, he thrust it into his bosom, as he hoped unperceived, and stowed the papers away in his travelling case. Putting on his cloak, he now went out to fetch his horse. He brought him round to the door; then pausing a few minutes to reiterate his protestations of attachment, his promises of a speedy return, and his reliance on her being able to defer the marriage, he bade her farewell, and murmuring "God bless you," bounded on his horse, and took the road leading down the further side of the moor.

And now, Mary was alone—alone with her own dark and heavy thoughts—alone with the remembrance of her unhappy lot. She had saved him, and would never have murmured at the sacrifice by which she had done so, had she believed in the truth of his attachment. The coldness with which he had suffered her to depart, in spite of his words, and oh! the hateful jewelled miniature, more than ever convinced her that though gratitude for her exertions might have prompted him to to take her for his wife, his heart would have been elsewhere. All she had done for him, all the love she had showered on him, the fond affection with which she had regarded him, all were thrown away. She looked back on that happy past, with its moments of intense rapture; she remembered the joy which thrilled through her heart when she heard his footsteps in the distance, or caught the first tones of his voice, or saw him riding by. She remembered the pride with which she heard his praises resounding through the village, and the delight with which she listened to his earnest, deep protestations of eternal attachment, reiterated again and again; she thought of the happy future she had sketched, and then the cold recollection of the morrow swept across her excited brain and chilled her heart. Where was that happy past?—it was gone for ever!

The sound of Lord Vernel's horse's hoofs died away in the distance, and Mary had wandered across the moor, had reached the winding path, and now stood on the wooden bridge, leaning over the slender rails, and gazing wistfully into the depths below. The gulph was narrow, dark and dismal. The rushing of water below was the only sound she heard, as it foamed and turned and rattled over the stones; the moonbeams gleamed down the rocky sides, to which fragments of snow were clinging here and there. The deep silence around, the half-darkened heavens, the gloom of her own mind, the consciousness that he was gone for ever, that she must on the morrow consent to become the heart-broken wife of a man she detested, conspired to bewilder her imagination and inspire her with the wildest thoughts.

"What is death?" she murmured, as she gazed on the deep chasm; there it yawned beneath her feet, dark and black. The waters murmuring below appeared to invite her, a voice seemed lodged underneath every blade of grass, urging her on.

Poor girl, turn! look back! who is it that, repentant and loving, rides over the moor? Nay, pause, he will be with you in a moment: he is come to save you. Hark! what sound is that? A wild death-like shriek, an echo amid the rocks, and a heavy plunge, and the bubbling waters are rolling on as before, but the bridge is vacant.

Reviews.

The Poacher's Wife; a Story of the Times. By Charlton Carew.

It is one of the best "signs of the times," that whereas, some fifteen or twenty years ago, novels chiefly aimed at delineating the follies, vices, vapidness, and absurdity of fashionable life, they are now inspired with a higher spirit, stimulated by grander views, and moved by loftier impulses. In former days, the novel-writer was content if he could trifle away a few idle hours, even though the temporary excitement thus created was succeeded by listlessness and *ennui*. Enough for him if he dazzled the imagination with a fleeting glitter, born of nothing, aiming at nothing, and ending in nothing: he scorned the notion of leaving any solid reflection in the reader's mind; he laughed at the idea of instructing while he amused—of providing for the future while he catered for the present. He would have told you that such was the intention of fiction; that recreation was one thing, instruction another; and that the two could not be reconciled on the same ground. And so he went on until his system expired through sheer inanity, and the public were fairly sick of

the bodiless, soulless, brainless phantom they had formerly adored. Latterly it has been the noble object of the writer of fiction to make his stories the vehicle of some great moral, social, or political principle. He has linked reason and imagination together in one golden chain; and, instead of destroying, they have helped each other, the imagination making the reason more godlike, and the reason giving the imagination ten-fold strength by setting before it a definite end and object. Mr. Charlton Carew is one of the workers in this truly rich mine; and one of the best workers too, for he is full of heart and hope, and faith in his own intentions. He appears to be well acquainted with the manners, natural features, and topography of Devonshire, in which county he has laid the scene of his romance, a romance which we have read—we will not say with interest, but with an all-absorbing fascination. And why? Not merely from the undoubted genius it displays—not merely from its thrilling incidents, its breathless situations, its gentle pathos, or its hearty and genial mirth—not solely from each or any of these causes—but because it illustrates a great principle, and exposes one of the most glaring abuses yet remaining in civilised England. "The Poacher's Wife"—as its title indicates—is a story of the game laws; "that bloody Juggernaut," as our author well designates it, which, we fearlessly assert, has done more to demoralise the peasantry of England than any other offspring of ancient feudal tyranny or modern class-legislation. It has been a greater mother of crime than superstition itself. It has turned hundreds and hundreds of honest men into murderous ruffians. It has reddened our fields with blood; choked our jails with criminals; made our gibbets creak with tenfold burdens; filled our highways with starvation, and our poor-houses with idleness; set our agricultural districts a-blaze with burning ricks at midnight; been the fruitful parent of ill-will between the rich and the poor; and been wholly unproductive of the least good even to the very class by whom it is upheld. Mr. Carew, in the tale before us, has shown that men of spotless principles are, under the pressure of extreme destitution (often brought about by these very laws), tempted to commit the offence of poaching; and that thus, being obliged to associate with men of really reckless character, they are gradually led on from crime to crime, till, not unfrequently, murder is the ghastly consummation of a ghastly pilgrimage. Happily, the hero of his powerful story, though necessity obliges him to poach, does not arrive at so terrible an ending; but his escape is an exception, and consequently only proves the rule.

Taken apart from its political attraction, "The Poacher's Wife" is a story of no small interest. The incidents are rapid, life-like and ever-shifting; the characters, both serious and comic, are strongly individualised, full of vitality, and stamped with the impress of an original mind; while every here and there—peering, like stars, through the black avenues of cloud-gaps, above the

"Bloody realities and harsh facts of earth"

of which a great portion of the narrative is composed—we come upon some exquisite description of external nature, beautiful as a bit out of Claude Lorraine, or Gaspar Poussin. Some of the comic sketches, too, are admirable. Sir Ralph Oldham, who considers that the game laws "are too lax, sir, too lax;" Lord Plaistic, who draws all manner of dismal inferences from the fact that "nobody is hung now-a-days;" Miss Fitchcombe, the man-hater (a kind of female Timon with a difference, having a greater love for tea, toast, and gossip, than is recorded of that worthy); Mrs Wortle, a good-hearted old house-keeper, who is eternally losing pots of jam in the most mysterious manner, (N.B. "she has an affection for jam," says our author); Mr. Carew's especial friend, Patty, whose eyes are so bright that you can't look at them—which is a pity, no doubt; and Mr. Smith, the ex-publican, who is loud in his denunciations of "any fellow as 'll teetotal," and who rejoices in "a sort of Salisbury plain of chin," which, when lathered for shaving, looks like "a field of snow"—all these are capital characters, true to nature, and with no more burlesque about them (some, indeed, are totally free from burlesque) than is necessary to render them palatable to the general reader. In fact, there is so much in this work that is suited for stage representation—so much that is already cut out to the adapter's hands—so many dramatic situations and effective characters, that we shall not be surprised if we see it on the boards of all the minor theatres in London. But this is giving but poor praise to the book which contains such sterling merit as the one before us. We have no space to give any abstract of the plot; nor would such of our readers, as intend to read the work itself desire it. But as a specimen of the talent our author has within him, we shall transplant to our own columns a very breathless and vivid description of a flight and pursuit by land and water. Gilbert Locksley, the hero, has been imprisoned on a charge of poaching; but contrives to escape at night through the agency of one Vaughan, who is, however, actuated by sinister intentions. While bidding adieu to his wife, and telling her that he means, if possible, to get up to London, and wait there till the storm has blown over, he is broken in upon

by the officers of the jail, and is obliged to fly for his life.

"Away!—Ay, away, and quickly! The moon is shrouded and the open country before you, but the blood-hounds are on your track: on, on; strain every sinew to distance them while darkness favours you. Liberty is the goal: press forward—dash on, through field and swamp, the high road and lane, the hedge and the ditch. Quick! fear not their shouts or their groans. Bravo! well leaped! they're panting behind, while Locksley holds his swift course. Away! Aided by the darkness, Locksley turned to the right, in hope of gaining a thick wood, wherein pursuit would be impossible. But suddenly the moon burst out from the clouds which had hitherto obscured her light, and distinctly showed to the hunters the direction he was taking. To follow it, therefore, was impossible, as they could reach the borders of the wood before him, and cut off that means of retreat, while the distance between them would be thus considerably diminished. Locksley turned his head and saw the manœuvre: he hesitated for a moment, and then dashed on across the open fields. He had however, lost ground by this momentary check; his pursuers were close at his heels, and several shots were fired at him, one of which passed so close to his head, that he heard the whiz as the ball flew by. The men loudly called on him to surrender; but Locksley was desperate, and at that minute little cared whether the balls hit or missed; but as they failed in fetching him down like a wild beast, he only answered with a savage execration, and still further increased his speed. After some hard running, they arrive at a steep declivity, down which rush both the pursuers and pursued. The treacherous moon broke out again as Locksley sprang forward, closely followed by three men. The wind was with them, so the speed with which they went down the hill was absolutely terrific. A narrow stream ran at the bottom. None of the men knew the ground they were traversing; but directly Locksley arrived at its borders, he saw the smooth though rapid current, and in an instant knew its great depth. He paused not, however, but plunged into the chill water, and struggling to the opposite bank, caught hold of some grass, and tried to drag himself up. But the bank was steep and slippery, and in his first attempt he failed, falling back into the stream. He heard a cry and a heavy splash, and the next instant he was seized by a strong hand, and dragged beneath the water. A desperate struggle now took place between the two men; they sunk and rose again, entwined in a fierce embrace, till Locksley, freeing one hand, caught his opponent by the throat, and forced him to loose his hold. Another tremendous effort, and he clambered up the bank, barely a moment, however, before his adversary had done the like. The rest of the party had crossed the stream where it was less deep, and the pursuit began afresh, with a more savage earnestness than before. * * * The goaded man had run about nine miles, and was now traversing a deep lane, with the men in full cry after him; when, almost driven to desperation, a thought struck him that he might conceal himself in the branches of an old tree, which being covered with ivy, offered the chance of a hiding place. He paused not to consider, but clutching hold of the ivy, clambered up the tree, and watched in painful suspense the approach of his pursuers. He did not wait long; the men came panting up, and passed the tree. With eyes almost bursting from his head, Locksley stared after them, while a feeling of hope once more revived his drooping spirit. 'I'm afraid to think I am safe,' muttered he. 'The bloodhounds know their trade well, and may yet hunt me out. And even if I do get clear of them, where shall I hide my head? Ah! what can that be, shining in the moonlight? Water! It must be the Tamer. And I see a boat moored to the bank. If I could once reach that boat in safety, I could float down the river and hide amongst the thick woods. I'll do it too.' * * * * * * He arrived there without being discovered, and leaped into the boat, where, to his inexpressible joy, he found a pair of sculls and everything ready for instant flight. He pushed off the boat, and then his hopes were annihilated at finding the little craft strongly chained to a post that was driven into the bank. In an agony of fear and rage, he tore and dragged at the chain till the skin pealed from his hands, but it was useless: the fastening remained firm as before. His pursuers had seen him, too, and were rapidly nearing the river. 'I shall be caught at last,' groaned the miserable man, 'after this dreadful run. Oh! that I had a file to sever this chain. Ah! the one Goodwin gave me; I have it still. Fool that I was not to think of it before!' He had it out in a moment and worked vigorously. A link was nearly sawn through, when one of his pursuers, who was considerably in advance of the rest, dashed up, and seizing hold of the boat at the minute that Locksley with a desperate tug broke the chain and pushed off, was dragged into the stream, still clinging to the stern, while he cried loudly for assistance from his companions. 'Let go,' cried Locksley, 'or it will be the worse for you.' The man only answered by renewed shouts for help, at the same time making a desperate effort to upset the boat. 'Will you

se your hold?' again said Locksley. 'o.' Not a word, but a blow, followed monosyllable, and the man was strug- ng in deep water. Locksley dropped o his seat in another moment, dipped skulls into the stream, and with one ourous pull, shot away. He could t discern his enemy clambering up the nk, and hear his savage oaths, when he ned a sweep in the river, thickly shaded masses of solemn trees hanging over its l. And a solemn place it was through ich his boat now glided, The river ew narrower, but not less deep. Strange- shaped rocks, dimly visible in the flit- g moonlight, skirted the water, and ew gaunt shadows athwart its surface. metimes they rose up, bare and cragged, l so sterile, that they seemed to bid iance to time to clothe them with a en garment: then the stream ran on rough a covering of trees that met over bed—'arched like a dusky den.' The nd drew wild music from the leafless. ughs; sometimes a sound like a shriek righted the listener; then with a long- awn bewailing sigh, the blast seemed to ver in the atmosphere; till a sudden irst, as of strange laughter, would vibrate rough a deep hollow—startling away e former melancholy sound. When the uds, which still drove on in frantic ase, left the 'night lamp' for a moment ar, the water seemed alive, from the re- ction thrown upon it by the restless anches overhead; a goblin crew that orted for a moment, and were gone. But e care-worn fugitive saw nothing of this; ard none of the wind's variable noise. le idea, and one alone, occupied his mind; thoughts reverted but to one object— edom, and the hope of obtaining it. ith a steady arm he held to his work, d clove his way for miles through the rk water ere an instant's rest was taken, fearful was he that the officers might ll be in pursuit. Yet up to the present ne, nothing had he seen or heard on the er that gave indication of alarm. He ited onward alone, and now in darkness. e moon had gone to rest, and with it the id died away: so in the dead silence of ly morning, disturbed only by the ashing of the water, Locksley continu- his lonely way, never thinking of the ger of pulling a boat in total darkness. notonously the oars dip into the water, l the little craft speeds along; yet the n who sits in it seems not to know ither he goes. His heavy eyelids droop er and lower. A sudden opening and a ant gaze, and then they drop. The n sleeps! Yes; he sleeps; consciousness for a time left his mind; yet still the gers clutch the oars, working them back- ds and forwards with regular move- ment. Suddenly, and with a jolt, the boat ran among some weeds, and was aground. Locksley was instantly awakened by the shock, and nearly thrown into the water; while forgetful for a moment of his situa- tion, he stared into the darkness with won- dering eyes. Then all the events of the night came crowding on his mind in such bewildering hurry as almost to deprive him of thought. He pressed his aching head, and in a few minutes was collected enough to set about repairing the present misfortune. 'Where can I be?' thought he. 'I have not a notion how far I have pulled, or how I came fixed on this bank. Can I have slept? Slept! and in this strange place. I fear my brain will crack!' With much effort he pushed off the boat: she floated into the stream; and Locksley, re- suming his seat, settled the oars in their places, and prepared to continue his flight. 'I'm certainly mad,' he suddenly exclaimed. 'I must land, and I've just missed the opportunity of doing so with safety. Ah! what's that? Hush!' A murmuring as of men talking was heard at no great distance, intermingled with a con- stant sound of rippling water, as if a boat was being rowed rapidly along. All at once, lights became visible, throwing a ruddy glare upon the stream, and turning into fantastic shapes the bare trees that stretched across. 'The hounds again!' cried Locksley. 'The devil himself guides them, or they'd never have scented me into this place. But be they men or devils, I'll fight it out. Now then catch me if you can.' He seized the oars, and tugged fiercely at them; not however, before the pursuing party had caught sight of him. Torches were in their boat, and while two of the men pulled at the oars, a third, who steered, once more discovered the fugitive, 'Pull hard, pull hard; we have him now. The fool's kept on the river that we might grab him nicely. Quicker still! we're losing ground. The devil's in the rascal; he slips away like an eel. Never let it be said that one man beat three. That's the way to work. Bravo! we're gaining on him. He must run aground soon, for he can't see where he's going. Bravo! bravo!' Locksley heard the man's shouts of tri- umph, but he tugged more desperately still, and fancied he somewhat increased the distance betwen them. But he could not see where he was going; every instant he expected to strike upon the bank, or against projecting pieces of rock which jutted into the river. It was wonderful he had gone so far in safety; yet with a fierce recklessness, he still held on. Hope never left him for an instant. 'Stop your boat!' shouted one of the pursuers, at the top of his voice. 'Stop it, or I fire.' Not an answer was given; a flash was seen, and a loud report

echoed about the rocks; but the ball skimmed the surface of the water, causing no harm. The man seized another loaded pistol, and holding his torch aloft, again fired. The ball struck the oar which Locksley held in his left hand, and it fell from his grasp into the water. Clutching the other with both hands, he rose with a savage determination to dash it amongst his enemies when they came up. At the very same instant, they struck with violence against a projecting piece of rock, and the boat was upset, every torch being immediately quenched. The man who steered, in his eagerness to fire at the fugitive, had neglected to use the rudder and keep clear of obstructions. Locksley no sooner saw the accident, than he leaped into the river and swam towards the nearest shore. The cold suddenly striking on his heated body, had nearly deprived him of breath; but he felt the ground under his feet, and pausing one moment, again struggled forward till the bank was fairly reached, Just at this part, the land sloped gently down to the water's edge, and so afforded an easy landing. Notwithstanding the darkness, Locksley discerned a still darker mass hard by—black even in the blackness—and supposing it to be a wood, crept noiselessly towards it. He was right in his conjecture: tall trees and thick underwood clung together, covering many acres of ground, and though his flesh was much torn by the brambles, Locksley plunged into the thickest part, when he sank to the earth like a dead thing."

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from observing that "The Poacher's Wife" is a novel which will last when more ephemeral publications are forgotten, because it illustrates a great social question. It is a book which every game preserver in the United Kingdom will read, we do not say, will *like*; that is hardly to be expected. But read it, they all must.

The Castle of Ehrenstein, its Lords, spiritual and temporal; its Inhabitants, earthly and unearthly. By G. P. R. James.—London, Smith and Elder.

This is one of those wild and mysterious romances which forcibly remind us of the days of Mrs. Ratcliffe and the "Castle of Otranto," with all the strange interest of those clever productions, combined with all the peculiar charms of Mr. James' style. Descriptions of the most striking nature, scenes of ghosts and hobgoblins, mysterious noises in an old castle, with all the usual accompaniments of comic and inexplicable complications, enable our author to weave a tale of a very strange and exciting character. The web o mystery is perhaps too intricate and invoved, but to many this will be a recommendation, since the imagination in fiction requires to be forcibly moved to induce us to dwell with pleasure on a tale of which the characters and events are all invented In the castle of Ehrenstein dwells a count of the same name, who has an only daughter, Adelaide, and, as a natural consequence in a chivalric romance, a young and gallant dependant, one Ferdinand, who loves his fair mistress, and is by no means disliked by her. The varied fortunes of this pair, the impediments thrown in the way of their union, the intrigues and accidents which intervene, with various other matters subsidiary thereto, form the staple materials of the work. There are many well-drawn characters, such as the Count of Ehrenstein, the Black Rider, the fair and saucy Bertha, while the strange jester is both well described and of great importance to the tale. To novel-readers in general, and to the admirers of Mr. James in particular, we commend this book, of which a better opinion may be formed from the following somewhat lengthy extract, than from the most elaborate criticism:

"It was an awfully dark and tempestuous night; the wind howled in fury through the trees, and round the towers; the large drops of rain dashed against the casements, the small lozenges of glass rattled and clattered in their leaden frames, and the thick boards of the oaken floor heaved and shivered under the force of the tempest. From time to time a keen blue streak of lightning crossed the descending deluge, and, for an instant, the great black masses of the forest, and the high and broken rocks around, appeared like spectres of a by-gone world, and sank into Egyptian darkness again almost as soon as seen; and then the war of the thunder was added to the scream of the blast, seeming to shake the building to its foundation. In the midst of this storm, and towards one o'clock in the morning, a young man, of about one-and-twenty years of age, took his way silently and with a stealthy step through the large old halls and long passages of the castle of Ehrenstein. His dress was that of one moving in the higher ranks of society, but poor for his class; and, though the times were unusually peaceful, he wore a heavy sword by his side, and a poignard hanging by a ring from his girdle. Gracefully yet powerfully formed, his frame afforded the promise of great future strength, and his face, frank and handsome, without being strictly beautiful, owed perhaps more to the expression than to the features. He carried a small brazen lamp in his hand, and seemed bound upon some grave and important errand, for his countenance was serious and thoughtful, his eyes generally bent down, and his step quick, although light and cautious.

The room that he quitted was high up in the building, and, descending by a narrow and steep staircase, formed of large blocks of oak, with nothing but a rope to steady the steps, he entered a long wide corridor below, flanked on one side by tall windows, like those of a church, and on the other by numerous and small doors. The darkness was so profound, that at first the rays of the lamp served only to dissipate the obscurity immediately around it, while the rest of the corridor beyond looked like the mouth of a yawning interminable vault, filled with gloom and shadow. The next moment, however, as he advanced, a blazing sheet of electric flame glanced over the windows, displaying their long line upon the right, and the whole interior of the corridor. Here and there an old suit of armour caught the light, and the grotesque figures on two large antique stone benches seemed to grin and jibber in the flame. Still the young man walked on, pausing only for one moment at a door on the left, and looking up at it with a smile somewhat melancholy. At the end of the corridor, on the left, he came to a larger staircase than that which he had before descended, and, going cautiously down, and through some other passages, he found himself in a stone vestibule, with two doors on either hand. They were of various dimensions, but all studded with large nails, and secured by thick bands of iron. Turning to the largest of the four, he quietly lifted the latch, and pushed it open. The wind, as he did so, had nearly blown out the lamp, and, in suddenly shading it with his hand, he let slip the ponderous mass of wood-work, which was blown back against its lintels with a dull clang, which echoed far away through the vaulted passages of the castle. The young man paused and listened, apparently fearful that his proceedings might be noticed; but then, as all was silent, till a loud peal of thunder again shook the ear of night, he opened the door once more, carefully shading the lamp with his cloak. Then closing the door gently behind him, he turned a large key that was in the lock, seemingly to ensure that he should not be followed. He was now in a vast old hall, which seemed to have been long unused, for there were manifold green stains upon the stone pavement, no customary rushes strewed upon the floor, no benches stood at the sides, and the table, at which many a merry meal had passed, was no longer to be seen. A number of torn and dusty banners and pennons, on the lances which had borne them to the field, waved overhead, as the wind, which found its way through many a broken lozenge in the casement, played among these shreds of departed glories. A whispering sound came from them likewise, and, to an imaginative mind like that of the youth, some of the rustling banners seemed to ask, "whither, whither?" and others again seemed to answer, "to dust, to dust." In the middle of the hall he paced and thought. A degree of hesitation appeared to come over him; and, murmuring, "It must be all nonsense, but, true or not, I have promised, and I will go," he walked forward to another, down at the far end of the hall. Apparently, it had not been opened for some time, as a pile of dust lay thick against it. There was no key in the lock, and it seemed fastened from the other side. After pushing it, however, the young man drew forth a key, saying to himself, "Perhaps this opens all," and, applying it, threw back the door. Then, holding up the lamp ere he entered, he gazed into the space before him. It was a low, narrow passage in the stone-work, with no windows, or even loop-holes, perceptible; but yet the damp found its way in, for the walls were glistening all over with unwholesome slime. The pavement, too—if pavement that, indeed, was at all—was crowded thickly with a coating of black mould, from which, every here and there, sprang up a crop of pale and dry fungi, covered with noxious dew, spreading a sort of faint, unpleasant odour around. So frail, and damp, and gloomy looked the place, that it evidently required an effort of resolution on the young man's part to enter; but after pausing for a moment, he did so, and closed and locked the door behind him; then, turning round, he looked on, still holding up the lamp as if he expected to see some fearful object in his way. All was vacant, however; and as the faint rays of light dispersed the darkness, he could perceive another door at the end of the passage, some twenty yards in advance. It, when he reached it, was firmly fastened, and, on drawing it back—for it opened inwards—the top of a flight of stone steps was before him, descending, apparently, into a well. It was no faint heart that beat within his bosom, but these were days in which there existed a belief, almost universal, in things which our more material times reject as visionary, or which, at best, are only credited by a few, who can see no reason why, in the scheme of nature, there should not be means of communication between the spiritual and the corporeal, or why the bond of mortal life, once dissolved, the immortal tenant of the fleshly body should not still feel some interest in the things of earth, amongst which it moved so long, and have the power and permission to make its presence felt for warning and for guidance. It is very different to feel an awe and a dread in any undertaking, and to shrink from ex-

ecuting it. The young man did feel awe; for he was going, in solitude and the midst of night, into places where mortal foot rarely trod, where every association and every object was connected with dark and dreary memories and with still more gloomy anticipations—the memorials of the dead, the mouldering ruins of fellow men, the records of the tomb, the picture of all that warm existence comes to in the end. He stopped for a moment there, and gazed down into the dark void below; but the next instant, with a slow and careful foot upon the wet and slippery steps, he began the descent. The air, which was sultry above, felt cold and chilling, as he descended; and the lamp burned dim, with a diminished flame, from the impure vapours that seemed congregated in the place. Each step, too, produced a hollow echo, ringing around, and decreasing gradually in sound, both above and below, till it seemed as if voices were whispering behind him and before him. Twice he paused to listen, scarcely able to persuade himself that he did not hear tongues speaking; but as he stopped, the sound ceased, and he again proceeded on his way. The square-cut stones forming the shaft, in which the staircase turned, with the jointing only more clearly discoverable from the mortar having dropped out, soon gave way to the more solid masonry of nature; and the rude rock, roughly hewn, was all that was left around him, with the stains still descending in the midst. A hundred and seventeen, some of them perilous from decay, brought him at length at the termination, with a door ajar at the foot. All was darkness beyond; and though there seemed a freer air, as he pulled the door back, and the lamp burned up somewhat more clearly, yet the vast, gloomy expanse before him lost scarcely a particle of its gloom, as he advanced with a beating heart, bearing the light in his hand. He was conscious of touching the door, as he passed; but the moment he had entered, it swung slowly, and a solemn dang echoed through the vault. Laying his left hand on his dagger, he turned suddenly, and looked behind him, but there was no one there, and he saw nothing but the heavy stone walls and low, groined arches, which seemed spreading out interminably on either side. The next moment, a bat fluttered across, and swept his face with its cold, dewy wing, nearly extinguishing the lamp as it passed, and then a low voice cried, 'Who is he?' 'Who? who?' several other voices seemed to say; and then another cried, 'Hush!' The young man caught the lamp in his left hand, and half drew his sword with his right, demanding aloud, 'Who spoke?' There was no reply, save the echo of his own voice amidst the arches; and holding the lamp before him, he turned to the side from which the first question seemed to proceed, and thought he saw a figure standing in the dim obscurity, at a few paces distance. 'Who are you?' he cried, stepping forwards; but there the figure stood, grew more defined as the rays fell upon it, and the eyeless, grinning head, and long, mouldy bones of a skeleton appeared, bound with a rusty chain to a thick column. Instinctively he started back, when he first discovered what the object was, and as he did so, a low, wild, echoing laugh rang through the arches on every side, as if mocking the horror which his countenance expressed. Nothing showed itself, however, and, ashamed of his own sensations, he drew his sword and walked quickly on. His path soon became encumbered, and first he stumbled over a shining skull, then trod upon some bones, that crunched under his feet, while strange whispering spread around him, till, with no light joy, he saw the farther wall of the vault, with an open arch leading out into some place beyond. When he had passed it, however, the scene was no less sad and gloomy, for he seemed now in a vast building like a chapel, where ranged on either hand were sepulchral ornaments, covered with dust, and, between them, long piles of mouldering coffins, with overhead a banner here and there, gauntlets and swords, and tattered surcoats, the hues of which could scarcely be distinguished through the thick stains of mildew that covered them. Here frowned the figure of a warrior in black marble, there lay another hewn in plain stone; here stood a pile of coffins with the velvet which once covered them, and the gold with which they were fringed, offering a stern comment on the grossest of human vanities, that tries to deck the grave with splendour, and serve up the banquet of the worm in tinsel. When he had half passed along the solemn avenue, he thought he heard a sound behind, and turned to look, but there was nothing near except three small coffins and the effigy of a lady kneeling in the attitude of prayer. When he turned round again, a sudden light, blue and pale, like that of the unconfirmed dawn, shone through the long arcades, wavered and flickered around, as if moving from place to place, though whence it proceeded he could not see, but, as he strode on, it served to show him a large snake, that darted from under the crumbling base of one of the monuments, and glided along the path before him, as if guiding him on his way. 'By heaven! this is all very strange and horrible,' he exclaimed, and instantly there was a wild 'whoop,' coming from several parts of the chapel. The pale light that

shone around was extinguished, and nought remained but the dim light in his own hand. He would not be turned back, however, but hurried only the more quickly forward till he reached a door at the opposite side. It was bolted within, but not locked; and pulling back the iron bar from the staple, he rushed out, the strong gust of the night air and the pattering drops of rain instantly extinguishing the lamp. A shrill scream met his ear as the door swung to behind him; but, nevertheless, he paused, and put his hand to his brow, with sensations in his bosom which he had never felt before and which he was ashamed to feel. While he thus stood, a fierce flash of lightning blazed around, dazzling his eyes for a moment, but serving to show the exact point of the rocky hill which he had now reached, and a path winding on down the woody descent, narrow, rough, and stony, looking more as if it had been traced by some torrent pouring down the side of the slope, than by the foot of man: along it he turned his steps, guided by the trees and bushes, which rendered it impossible that he should miss his way till, nearly at the bottom of the hill, a faint light shone before him, from the window of what appeared a little chapel. 'The good priest is watching for me,' the young man said to himself, and hurrying on, he gained a small projecting point of rock, which stood out clear from among the trees, and when he had gained the summit, the young wanderer turned to gaze at the building he had just left. All was dark and gloomy; not a ray broke from window or loop-hole, excepting one spot, where a ray shone forth upon the night, high up in the sky, shining red and hazy through the tempestuous air, like some star of evil omen. But the youth heeded not that light; he knew well that it was the beacon on the highest pinnacle of the donjon, beside which, under the shelter of the watch tower's roof, the weary sentinel was striving to keep himself awake, perhaps in vain. The rest was all as obscure as the world beyond the tomb, and, satisfied that he had not been remarked, he hurried into the little hermitage, and lifted the latch."

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be much better if Britain would conduct the trade in a more direct way. The goods could be taken direct to Texas in British ships, and then carried across the country to Santa Fé, which was a short and easy route, compared with the four months' journey from New York, by way of St. Louis and the Great Prairie. The only obstacle would be the tariff on the importation of goods into Texas, now part of the American Union, and he hoped that would not be heavy. He then passed on to describe the crossing of the Rocky Mountains, and the life of the trapper in the more northerly regions, where the elk and the beaver are the objects of pursuit. He expressed a deep regret that the conduct of civilised nations towards the Indian had been so little governed by the principles of Chistianity, and that the red man had always been considered by the white man as "in the way." The United States, he remarked, had often passed acts guaranteeing "permanent" possession of lands to the Indians; but the law was always violated, when the white man found it for his interest to do so. He feared that the time was not far distant when the red man, along with the beaver and the buffalo, would disappear from North America. It was, he considered, in the power of Britain, by remonstrance, to secure for the red race better treatment; if she herself always treated the aborigines rightly, the example would soon tell upon the American people. He earnestly hoped that it would be so; for he loved the Indian character: it was Cooper's masterly delineation which had led him (Mr. St. John) to America, and all he had seen had only tended to increase the interest which he felt in the red race. The lecturer concluded by thanking his audience for his exceedingly gratifying reception in Birmingham, and expressing, amid loud applause, his hope to meet them on some future occasion... .. Mr. Evans, the secretary of the Institution, said he was sure, from the manner in which the concluding words of the lecturer had been received, that the audience would be glad to hear that there was a probability that Mr. St. John would, on a future occasion, deliver another course of lectures to them.

The Birmingham Mercantile and Literary Institute

Was established in the autumn of the past year, and is in connection with the early-closing associations, its members being composed entirely of young men who are working to obtain emancipation from the long hours of business lately so general in shops, warehouses, and counting-houses. The success it has met with is highly satisfactory, considering the many and great difficulties its promoters have had to contend with: it is at present connected with the Polytechnic Institution, the committee of that inststitution having acted in the most liberal manner, by admitting its members at a considerable reduction from their ordinary subscription, in consideration of a guarantee of 200 tickets, yearly, from the committee of the Mercantile and Literary Institute. It is the intention of that body to establish a society on the principle of the Whittington Club and Manchester Athenæum, so soon as arrangements can be made to carry out the plan. The secretary, Mr. William Potter, will supply all further information.

Persian Painting.

Mr. I. R. King has lately executed some most charming productions, in this novel and agreeable art, which is gradually becoming more and more popular among the aristocracy and middle classes. Ingenious, easy of acquirement, we recommend it to all. The new subjects are Chartres Cathedral, Hôtel de Ville de Louvain, Interior of Milan Cathedral, besides heads, flowers, and other subjects too numerous to enumerate.

Colossal Candelabrum in Crystal Cut Glass, for H.R.H. Ibrahim Pacha.

This splendid and unique specimen of British industrial art, one of a pair, has just been completed by Messrs. Follet and Clarkson Osler, at whose factory, in Birmingham, the two candelabra were ordered by Ibrahim Pacha, on his visit to that town. The Pacha gave a general commission, and necessarily left great scope to the design and skill of the manufacturer, both of which have been eminently displayed by Mr. Osler in this truly gorgeous and oriental piece of magnificence. It is gratifying to think that in the palace of the luxurious Prince for whom it is destined, England will present a trophy of its manufacturing and artistic genius, which, we venture to say, no work in glass has approached since the discovery of the Phœnicians, and which will be a striking and peculiar object of interest, even amid the "magnificence" of "great Alcairo." It is impossible to render justice to the beauty of this work by any description; adequately to appreciate the effect of the brilliancy of the material, the prismatic changes of the tapering column, and the combined result of the admirably adjusted proportion of the candelabrum, requires ocular inspection. And even in the establishment of Messrs Osler, 44, Oxford-street, where it is now on private view, the gratified spectator must still trust to his imagination; he must suppose himself in the divan of the Pacha, brilliantly illuminated, where the other lights may play

hone around was extinguished, and nought emained but the dim light in his own and. He would not be turned back, however, but hurried only the more quickly orward till he reached a door at the opposite side. It was bolted within, but not ocked; and pulling back the iron bar from he staple, he rushed out, the strong gust of the night air and the pattering drops of rain instantly extinguishing the lamp. A shrill scream met his ear as the door swung to behind him; but, nevertheless, he paused, and put his hand to his brow, with sensations in his bosom which he had never felt before and which he was ashamed to feel. While he thus stood, a fierce flash of lightning blazed around, dazzling his eyes for a moment, but serving to show the exact point of the rocky hill which he had now reached, and a path winding on down the woody descent, narrow, rough, and stony, looking more as if it had been traced by some torrent pouring down the side of the slope, than by the foot of man: along it he turned his steps, guided by the trees and bushes, which rendered it impossible that he should miss his way till, nearly at the bottom of the hill, a faint light shone before him, from the window of what appeared a little chapel. 'The good priest is watching for me,' the young man said to himself, and hurrying on, he gained a small projecting point of rock, which stood out clear from among the trees, and when he had gained the summit, the young wanderer turned to gaze at the building he had just left. All was dark and gloomy; not a ray broke from window or loop-hole, excepting one spot, where a ray shone forth upon the night, high up in the sky, shining red and hazy through the tempestuous air, like some star of evil omen. But the youth heeded not that light; he knew well that it was the beacon on the highest pinnacle of the donjon, beside which, under the shelter of the watch tower's roof, the weary sentinel was striving to keep himself awake, perhaps in vain. The rest was all as obscure as the world beyond the tomb, and, satisfied that he had not been remarked, he hurried into the little hermitage, and lifted the latch."

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pathy in the breast of all her listeners. She was admirable throughout, but in the last scene especially so; she gave the Pregheira with a deep and quiet pathos, and a delicacy of tone, which astonished all who heard it; while, in the subsequent duet with Gardoni, her well-remembered brilliant notes came forth with an *aplomb* and effect that called forth the loudest applause. We must observe, *en passant*, that this duet is one of the gems of the opera; and in the death scene, which concludes it, Sanchioli was truly touching.

The ballet presented us with two new danseuses and two new dancers. Mdlle. Rosati's movements are most graceful, her pantomime vivacious and impassioned. Mdlle. Taglioni, as a dancer, is light, acute, graceful, and, at the same time, possesses remarkable power of muscle. Both M. Paul Taglioni and M. D'Or are dancers of considerable merit, and were much applauded.

We must not omit to notice the last scene of the ballet, as a display of the scene painter's art, and one of the triumphs of the composition. We have seldom seen anything more charming than the Naiads' dance. All is exquisitely painted and contrived, and it was impossible not to be struck by the extraordinary perfection to which, in these days, the ballet has been brought.

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition; the late Additions.

We have had before occasion to notice this very interesting exhibition. Since that time several figures have been added; among them we may mention Lord Hardinge and Lord Gough, James I, Henry VII, and Mr. Macready in the character of Coriolanus. With the two first, there are all the associations which military gallantry can call forth. The heroes of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon, deserve a position among England's warriors, as brave men, though not as statesmen, and perhaps not as generals. But this is not the place on which to enter into a critical examination of their conduct. When we look at them in the exhibition, we regard them only as the heroes who fought and overthrew the Sikhs, the most powerful enemies with which the English have had to contend for many years. All who are conversant with late events in those parts, cannot fail admiring the dauntless gallantry displayed, and we are almost tempted to forget that it was mainly through the careless indifference, we might almost say, recklessness, of Lord Hardinge, that caused the fearful slaughter of our countrymen at Moodkee and Ferozeshah. We refer to his refusal to advance troops, although urged by Major Broadfoot, the political agent, and afterwards, it is said, by Lord Gough. Henry VII—the wily politician and conqueror of Richard III. But of all the dresses that attract attention, we think that of James I the most remarkable. Were we not struck by the curious costume, we should be by the beauty of the materials. The proprietors deserve the highest credit for the liberal manner in which they conduct their affairs, for, regardless of expense, they purchase every article required, even at the most exorbitant prices. The public, it would appear from the assemblage when we visited the exhibition, are not at all disposed to neglect their old favourite, but throng the magnificent room in great numbers, and, whatever may be their class of life, conduct themselves in a most praiseworthy manner. The Coriolanus of Macready is well done, and the hundreds who have admired him on the stage will no doubt flock here in order to view him more closely. The costume is extremely well done. Mr. Macready is a great actor, there cannot be a doubt, and although many prefer that splendid reader, Vandenhoff, still the former preserves a high place in the theatrical world. The stage is rapidly declining, and, until some powerful actors arise, it will fall, and should such men as even Kemble, or Kean, or Garrick, appear again, it would merely retard the rapid decay of theatrical prosperity, for the day in which they were of use is gone by. Before closing this notice, we will take the opportuniiy of pointing out the few faults that may be remedied in this otherwise excellently conducted exhibition. The first is, perhaps, the least, we mean as regards refreshments: that department is not well conducted. More space should be given, as at present it is very inconvehient for those that desire refreshments, and we know that many refuse to partake of them in consequence. The next is, the placing such men as Oxford and Francis among a gang of murderers. Persons who play the fool, for which they deserve punishment, are not diabolical ruffians or arch-traitors. Those stupid fellows had no more intention of shooting the Queen than they had of getting rid of themselves. We should, therefore, strongly recommend the proprietors to remove them from such company, for, if they remain there much longer, it will have the effect of corrupting their morals. Those of our readers who have not as yet paid a visit to this exhibition, we would recommend to do so; we ourselves, although well acquainted with it for years, have not tired of it, yet, on the contrary, we feel the greatest interest in examining every new figure added.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

. 9.] APRIL. [1847.

The Miser's Will; or, Love and Avarice.*

AN ENGLISH TALE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Chapter IV.

THE EVENING PARTY.

The longest day has a close, and even a ll of costs may have an end to it; so at ngth the weary hours brought round the rentful evening of Miss Cornelia Poin- r's party. Many and varied had been ie emotions which had filled the breast of ie maid, previous to the arrival of the ortentous minute when early visitors— hose who made a point of never missing heir tea—might be expected, and when, upported by her two best girls, Betsy and ane, she stood by the window in all the ajesty of white muslin, round and rosy are arms, and no less ruddy cheeks, waiting the arrival of her friends.

Miss Pointer was only a milliner and ressmaker, but she didn't look it; between urselves, we doubt if any of her most ristocratic customers, coroneted or un- oroneted, would have presented a more raceful and elegant appearance than did liss Cornelia. Cornelia made flounces nd furbelows, but there was no less heart or that. She was a good girl too, and one the worse because her little flatter- ng monitor told her that all this expense nd display had been gone to, to dazzle he eye and win the truant affections of ur friend and hero, Mr. Frederick Wilson.

It was half-past five o'clock, and Miss Pointer closed the shutters, and extravagantly lit six candles, thus bringing into full relief the whole of the preparations which she had made to do honour to the occasion.

A handsome piano formed the most prominent object in the room, round which were ranged the chairs in good fashion fo the premeditated polka and quadrille, while in one corner were all the paraphernalia of an extensive supply of tea, coffee, and other good things, with which to satiate the vicious propensity to consume the productions of the earth, with which as a people we are preeminently gifted.

But room, said we.

Miss Pointer had two thrown into one, so that there was ample accommodation, not only for the dancers, but for those more reverend, grave, and solemn seniors, who indulged in the mazes of whist and cribbage, while the younger tripped it on the light fantastic toe, or rather toe and heel, if we are literal.

Rat-tat-a-tat-tat.

Miss Pointer's heart leaped, not exactly forth, as according to the vulgar saying, ladies' hearts are often said to do, but it certainly went at somewhat of a railroad pace.

"Could it be Wilson?"

It might, for though he lived in the house, it had been confidently reported, under promise of great secrecy, that he had slipped forth about five, in full costume, to have his hair curled, which proved that he had an undoubted design

* Continued from page 159.

upon the tender affections of some one of the company, if not generally upon all the ladies.

"Mrs. Carter Jones," said the servant, announcing the arrival.

"Oh! Mrs. Jones, glad to see you," exclaimed Cornelia, advancing with alacrity.

"La! Corny," cried her aunt, who came to play propriety; "how smart you are."

"Nonsense, aunt," said the young lady blushing; "but come, sit down."

"I will at once assume my part, child," continued the old lady, a good-hearted old soul, who had much, if not of the milk of human kindness, of "too, too solid flesh," to be able to bear the excitement of ill-temper, "and be ready to dispense the tea."

"Kind soul," exclaimed Cornelia, heartily, as she led her to the chair of state.

Another arrival soon followed in the shape of Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, the former an Irishman, both very young, very fond, and very foolish, whom we fear Miss Cornelia premeditatedly invited, in order, by the sight of their wedded bliss, to entice and delude the innocent and helpless young gentlemen who would be present into a similar state of beatitude.

"Glad to see you," said Cornelia, "much obliged to you for honouring me."

"Proud of the pleasure, faith," exclaimed the husband; "I was most half 'fraid that Maria wad be aft'her bien' ill this afternoon. Shure she very delicate."

"You are so very kind, dear," replied the wife, an English girl, both pretty and elegant. "I never can keep ill long."

"Happy couple," murmured Cornelia, with an expressive sigh.

"You may say that, sure," continued the husband, after carefully placing Mrs. F. in a chair, with a stool under her feet; "divil anythin' else but happiness have I known, since I fixed myself in matrimony. Shure, I was the most mhiserable dog in the wurld afore that."

"And I," said Maria, in an earnest stage whisper, "was leading a life of negative misery."

Here Miss Pointer, with an apology, left the tender pair to their mutual condolements, while she hastened to receive her somewhat distant relative Habakkuk Smith, who was attended by Mary Cartwright. That young lady, though plainly, very plainly dressed, yet at once so struck every eye by her marked beauty, that Cornelia felt a slight pang, which however her natural generosity soon chased away, and she received the unexpected guest with cordiality and ease.

Countess Marino Rhino, and her daughter, were the next arrivals. The former was a stout, coarse, and vulgar cook-maid, to judge from appearance, though in reality in her palmy days she had been a governess, where little other qualification was required save assumption and profession; but her daughter! heaven preserve the young men from her dark and piercing eyes, so coal-black, so full of animation, so redolent of vivacity, and so full of nameless charms.

She was slightly made, with a complexion which, though exquisite, would have become a milk-maid, in its ruddy hue—the glow of youth and health, worth all the delicate pallor in the world. Her hair was smooth, and tied in a seducing knot behind. In a word, she was a fascinating, bewitching, delicious little maid, with all the requisites to set a whole room full of young men dreaming of banns, and special licences, for at least four days.

Several other nameless personages followed, but still no Wilson.

At length, however, a very loud and authoritative knock came to the door, which had been prefaced by the sound of a cab stopping, and letting down its steps—Wilkinson had stopped a passing vehicle, and given the driver twopence to enact this little innocent pantomime—and after a small amount of hesitation, while the gentlemen were removing their exterior wrappers, the girl announced Mr. Ben Jonson Walters, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Frederick Wilson.

Habakkuk Smith started and bit his lip, while he cursed his folly for bringing Mary Cartwright, thus unavoidably thrown into the company of the very man whom he wished her of all others to avoid.

Two hearts, however, were actuated by warmer and pleasanter feelings. Miss Cornelia Pointer hailed with satisfaction the, to her, great attraction of the evening, but was soon doomed to experience a little disappointment.

As soon as he had, as in duty bound, shaken hands in a smart friendly manner with Miss Pointer, Frederick glanced round the room, and his eye at once fell upon Miss Cartwright, who could hardly

le to her mind the individuality of
gantly dressed young man, with the
d shabby youth who had been her
or some few evenings before.
ınfeigned start of recognition, the
genuine delight that crossed the
nan's face, and the rapidity with
ıe advanced to take an empty seat
ıide, soon convinced her that it was
d Mary Cartwright no longer re-
having come to the party.
s is an unexpected pleasure!" ex-
he, in gratified tones, tones of
velling fresh from the heart.
ı flatter me," replied Mary, timidly,
ı beaming eyes.
ed, no, Miss Cartwright," con-
e, with increased animation.
ve thought much of the few plea-
ırs I spent in your company that
company so new to the lonely
pilgrim."
lly you make much of very little,"
ry, with a gentle smile.
indeed! I have no friends; I know
e the one casual acquaintance in
partments we are, one single lady
"
are not from London then," in-
he young lady.
ı not. I was brought up in Devon-

ed! my native country also," ex-
Mary, with a sad smile.
ıt part do you come from, if the
be not prying?"
n near Exeter."
s born in that town."
ed!" cried Miss Cartwright, "then
ountry people."
dditional reason for being friends,"
lerick, gallantly; and the conver-
hus auspiciously commenced, the
ords became full and rich, pour-
upon the bubbling tide of unso-
ed youth and sincerity.
Cornelia Pointer was, to use a vul-
ession, struck all of a heap. She
been prepared for this. She had
to triumph in her own person,
was now assisting at the ovation,
ed, of a successful rival. Her
was deep, but she disguised its in-
and resolved to watch them nar-
proceeding in which she was
seconded by Smith, who sat with
ne scowl upon his face, near at

"Mr. Smith," said she, presently, when, having seen that the tea and coffee was plentifully dispersed, she found herself at leisure for a moment, "your young friend appears to have met Mr. Wilson before."

"Once."

"Only once!" exclaimed Miss Pointer, with a sigh, as she thought "only once" and already so deeply engaged.

"Accidentally, in the street, where he protected her against the impertinence of his friend Walter yonder."

"Strange enough; but do you know him?" inquired Cornelia.

"Slightly," returned H. Smith, with a half-bitter, half-triumphant smile. "I have seen him before."

A general move, as if to prepare for a dance, now warned Cornelia to attend to her hospitable duties; and advancing towards Miss Rhino, she asked her to favour the company with a quadrille.

Now nothing could be more unfortunate, as the young lady, whose beauty was matter of general remark, had been listening in rapt exstacy to the poetic flights and apt as well as inapt quotations of Ben Jonson Walters, when she was thus brought to earth by a summons for the first set.

"With pleasure," was her ready but regretful reply to Miss Cornelia Pointer.

"Then am I not to enjoy the supreme delight of dancing the first set with you?' said the poet, dreamily. "I had been living on the sweet hope of tripping it with you."

"It seems you are not!" replied Hortense, such was her name.

"I will play for the next dance," observed a young lady who sat near—one of those ready, good-natured, and obliging girls, who are never noticed, because they never try to be, and are yet the very soul of such *reunions*.

"You will perhaps then honour me with your hand this time," replied the grateful student of Parnassus.

"If you are not better engaged," said the good-natured young lady, whose name was Thompson.

The dance began, Frederick Wilson dancing of course with Mary Cartwright, Mrs. Fitzgerald with her husband, and Cornelia declining, under pretence of looking after the company, but in reality because, having set her heart upon having our hero for a partner, she did not feel inclined for any one else.

Merrily, cheerily, as such light and summer-hearted children of earth alone can dance, did they trip it, throwing their whole soul into the amusement, and thinking only of the moment, without a care behind. Those who thus can find pleasure and satisfaction in the innocent amusements of society, are the happiest of God's creatures, because their souls are fresh, and whatever their age, they are young in heart.

"This is delightful," said Mary Cartwright.

"Have you been to many balls?" exclaimed Wilson.

"This is my first."

"Indeed! then I am most proud of the honour."

"I hope you duly appreciate the value of my maiden dance?"

"I do."

I think Wilson emphasised this by a gentle, an almost imperceptible squeeze of the hand, but of this we are not quite certain; all which we, as veracious chroniclers, can record is, that the young lady blushed very much, and spoke no more, until the conclusion of the dance.

H. Smith, the gentleman who never danced since he was a little boy, and who looked chill enough to have frozen the heels and nipped the toes of half a dozen couples, never moved his eyes once from the contemplation of this pair. With scowling brow and pallid cheek he seemed the evil spirit of the hour, round whom fair angels were flitting, but never coming in close contact. The gentle childish face of Mary Cartwright, looking mildly and confidingly up to her young partner, formed a strange and singular contrast with the sinister countenance of him who had brought her to the party: in one there was no guile, no deceit—in the other, all was false and hollow. Miss Cornelia Pointer watched with interest his angry glances, and, devoid of harm as was her nature, still, she knew not why, hoped much from the evident antagonism of this man to the growing affection of the new friends.

Presently, to her great relief, the dance concluded, and Wilson having led Mary to a seat, walked across the room to where Smith stood, and addressed him.

"Good evening," said Wilson, with a slight blush, seeming to feel that the other's eyes were fixed upon his new clothes, due to the gambling of the night when first they met.

"Good evening," said the other; "I am glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Wilson."

"Thanks to you," replied the young man, with some embarrassment of manner, his conscience letting him have no peace.

"Do not allude to so trifling an affair; let us rather speak of your conquests."

"You are pleased to joke, Mr. Smith," stammered our hero, colouring to the eyes.

"Not I, man; but I would advise you to take the lady of the house for a partner, or you'll have her putting arsenic in Miss Cartwright's tea."

Much relieved, the young man answered with a laugh, and walking again across the room, challenged Cornelia to a waltz.

"La! Mr. Wilson, my head will never stand it, but to oblige you——"

"Julie dear, shure ye'll shtand up?" said Fitzgerald tenderly to his wife.

"If you think I can venture, love," replied his amiable partner, taking his proferred hand.

And the husband and wife stood up a second time together, amid many a good-natured joke and some few sneering smiles.

At the sound of the word waltz, Ben Jonson Walters made a zig-zag dart towards where Miss Hortense sat in silent admiration of his poetical appearance, such poetry consisting, we suppose, in the shabbiness of his attire, the long lanky and greasy state of his whity brown hair, with sundry other evidences of carelessness incident to such literary aspirants.

Mr. Wilkinson all this time had sat aristocratically eyeing the company with a mosaic gold *lorgnette*, which materially impeded his vision, giving him at the same time, however, a knowing style, which he rather affected.

"Slow work this," muttered he to Walters, as that gentleman passed him.

"Splendid," replied the poet; "wit and women."

"Instead of brandy and cigars," growled Wilkinson.

If the quadrille was merry, the waltz was uproarious. Miss Pointer was so sure she should be ill, Wilson was so positive she would not; the Irishman was so frisky, forgetting in his excitement his tender regard for his wife's constitution; while Julie heroically repelled every insinuation

gainst her dancing prowess; Walters uoted so much Shakespeare, and talked so much rhapsody, while Hortense knew no ounds to her laughing admiration of his vit and humour. Wilkinson made lament- ible attempts to be funny, until he found hat his jokes excited not even a smile, when he grew sarcastic and bitter, and then people laughed to his heart's content, which irritated the reporter far more than their insensibility to his repartee. And then when the waltz concluded, there was such hunting for places for the ladies, such bringing up of tumblers of negus, such positive declarations from the former, that they could not drink anything stronger than lemonade, though really they were so warm, they suppose they must do it for once; and then, amid general coughing, re- peated protestations were made that it was so strong they should be ill—but none of them had any water put to it; and then the Irishman was so afraid his wife looked pale, and begged for a tumbler of hot brandy and water, in which Wilkinson, who was so cold with sitting still, joined him— in a word there was all kinds of genuine fun and good humour, no one making him- self the least disagreeable, even for the sake of variety, which was charming indeed.

"And where is Miss Cartwright?" ex- claimed Wilson, looking round with con- siderable anxiety.

Every body followed his example, but either she nor Smith were to be seen, or could any give an account of their dis- appearance.

"How strange!" "How very queer!" "Such a nice young person!" were general exclamations, and then the evening's amu- sement was resumed.

"Charades," whispered a young lady, who looked as if she could have fainted as soon as she had spoken.

"Charades," re-echoed several, and by general acclamation this change in the pro- gramme was accepted. The question then rose as to who should play, which was at length decided by Walters and Hortense, accompanied by Cornelia and Wilson, re- tiring amid universal applause.

A whispered conference was now held among the conspirators, as to what should be the word selected, until "mistake" was finally decided on. No doubt our readers have often laughed at the fun of Buckstone or Wright; but what were they to the ac- tors in this little scene? Such shouts of laughter, hearty, genuine, and continued, never greeted them, as were elicited when the folding-doors opened, and discovered the two young ladies walking about with somebody else's bonnets on; and as were given when, with burnt chalk on eyebrows and cheek, the gentlemen, who had both real moustaches, entered, with cigars in their mouths, and were uncommonly face- tious on the ladies, ending by being rude, which was duly resented. "I never, Miss B.; I never, Miss C.," and then the doors closed. Nobody guessed, and then came the second scene. Talk of the laughing before—it was screaming now. Wilson entered, as to a tavern; and after vast in- quiries as to what was in the house, and vast fun with the one man-waiter and the two girls, ordered a steak and oyster-sauce, which he supposititiously consumed with rare gusto, and then again the doors were closed, amid general clapping of hands, and wonderings what it meant. Now for the climax, which was cleverly done, every body allowed. Wilson was an Irishman, and did it so badly that Fitzgerald was in fits of laughter, while Julie was grave; and then he made such beautiful blunders, pushed past his wife—it was Cornelia— and kissed somebody else; put his coat on wrong side out, tumbled into somebody else's bed, and begged pardon, it was quite a mistake.

"Mistake!" cried a clever young lady, and the curtain finally dropped.

That was great, all agreed, and gave new zest to the next dance, after which, so slow had they been, that supper was announced. How Wilson, Mary being no longer pre- sent, handed down Miss Pointer; how Walters gallantly assisted Hortense to her place, and how he forced Wilkinson to cha- perone the mother; how the meal went off, amid great laughter and many a joke and repartee, with sundry and many other things appertaining thereunto, this history cannot chronicle. It must suffice to say that mere dancing carried them deep into the morning; and that when they did break up, all were delighted with the even- ing they had spent. Cornelia was over head and ears in love; Hortense was no longer heart-whole as she came; while Ben Jonson went home to dream of Romeo

and Juliet, without any such tragic termination, however, as the bard had given to the play, unless indeed white favours and gold rings come within the category.

Chapter V.

A night adventure.

A very different scene took place that night in another quarter of the town; while innocent revelry and mirth were going on, in another place crime was following its avocation; and as the event is of deep importance, we are imperatively called to its contemplation.

In the low tap-room of a low public-house, about midnight, sat two men, silently discussing the contents of a pewter pot, flanked by pipes. Dressed in loose shabby coats, with dog-skin caps tied under their chins, they could scarcely, with their dirty and begrimed faces, have been recognised by any of their friends—a circumstance about which they rather prided themselves.

"How goes the enemy?" said one.

"Past twelve," replied the other.

"Almost time to begin," muttered the first speaker.

"Yes; and now mark me, Rhino, no flinching, no hesitating; we are both playing a desperate game, and both must have no old woman's scruples."

"Do I look pale, man, or do I tremble, that you talk thus?" growled the sham Count, scarcely able to keep his teeth from chattering.

"No; but this is your first job, and young hands are apt to be nervous," said the other, pulling the bell; "now for a drop of max, and then to business."

The younger man was here the greater ruffian. Up to every villainy, every scheme, every move on the board, as he himself would have phrased it, having been in many a similar adventure, he could see that his older companion—more weak-minded than wicked—liked not his position, and he was determined to prime him to the deed.

"Bill," he cried to the waiter, "a couple of stiff rummers."

"Max, your honour?"

"Max," replied the ruffian.

"I have drank enough, Jenkins," said the Count, with a wry face.

"Balderdash!" cried the other; "you must drink deep, old grizzly bear. You will want pluck to-night, and pluck will give you no end of swag. What is the use of the ochre, old sobersides, if you cannot drink?"

"I can drink without burglary," muttered Rhino; "what I want is to place my girl, my Hortense, above want; nothing else could drive me to this."

"Every man to his taste," replied Jenkins, no longer the smooth trickster of the morning; "for my part, I find that working is too slow, so I take to the night. I'm like the New-Yorker who opened a new bank; his capital was a crowbar and a dark lantern—so is mine."

Bill here entered with the gin, which being drained off and the score settled, the two men went out.

It was a dark, bleak night. The moon and stars had veiled their twinkling light, leaving a shadowy glimmer in the heavens, across which heavy clouds were rolling. There was fog and mist in the streets, and dead silence too—the dead midnight of the great poet. The wind was gusty and cold, so that, as the men entered the street, they bowed their heads, and closed their teeth one against the other. Jenkins led the way, which was down a narrow court, the abode of squalid crime and misery, where never shutting doors and glimmering lights from rushlights, oaths at all hours, and constant fighting, night and day, spoke of the pestilence within. It was one of the plague-spots of London, sending forth at all times things foul to flit like ghosts or ghouls, amid the haunts of honest men.

As the pair, bent on their errand of mischief, passed an open door, the sound of hoarse revelry came out, accompanied by the rattle of dice, made more sepulchral by the cracked voices of young girls, laughing with thick and hollow laugh, the laugh of old age.

"A cursed place this," muttered Rhino.

"Life in London," replied Jenkins; "and glorious life too. Many a crown have I spent in this court, and many a one will I spend. Life! life! for me."

And this is what is called seeing life, for gloss it as you will, screen it under fine names as you may, the night hours of London are hours of worse than idleness, of infamy. Many a young man, deluded by

tions of his companions, thinks un-
o see a little life; let him remember
ıt company he must go; prize-
dog-fanciers, gamblers, thieves—
rds all—such is the society into
e student of life must go, if, ab-
d on by the idea of enjoying him-
ill venture in London's foul and
ıuldron, which hisses, seethes, and
l through the live-long night.
ıure, funereal joy, lugubrious fun,
the only luxury is Mrs. Caudle
ı water in the morning, and a
ısation, not easily got rid of.
shuddered, and passed quickly
comrade; for he remembered how
ıes as these had made him what
From an honest man to a thief—
ːent by such a road.
ː we are," said Jenkins, pausing
ıck of "No. 7."
ight," whispered Rhino.
must in here," continued Jenkins,
to a low-roofed house which ad-
s lofty neighbour; "from the top
we can get in beautifully."
ın," answered the Count; and, as
ɐ, Jenkins opened the door, and
a bare and empty room, with a
eading to a loft. Thither they
l, and after groping about a few
a dark lantern was found ready

ɛ here!" said Jenkins, leading the
he window, which faced one in the
ıown as number seven; "you hold
ː, and I will finish the bar."
obeyed, holding up the lantern,
ːnkins stepped out upon the roof.
dow by which he purposed enter-
heavily barred, but so rusty and
the iron, that a file had speedily
emoved two, and in a few moments
ıpletely done so. Handing the
ıis comrade, Jenkins unclasped a
ıd motioning to the other to follow
ered the house. Rhino, trembling
limb, did so, and the pair stood
anding of the old creaky stairs.
ɣ, rot you, you shake as if you had
ː," said Jenkins, in a low voice;
ill never do. Faint heart be ——."
ɔn, I shall be as bold as you, if

ıs with a growl acquiesced and
ıcending the stairs. It was so dark
lantern was needed to guide every
step taken with every caution to avoid the almost inevitable creaking of the rotten boards.

"Let us try this room," whispered Jenkins, pointing to one facing them on a landing they had now reached. "I should fancy 'twas here he kept the swag."

"As you like," said Rhino, glancing uneasily to a half-open door to the left.

The door was bolted heavily on the outside, and locked too, but both gave way, and the two men entered. It was the library, heavily carpetted, and surrounded on all sides by books.

"There must be something in these boxes," growled Jenkins.

A loud laugh was the only answer.

"God!" cried Jenkins again; "what is that?"

"I don't know," said Rhino, trembling.

"Ha! ha! ha!" again sounded.

"Nabbed, by G—," said Jenkins, running towards the door.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

The door was locked on the outside.

"Murder!" said Jenkins, with a blasphemous oath.

"Down with you, on your knees, you knaves," cried a hollow voice without; "your time is up," and the click of a pair of pistols followed.

"Mercy," said Rhino, obeying to the letter.

"Be d——," growled Jenkins.

The door opened, and No. 7, wrapped in an old bedgown, stood, with a pair of cocked pistols, in the doorway.

"Let us go quietly, governor," said Jenkins, "and we give up; we're fairly caught."

"A Pole too, and *him*," said No. 7, furiously.

"No Pole, but a poor Englishman," replied Rhino.

A few moments of dead silence followed, during which time the old man of the borough gazed moodily upon the pair. Suddenly a light appeared to strike upon him.

"You are men of courage and will, I suppose. You came here to rob me; you may stay to serve me. You made a sad mistake. I have no money here; but if you do what I wish, you shall be paid well."

"If we can trust you," growled Jenkins.

"I will," said Rhino.

"Good," continued No. 7. "You know H. Smith."

"I do," replied the other, in much surprise.

"Then you are my man. Come upstairs, and we will settle this bargain by a fire. 'Tis cold, talking here. Throw away your knives, and follow me. There are five pounds to begin."

"I will follow you to death," said Rhino.

"And so will I, but not for five pounds," added Jenkins.

"You shall have hundreds, if you do my will."

With these words No. 7 turned, and led the way upstairs to a small but comfortable room, where, over some warm and strong drink, the two men alone drinking, the bargain was settled, and the intended burglars became the sworn slaves of him they had intended to rob.

About four in the morning, No. 7 let them out, and then returned to his room to meditate. Any one who had seen his flashing eye, his burning cheek, and the gratified though bitter smile upon his lips, would have known that he had gained a victory of some kind.

His was a victory of the heart. He was happy.

(To be continued.)

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

"Then said Judith unto them, Hear me, and I will do a thing which shall go throughout all generations to the children of our nation."—*Judith* viii. 32.

With beauty's wile the tyrant to ensnare,
O'er her fair brow she braids her perfumed hair;
The glittering sandals bind her dancing feet,
As their gay silver bells responding sweet
To her light step: in harmony she floats;
While he, enraptured, gazes till he doats.
"What ho! ye serfs, my bondsmen there, what ho!
Crown ye the board, and let the red wine flow;
Fill to the goblet's brim!" he joyous cries;
"This Hebrew damsel lifts me to the skies!
Here in my tent I will that she abide,
And with her beauty grace a conqueror's side."
And wily Judith hears, to glad employ,
And still renew, the spell that makes his joy:
But when his ravish'd senses own the power
Of the full revel and entrancing hour,
Sleep doth enchain him with oblivious thrall,
And on his couch she views him powerless fall.
Pass'd hath the midnight watch, the mus ceased;
The weary eye turns from the remnant fea
The taper's faintly gleam; on the still air
No echo falls, and she alone is there;
On Israel's sleeping foe awhile to gaze,
As unto Israel's God she inward plays:
"God of my fathers, 'tis thy judgment-hou
Thine is the strength, the glory, and t
power;
Nerve thou my woman's arm; unto my hea
Thy ministering angel's wrath divine impa
Behold my feeble hand his faulchion wield
God of my fathers, be my strength and shiel
Thus for the righteous cause," inspired s
cries,
"Thus by my hand our heathen foeman die
Fearless she strikes; and oh, so young, so fa
Glowing as God's avenging angel there;
While thousand voices shout with one acco
Israel victorious in the glory of the Lord!

A CAGED BIRD.

'Twas a fine summer's day, I remember well,
From my warm downy nest I was snatch
To enliven this place, and my sweet so
to tell
From under this cottage roof thatched.

In my closely barred prison all day I am ke
And at eve from my cell I can see
My companions return to the spot wh
they slept
Together in yonder elm tree.

'Tis true that I never have roamed o'er t
hills,
Nor drank where cool streams brightly flo
But I've seen from this spot the pleasu
that fills
All hearts that true liberty know.

I've long wished to roam at my will throug
the grass,
And the green mossy plains to fly o'er;
If freedom's kind hand would but throug
my cell pass,
And widely throw open the door.

Here my song is of sadness—it then shoul
be gay,
As I perched on a flower's weak stem;
But the hands that now feed me do merrily
say
My sadness is pleasure to them.

D. E. JERROLD.

Female Education.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

The extensive examination into which, in the prize essay published by the Central Society of Education, I ventured, on the character and qualifications of the Educator, and the nature and means of instruction to be communicated to both sexes, will, I think, justify me in giving an occasional glance at a question which is now felt to be of great social importance; so that, after having already laid down the fundamental propositions, I may, from time to time, correct such errors in their application as may come under my notice, and attract my attention. I have remarked, moreover, that of late my fore-mentioned essay has been repeatedly quoted; it, therefore, behoves me to satisfy myself whether I likewise may not have been now and then mistaken in some matters of detail too readily taken for granted. Every writer who sincerely wishes to be useful, should take care that only a beneficial employment be made of his authority, so far as it is in his own power to control its influence.

Education, if the term be properly defined, is a work that never ceases. The world educates us much more than the school. The latter is, in fact, rather a place of instruction than education. It is important that, at the outset of the inquiry, we should know and rightly apply the distinction. I propose, in this essay, to treat of the subject as it relates to females.

It has been justly urged that the domestic duties are, in the present system of education, too much neglected; but it has, therefore, been erroneously inferred that such duties can be properly and legitimately taught at school. The point was much insisted on the other evening at a snug and pleasant party, by the Honourable Mrs. Graveairs; but my witty friend Frederic Newcome would not concede it for a single moment.

"What," said he, warming in the argument, "what, I repeat, are the duties for which Lady Graveairs contends? Domestic duties, indeed! Let us comprehend them, once for all, under those of a Wife, a Mother, and the Mistress of a Family."

"I have no objection to that," said Mrs. Graveairs, apparently much flattered with the title, *par courtesie*, which her cunning opponent, knowing her weak side, had associated with her name.

"Well, let me ask you then," resumed Fred, "(for it is a practical question) how and where at school are these three great classes of duties to be taught? First, the Duty of a Wife. Would you have it enumerated in the prospectus, as thus: 'Duties of Wives, one guinea per quarter?' The same, too, of the duties of mothers and mistresses of families. If they are things to be taught, they are, of course, things to be paid for. That point settled, next comes the inquiry—how are they to be studied? Would you divide the school into wards, like hospitals, and appropriate to the young ladies their several walks? To be sure, we might have the Nursing Ward, and the Brewing Ward, and the Suckling Ward, and so forth. But where the schoolmistress could get a constant supply of articles, and what she could do with them when obtained and manufactured (particularly the babies), are, I am afraid, topics of much perplexity. These are difficulties, in fact, which are not to be got over; and the things themselves must be left to the good-sense and aptitude of the female mind. Formal instruction in most of the practices implied is not at all needed. Women, as you know, my dear lady Graveairs, soon become exceedingly expert in their own special business. Ladies, indeed, seem to possess a sort of intuitive knowledge, a kind of instinct, in such affairs; and are able, on most occasions, to carry their point entirely to their own satisfaction, if not quite so much to that of the men. How can the duties of a wife be learned otherwise than by experience? That experience being granted to the ladies, the lords of the creation soon become aware of the superiority of the former in all matters in which it is brought into question, and uniformly concede the point in dispute, yielding without further resistance to their fate. Every married woman knows that the duties of a wife are comprised under two heads—*imprimis*, how to manage the house; and next, how to manage a husband. I am told, that about the time when wives learn to do the one, they generally succeed in accomplishing the other. And I suspect that it is acquired much in the same way as other useful kinds of knowledge. Daughters may

have seen how easily their mothers ruled their spouses, and found the task of imitation remarkably easy. Other than such, they require no instruction at all."

There was something in all this rigmarole which touched the conscience of the Honourable Mrs. Graveairs; and, accordingly, she seemed indisposed to continue the controversy. Yet Fred Newcome had far from settled the question. These duties may not be properly the subject of a class at school, or form any part of the principle of academical instruction, yet may they rightly enough be included in female education.

What Fred Newcome said, indeed, legitimately conducted him to this conclusion, but he was blind to the path before him. That example of the mother, which he assumed as being so influential with the daughter, is indeed one of the agents of such education. But, alas! it is seldom consciously realised; and its wonderful importance is accordingly underrated and inefficiently studied.

In order, however, for the question to be fairly argued, we must separate the period of instruction from that of education, properly so called. Girls are placed at school at an age when it would be absurd to attempt to educate them in domestic economy. In the higher classes, indeed, the domestic duties that devolve on females are few, and these few are easily acquired; and in the middle classes, household affairs are so much the concern of every individual in the family, that the non-performance cannot be attributed to want of instruction. It is seldom in the latter that school-training lasts beyond sixteen, even if it reaches that age. Before that period, girls are scarcely called upon—at least, at school—to engage in domestic tasks; and the interval is better occupied with instruction in more general branches of knowledge. No good, for instance, comes of setting young children to attend to infants too early; they become crooked, or are otherwise injured, by such an injudicious anticipation of the maternal office—such an untimely labour; while the little charge confided to such insufficient hands incurs the rickets and other similar complaints, from the want of strength and knowledge in its nurse. The same is true of other practical duties, which must await their appropriate epoch. The early period of which we are now speaking should be employed in those studies for which there will be little or no leisure when the business of life comes on. Now is the time for instruction in accomplishments, in languages, in music, in dancing; for exciting emulation, and for laying the ground of elegant habits, which once acquired, will give ease and facility of manners in after-life. Of these accomplishments there are some that may ultimately (in case, for instance, of a reverse of fortune) prove beneficial, and enable a lady to make an honourable living, instead of being dependent on her friends, or subsisting by questionable means.

But, because this instruction has been received, it follows not that the higher education is to be neglected. No, no! There is a time for everything; and when the young lady has returned from boarding-school, there is time enough for the requisite domestic culture. Girls do not necessarily marry immediately on coming home. Some interval between the school-girl and the wife is generally allowed; during which the ripening maidens become assistants to their mothers, or guardians of their younger brothers and sisters. In this way, they may easily learn the art and mystery of housekeeping, cooking, preserving, pickling. They may not, indeed, personally knuckle a dumpling, or with their own hands spread out a pie-crust; yet they can see, by looking on, pretty clearly how it is done, and learn soon at least to know when it is done well.

A poor girl, however, may be motherless. Alas, this is indeed a great misfortune. But Providence has even here supplied compensations. At this critical period of life, such a daughter is called on to take a specially active part. The need seems to create the power. Few fathers, thank heaven, have reason to complain under such circumstances. Most find everything placed in apple-pie order by the affectionate and sympathising daughter. A loving swain may find it difficult to induce such a young lady to say "yes" to his wooings; but if she does, he will find her, I warrant, an efficient wife.

Let then the Tutor and the Parent have their respective and distinct offices. The latter too frequently complains that certain things are not taught at school, to excuse the neglect of teaching them

at home. Let it be felt that home is especially the place of education, and that it might be well if it could be rendered the sphere of instruction also. Thus accomplishments and duties might be made frequent, though not constant companions. This, however, is a point dependent on family circumstances. All that I contend for is a distinction of terms, and the appropriating of fitting times to fitting studies.

I find that I must conclude these remarks in a graver strain than that in which I began them. Domestic duties form, indeed, the business of a woman's life, but are no more the task of a school-girl than the trade to which he may be destined is that of the school-boy. The period of childhood and girlhood should be sacred to the ideal by which it is surrounded; the actual will come soon enough—soon enough will the light from heaven fade into that of common day. Then it is that the love of literature, art, the precepts of religion, and the rules of good manners, can be best cultivated—seldom or ever afterwards, or but with so much sacrifice and difficulty as to make that a painful struggle which might have been a pleasing avocation.

Before I conclude, I feel it necessary to provide against possible misapprehension. In the distinction which in this essay I have taken between instruction and education, it is not my intention to exclude the latter from school exercises. The distinction is purely dialectical. I would as much as possible in academical instruction adopt the educational method—that is, I would rather seek to stimulate the youth to self-development, than seek to impart knowledge by exclusively external means. I would not seek to decorate the mind of the pupil with foreign foliage or fruitage, but so promote its native activity that it should generate both from the vitality within. Experience, however, teaches that this can be better done at home than at school, because at the latter place most is done to system, and at the former most to example. At home, too, professional as well as scholastic learning may be communicated. Thus youths destined to follow their parent's profession may get initiated in the formulæ of the office, without prejudice to the studies of the library. Any exclusive method, I repeat, is evil. Instruction is needed, as the occasion of mental exertion; and education, for the evolution of latent mental power. I recommend neither the *à priori* nor the *à posteriori* mode of teaching alone, but both in combination. Mr. Alcott's experiments at Boston, in America, in the former way, have not, I understand, turned out so favourably as might have been expected from the recorded results of the first year or two. The reason is to be traced to the exclusiveness of the plan. One might as well attempt to stand on one leg, as appeal to one aspect only of the human consciousness. It must be built up and edified both from without and from within. Only by such union is ultimate success attainable. Let us, then, in this respect follow nature, whose law is throughout dual; and by cordially embracing the universe and the individual in one comprehensive system, supply the conditions of a culture provident equally of the spiritual and physical, the temporal and the religious, the beautiful and useful, in our common humanity.

With regard to the supposed case of which the Honourable Mrs. Graveairs, in her matronly wisdom, complained, it may safely, I think, be classed among those grievances of which, though ill-founded, we hear so much, that at length we come to take it for granted that they are unquestionably true. Some old people, and Mrs. Graveairs certainly was of the number, are fond of censuring the young. They are for ever repeating a long catalogue of ills, concluding with the constant *refrain*, "Ah, it was not so when we were young." All such complaints are, at least, characterised by extravagance; even where they are true, they are, as in the case we are now arguing, exhibited in a false light, and seen from a false position. The best way of meeting such inanities is by seeming concession, as thus, with a shrug, "Ah, madame, we cannot put old heads on young shoulders!" It is, however, not always safe to do this, particularly if a wit like Fred Newcome be in the room. I thought to put off Mrs. Graveairs in this way, but the knave immediately added: "The venerable old gentleman with a scythe can alone effect this"—though what the scythe had to do with putting heads on, I could never make out; though with cutting grass down it has much—and alas! flesh is grass.

Something in all instruction and education must be left to the teaching of nature.

That benevolent divinity, in making woman a wife and mother, qualifies her for a companion and a nurse. Fred, perhaps, only stated this doctrine a little too brusquely, when he exclaimed: "Yes, certainly, it follows as a matter of course. I won't believe that ladies find it such a difficulty as Mrs. Graveairs supposed. The tenderness of the sex, and the yearnings of a mother's breast, will be speedy and sufficient teachers. At the proper age, even young girls acquire the art of nursing with wonderful facility, and handle a child as deftly as a boy does a top."

At this sally, Lady Graveairs laughed, Fred proclaimed a triumph, and adroitly changed the topic of conversation.

SUMMER HOURS.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

With butterflies and bees we come, the smiling summer hours;
Our way is lit by sunshine, and our path is gay with flowers;
We slumber on the shining tide, we dance upon the wind,
And the summer day that passes on, leaves not one hour behind:
Birds greet our joyous waking, and sing us to repose,
And all who use us well still find the joy that thought bestows:
Then pass us not unheeded by, for we must sure pass you,
To think perchance, with vain regret, how summer hours flew.

Unheard, unseen, our fairy round, from morn to even-tide,
And e'en when all things are at rest, still silently we glide;
Yet strange our lot, still forced to fly from those who wish our stay,
To prove the lingering guests of those who for our absence pray:
Then ye who now in pleasure's path are seeking life's sweet flowers,
Heed well this warning song of the passing summer hours;
And as we float on wings of light, this truth may youth discern,
The hours that do unheeded pass, will never more return.

The Wanderer.

A DARK TALE FOR A DARK NIGHT.

BY CHARLTON CAREW.
(Author of "The Poacher's Wife.")

"Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night."

Thomas Hood.

Houseless by night! And that on *the* hill of Harrow, with a howling wind driving the snow into little heaps, then flinging it wildly about in dusty showers. *It* went up into the leafless trees, and there moaned, roared, shrieked; tore on again, and dashed against the houses with a mad vehemence; shook the old church, and then went careering over the white fields, croaking as in triumph. It rudely seized on the wanderer's garments as she toiled onward through the snow—onward, but whither? No home, no friends, no money, no hope. What was the savage wind, and the snow-clad fields, and the desolate road to her on whom the world looked with scorn, and from whose presence gentle women shrunk with loathing, though they lavished favours on those not of their own sex ten times blacker than this poor outcast? Let the snow pour down, and the keen blast freeze up the life-blood! howl away! you cannot make that heart of her's colder than it is, or more wretched; for not a kind word or tender look has reached it many a day. What of that? Are there not rivers to lie in, deeper than the scornful voice of man can reach; or cragged rocks down which to dash oneself; or keen knives —not so sharp as bitter words, though;— or ropes, or poisons, or any thing wherewith to sleep in peace?

Such thoughts as these (thoughts bred of misery) rushed through the mind of the wanderer, and steeled a heart already blunted, as she sat on a heap of stones by the roadside, and prayed for death, though twenty years of life had not passed over her. There she sat, white as the snow which drove up against her, and threatened soon to make the breathing thing the very core of a frozen hillock.

While thus she waited the approach of death, a merry whistling was heard, and soon a covered cart appeared looming

he snow-thickened air. A light
› cart, and it threw a faint gleam
›t where the woman sat.
, wo-o," cried the man who drove
"Why what in the name of all
d, can that be? Some poor soul
death this dreadful weather?
ves! God save us, it's a woman!
hat's the matter?"
was no answer, and the kind-
ıan, taking the lantern, descend-
is vehicle to assist the unfortu-
ture.
my dear," said he, "you'll be
› death with cold if you stay here,
› being smothered with snow.
'e you going? This an't a night
ng thing like you to be out."
› me," said the girl. "I'm well
ere."
ense; I'm not going to let a wo-
ıere in the open road," returned
"What's brought you here, and
ə your friends?"
ıds!" echoed the girl, laughing
"Friends! They're too far off for
d them. I had a *friend* once—so
himself—and I don't want any

ə, come," said the man, "you
alk in that way. Cheer up: 'tain't
ıd world but there's a fair share
›r us all. Don't be so downcast.
you *have* had a little trouble?
a deal in my day; but it won't do
way; 'tisn't right. Get into my
› warm inside, and I'll take you as
he road as I am going. There,
n't cry. Young people shouldn't
nuch sorrow."
ind words and manner of the man
the poor girl's heart. Such
ne strangely upon her; she had
ıte been used to them, and she
onvulsively at finding one human
eaking words of comfort to her
ther, mother, brothers and sisters,
and all crushed with bitter ma-
s. Those foul thoughts of self-
which had possessed her, passed
ıile the man spoke, and the poor
thing was a woman once more.
into the cart, and sat there for
ıe in silence, her face buried in her
/hile the man, who saw her grief
ected it, said nothing but an occa-
sional word to his horse, who jogged merrily on through the snow.

That horse knew his road well, and was a sure-footed beast, or the bottom of Harrow hill might not have been reached without a tumble. But the fellow was going home to his supper, and he knew it, ay, as well as any Christian did, as the old women say. He slid down the steep parts in style; snorted, tossed the snow off his mane, and seemed to enjoy the fun as if he had been born in it, and had known no other weather. He dashed by the houses on the road —black patches in the white snow—but there was one about two miles from Harrow, where a jovial light shot across the dark way, tranquil amidst the storm, which he *would not* pass. He stopped there as naturally as a man would at his own house, and the driver was forced to call for some beer, or there is no knowing whether the animal would have moved at all. Ah! he was a cunning dog—or rather horse—for his master seldom forgot to pay his respects to the good cheer of the house, and if by chance he did, the beast never failed to remind him.

"Why, measter," said a countryman who brought out the beer, and stared at the girl inside the cart, "what be ee got there? Teant Missus."

"Don't be a fool," whispered the driver, who was afraid that something the ostler might say would wound the girl's feelings. "Don't you see it's a lady I've got here, and she an't well."

"Oh! dom ut," cried the man, who wasn't to be put down, "here's a jolly go. What would thee wife say, if she'd a been here? Oh, dom ut, dom ut."

"Take that, you grinning numscull," cried Griffiths, throwing the pint pot at the man, and narrowly missing his head. He touched the horse with the whip, and away they started into the bleak road again, which looked more cheerless still from its contrast to the warm inn, before which the very snow danced and sparkled like light, and seemed to have caught some of the mirthful feelings which broke from within.

"I yeant a going to forget thee pranks in a hurry, measter Griffiths," roared the ostler after them. "Missus shall know ut, and Squire Morsefold too."

As these words reached the vehicle, the girl, who up to the present time had barely

moved, suddenly started up and exclaimed, "Whom did he say?"

"The ostler?"

"Yes," returned the girl, hurriedly. "He said something about Mr. Morse——"

"Oh, Mr. Morsefold. You mustn't mind what that thick-headed bumpkin says. He's a good sort of fellow, though a little silly."

"But do you know Mr. Morsefold?" inquired the girl.

"Know him? I should think I did."

The girl sighed deeply, but did not speak.

"He's been the greatest friend I ever had," continued Griffiths. "He's as good a man as ever breathed. And so are all his family."

The girl again sighed more deeply than before. Griffiths looked curiously at her, but he could not see her face, for she had hurriedly concealed it in her scanty shawl. He continued to talk, however, for the girl's silent melancholy was becoming contagious, and he spoke in the hope of scaring it away.

"Mr. Morsefold is an excellent man," continued Griffiths; "but though I said all of his family were like him, I'm afraid I must except his eldest son. I oughtn't to say so though, for he never harmed me. We've all got our faults, and I dare say his an't worse than other people's. And now that he's going to be married——why God bless us, my dear, what's the matter?"

The girl, who, while Griffiths was speaking, had removed her face from her shawl, and earnestly looked at him, now turned deadly pale, and shivered as in a palsy.

"Nothing—nothing," she said, making but a poor effort to appear composed. "It is the cold, only the cold. Oh, how ill I am!"

Griffiths took off his great coat, and wrapping it round the girl, told her he should soon be home, when his wife would nurse her till she was well. The poor creature's tears fell silently while the good man spoke. The world was not so bad as she had pictured it. A stranger, who now knew the truth as well as if he had been told it, sympathised with her sufferings, and did not spurn her, even though she had fallen so low. Thank God, such men do exist, notwithstanding the vile assertions of knavish bigots that the world is but one mass of wickedness. True there is much that is bad, but there is more good in mankind than people generally are apt to believe.

They journeyed on for some time in silence, and the agitation which had so shaken the girl gradually subsided, when she said to Griffiths, "Do you know where Mr. Morsefold lives?"

Griffiths was about to answer, but he suddenly checked himself.

"I don't wish to bring myself into trouble," said he, "or to be unkind to you; but I think if you have anything to say to young Mr. Morsefold, you'd better stay at my house to-night, and then I have no doubt you'll be able to see his father in the morning."

"No, no," replied the girl, quickly, "I dare not do that, for it is not every one who will be as kind to me as you are. If you are afraid to tell me his address, I will not ask it again; only mind—if I die and that man lives, tell him where you found me to-night, and how I had been turned out of doors to perish in the deep snow. If I ever go to heaven, and God knows I am more sinned against than sinning, I shall pray for you; but I must not do you so great an injury as to degrade your house and wife by crossing the threshold of your door."

This was said with such solemn earnestness, that Griffiths looked up at the girl's noble features, as though he expected to see there something more than human; but he feared to reply, and he said nothing more till he reached his own house, when he again begged his companion to accept his offer of shelter, assuring her that she would have a kindly welcome from his wife. But this the girl resolutely refused; and only after great endeavour on his part could she be persuaded to stay the rest of the night in the stable loft.

"Good night," said Griffiths, as he turned to leave the place.

"God bless you," returned the girl, "though it does come from an unworthy source. Good night."

Griffiths looked round when he reached the door, and stood there a moment, as if wishing to say something more, yet hesitating to utter it. The light which he had left in the loft threw a faint gleam on the girl's face, showing a marble rigidity about her features, perfectly awful in the deep silence of night.

"Since you tell me you have no friends," said Griffiths, "you will not think it idle curiosity if I ask you where you are going, or what you mean to do, now you are near London?"

"I wished to see Mr. Morsefold," replied the girl, "but I have never been in London, and do not know where to find him. You fear that the feeling which prompted me to make an eternal resting-place of the snow has not left me; but you judge wrongly. I am not long for this world, I well know; but I have strength enough to bear up against any suffering that may await me. God grant I may once more see that man who is the cause of all my woe. I bear him no malice; but it is well he should see to what state he has brought me."

"I would willingly assist you, as far as I can," said Griffiths, "for I feel your sufferings as if they were my own. I would not insult you by offering this, but——"

"No, no," returned the girl, quickly; "not that. I know your motive is kind, but I'll take nothing except from him of whom I have a right to demand it. Yes, a *right*—a right as great as the woman he is now going to wed can ever have. He has sunk me so low in the estimation of the world, that I am but a foul speck on its fair face; placed me in such a situation that I can never show myself amongst my own sex, nor work honestly for my bread; so I say again, I have a *right* to look to that man for support: if he withholds it, my blood will be upon his head; for I will neither live a life of infamy, nor beg that from any other human being which he alone should give."

The girl was silent, and Griffiths stood looking at her in amazement.

"Well," he said, "if you will not accept my assistance in any other way, it is but my duty to tell you where to find young Mr. Morsefold. He has now got chambers in the Temple—a place just within the city, which any one will direct you to, where he will remain for a little time until his marriage. I don't know the exact place, but you will have no difficulty in finding it."

In another minute the girl was alone. Alone and in quiet; for the capricious wind had gone to rest, and left the snow to fall noiselessly on the earth. Sleep was denied her; that "balm of hurt minds" eased not her troubled spirit; she sat on a heap of straw, listening to the deep silence which prevailed, save when a distant sound of human life stirred the heavy air a moment, and was gone.

So passed the night; and when daylight sluggishly crept on, as if afraid to look on the whitened country, the girl moved from her waking trance, and passed out into the open road. A walk of little more than half an hour brought her within sight of the streets of London—things that to her eyes appeared interminable; amazing labyrinths that puzzled the brain: here and there, before, behind, on every side, nothing but streets, streets, streets. She absolutely gasped as the buildings thickened, and shops exposed to view their never-ending riches. More, and more! how could men live in such a place? and yet they crowded in the thoroughfares, busy as bees about a hive. She ventured to ask a man who was idling about, where the Temple was.

"The Temple!" said the man; "oh, that's three or four miles off. Keep straight on."

Three or four miles! Could she have heard the man aright? Yes; so she kept straight on, and after walking for nearly an hour, saw written up at the corner of a street, "Holborn." Again she asked for the Temple, and, after more walking, at last found it, when she was soon directed to Mr. Morsefold's chambers.

With a trembling heart, but a steady step, she hastened to the spot, there to be doomed to disappointment, by being informed that Mr. Morsefold was not at home, nor was he expected till late at night. Nothing could be done then but hover about the place, till that time should come. A cold thaw set in, which made this wearisome day still more wretched to the poor girl. She tramped the slushy streets, and wondered at the mighty roar which all day pervaded them; crossed the bridges, and looked shudderingly at the dark water that rolled underneath; went back again to the Temple, and marked well the house where *he* dwelt; and so on, backwards and forwards, till night came. One single pennyworth of bread (she had that coin, and only that) supported her during this dismal pilgrimage.

Twelve o'clock at night. That hour saw two persons closely connected, thinking each of the other, yet with very dif[illegible]

rent emotions, and in a sadly different position. Not far from the place where one of these beings stood trembling with cold and misery, sat the other in a fine hotel, with fire, and light, and wine, bidding defiance to the cheerless weather, as he lolled idly on luxurious sofas, chatting to a boon companion.

"It's nothing to me, Morsefold," said one to the other; "but I tell you she'll never leave you alone. I know well enough the determination of women. They stick to a fellow like a leech; and shake 'em off if you can. As I said before, it is very well for you to say she don't know where to find you, but they're very devils for hunting one out; ay, there isn't a hound in all England that will beat 'em at it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Morsefold; "you're a crafty old fox, but I don't fear—not a bit of it. I've had a short life and a merry one; nothing like beginning early, for there's no knowing when we are to be strangled with a wife—one that hangs about us, and whom there's no shaking off. And so I'm come to that now. Governor says it is best to be married early, so he's picked out something for me. 'Tisn't such a bad 'un neither, but it's an infernal bore to be cramped up in that way. Come, Wilton, let us have another glass, and then I'm off."

"Where are you going? not home, I suppose?" said Wilton.

"Yes, I am. I'm tired, and this London soon gets stale. There's no place like home, my boy. Ha! ha! ha!"

"If London's stale, go to Paris," said Wilton. "There's no place like *that*, take my word for it."

"Paris! my dear fellow. Don't mention it; you know I can't do it, for there's that ——well, I won't say what, but you know I'm going to be married, and then good bye to the joys of a bachelor's life. Come along; you may as well walk with me as far at the Temple."

"Well, I don't mind. You'll find your old sweetheart there some night."

"Enough of that," returned Morsefold. "She's sure not to find me out. I don't want to hear any more of her."

With these words they passed into the street, and soon reached the Temple.

"Horrid slushy night," said Wilton, as they walked down the principal entrance. "What the devil's that?"

"What?"

"There, don't you see? that white thing standing under the lamp. Why, man, what's the matter? You are not afraid of ghosts, are you? Look there, it's gone under the arches. Come along; we shall catch it. Quick!"

And he dragged Morsefold with him into the deep shade of one of the courts. The thing they had seen darted swiftly away, and for a minute was lost to view in the darkness. Again it was indistinctly visible, as its white garments fluttered by the lamplight; then was lost in one of the sudden turnings.

"I do believe it is a woman," cried Wilton. "Run round by the next court, Morsefold, while I stay here, and then we shall catch her. What the deuce ails you? Cut along; 'tisn't a ghost."

Morsefold would rather it had been; for he had caught a glimpse of the figure, and trembled.

"Leave her alone," said he; "it's only some poor wretch come here for shelter. The police will soon have her."

"Nonsense!" cried Wilton. "Come along."

He ran on, reluctantly followed by Morsefold, who wished to give up the pursuit, yet dreaded that his friend should discover the cause of his uneasiness. They were now close by the garden railings, and the woman was again seen, spectrally white, as she flitted by the dark buildings.

"She's in the garden!" cried Wilton. "Can it be flesh and blood, or a phantom? No woman could have got over the iron spikes. Morsefold, look there! do you see it? It's marble! There's nothing human here: I'll go no further. See how it stands, motionless as a statue!"

He seized hold of Morsefold's hand, to drag him away, but on the instant fell back in still greater terror. Morsefold's face was white as the thing he looked on. Wilton ran back in affright, and left his friend still staring at the woman. She moved away, and neared the water's edge. Morsefold dashed through the gate, which (strange to say) had been left unfastened, and came up with her when she was on the brink of the terrace against which the river ran.

"Eliza!" he cried; "the water! the water! Another step, and you'll be in."

She stopped at the sound of his voice.

ow me then," she said, "though few ho'd seen me six months ago. Is ı gone?"

s."

t is well; for the scorn of your ons does not suit my temper. You ought to see me again. Look at and behold the change you have

Look well, and think of it when w wife leans on you. Keep off: ıch me: I am not what I was."

at made you leave Harrow?" asked ld.

ıt made me leave it!" echoed the Ask yourself that question. Did basely leave me in a paltry room money, without friends, without r? My parents spurned me, and ıt when I went back to my lodging cked into the road, and foul words ıpon me, that might have made fine your merry moments. Where then: thinking of your new wife, ing in my destruction?"

sent you money," said Morsefold, didn't know you couldn't go

did know it," cried the girl, pas- y. "You knew I'd no home after me from it. As long as the fancy you, you stanched my grief with ords, and then left me to starve, that I might not live long to trou-

Nor will I; but, thank God, I've long enough to let you know the of your crime. There is my she continued, pointing to the river; ı like it?"

efold was moved: the girl's words eady working a better change in t. He spoke more kindly.

a," he said, "you judge me too harsh- now I have deeply wronged you, olemnly protest I will make every ion in my power."

ere is but one," she replied, "and u will not make. I never will live a nfamy; better die than do so. Are n enough to forswear the woman about to marry, and put me right stimation of the world?"

efold hesitated a moment and then 'My father knows nothing of this, uld never consent."

n should he not," replied the girl, I do not believe, still your honour ne demand it. Once more, will you ustice?"

. 1366.

"I solemnly declare before Heaven, I will," said Morsefold.

The girl uttered a cry of joy, and was about to spring into her husband's arms, when her foot slipped, and she fell with a dead splash into the water. Morsefold, horror-stricken, stood for an instant transfixed, then plunged into the river and seized hold of the girl. He vainly tried to keep her up; she clutched convulsively hold of him, and thus impeded his attempts to swim.

Down they sunk together. There were a few bubbles on the surface, and then they rose again; a fearful struggle for a minute, and a despairing cry, broke from the dark water; then all was silent, and the river ran on as peacefully as if it had not known that Death was in its bosom.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Send abroad your joyous voices,
Ye who own the English name,
How our sea-girt land rejoices
At the tidings of her fame;
They are fallen—they are scattered,
Who came forth to sack and burn;
Spirit-crushed and tempest-shattered,
Few shall home again return.

As the stars of heaven cluster
Round the brow of sombre night,
As the gauzy insects muster
In the summer morning bright;
As great Hera's birds displayeth
Dainty plumes of green and gold,
Their choice beauties he arrayeth,
Till the hundred eyes unfold.

So at haughty Philip's orders
Hurried troops from far and near,
Till to Spain's remotest borders
Naught but arming ye might hear;
Day and night, iron white
Glowed in forges through the land;
Day and night, Spanish might
Piled huge galleons on the strand.

Nor alone did Spain's resources
Furnish forth the armament;
Capizuchi brought his forces,
Stout Spinelli succours lent.
Both good captains, both Italians,
With them Austria's stout Borgant,
The renowned Walloon batallions,
And Burgundia's armed front.

Spread the battle cry through Flanders,
Youthful warriors caught the sound,
Where the mighty Rhine meanders,
'Mid his banks with castles crowned;
Round about the burning mountain,
Ceaseless toil the workmen's hands,
Where Arethusa's lovely fountain,
Irrigates the pleasant lands.

Portugal, late scene of slaughter,
Many a gallant sail equips;
Naples on her dancing water
Cradles many stately ships;
And our forces more to sunder,
Sow dissension in our home,
Unsparingly is launched the thunder,
Of the lordly Priest of Rome.

Straight to join the Duke of Parma
Princes flocked with eager joy—
Amadaeus donned his armour,
Leaving his beloved Savoy;
Good in war, in counsel better,
John de Medicis was there,
With the Duke of Sabionetta,
And Pastrana's gallant heir.

Now at length they have arrayed her
In the merry month of May;
The invincible Armada
Shall her countless anchors weigh;
The sun his glorious rays is flinging
On the ship-encircled strand,
Softly breathes the west wind, bringing
Almond odours from the land.

Wherefore sways the loosened cable,
Why is furled each snowy sail,
While instead a banner sable
Flutters idly in the gale?
Even now hath Heaven's displeasure
Through the army mourning spread,
Swept away its choicest treasure—
Santa Crocé lieth dead.

England, meantime, at the danger
Full of hope her flag unfurled,
Though beneath the haughty stranger
Fought the powers of half the world—
Spain and Portugal, the sunny
Italy and Allemande,
India rich in men and money,
And Columbus new-found land.

Alone, but dauntless, humbly trusting
In the mighty One unseen,
She drew forth the sword long rusting,
Burnished up her maily sheen;

While amid the storm impending,
In her steadfast faith serene,
Though her power seemed well-nigh rending,
Sat the lion-hearted Queen.

Well she knew her island peerless,
With its craggy wave-rocked shore—
Well she knew the warriors fearless
That its full-eyed daughters bore;
Nor vain her trust—the common danger
Quenched awhile foul Discord's brand,
All come forth against the stranger,
To protect their native land.

Now at last, with pennons dancing,
All her snowy canvas spread,
The Armada is advancing,
Lumbering the Ocean's bed.
Painfully her hundred galleons
Stem the unassisting tide,
Like old Rome's mail-clad batallions
Toiling up a mountain side.

On she comes a mighty crescent—
Seven miles from horn to horn;
From all lands a mighty present,
Ocean's caverns to adorn:
With her hundred masts she pointed
To the glorious summer sky,
Little looked like one appointed
In her pride of power to die.

Gallant service then did Howard,
Many a stout heart in his wake;
Two huge ships their colours lowered,
To our stout Sir Francis Drake:
We remaining at a distance,
Kept a vigorous cannonade,
Capturing with small resistance
All that from the crescent strayed.

Oxford's Earl equipped his vessel,
Stout Northumberland was there,
With the crafty brothers Cecil,
Vavasor's undaunted heir;
Raleigh, famed afar in story,
Once again put out to sea;
Blount and Gerard share the glory,
Gallant Cumberland, with thee.

But full vengeance mighty Heaven
For itself in justice kept,
Angry waves and flashing leven
O'er the fated navy swept.
They their human prowess vaunted,
Romish mummeries idly sought,
We receive them nothing daunted,
'Twas for faith and home we fought.

road your joyous voices,
o own the English name,
sea-girt land rejoices,
tidings of her fame;
e fallen, they are scattered,
ame forth to sack and burn;
ushed and tempest-shattered,
hall home again return.

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oils and Benefits of the Irish Famine.

adful situation of Ireland at the oment has aroused the attention ass in the community, and vari- been the means suggested of he return of such a calamity. ss of the present moment has eglected, and efforts, unparalleled tory of the world, have been lieve it. But in spite of every he gigantic power of England e, it was impossible that every e saved. Abandoned by those, ir need, should have come for- Irish turned towards those whom een taught to consider as ene- were told of the tales of misery, d to their relief; we found fa- g of starvation, dying of hunger, in such numbers as to forbid t burial, while corn was leaving o feed the rapacity of the rich. e advocate the interference with far from it; we consider the trade are better understood by ndividuals, and, consequently, aged, than by government. But ike this, it was highly improper, mildest phrase, to ship away the , in right, belonged to the culti- he soil.

rapidly over the face of the re find that in nearly every re is the most appalling destitu- a private letter which we have arn that in one small parish, a farmer, out of his own re- s supporting eighty-seven fami- is landlord drew away his rent, led nothing, or scarcely any- the poor. In that small parish, nd of death had been laid on undred inhabitants. Nnmbers ere still in the huts in which lived. Fathers sitting at the threshold of their humble dwellings, too weak to rise, and the tears of anguish rolling down their cheeks, whilst in one corner the mother in her last agonies, surrounded by her dying or dead children, would piteously cry for food. This is no overdrawn picture. The instances are numerous all over the country. We are confident that before the next harvest arrives the whole population will have been decimated. Hunger produces diseases, and malignant fevers have broken out in several counties, sweeping the inhabitants away by hundreds. Looking at the matter generally, or merely mentioning the fact that so many thousands died from starvation, has but little effect. We should picture to ourselves one case. It is impossible for the humam mind to comprehend so much misery. One death, properly considered, one account of a fearful assassination, shocks us more than the massacre of thousands. We should therefore imagine ourselves placed in a similar situation, and surrounded by poverty, disease, and death; how should we then regard those who taxed us with impatience and denied that we were suffering from want? We should regard them as inhuman fiends, unworthy of the name of men.

But while the English are doing their utmost to succour their distressed and hapless brethren, the majority of the Irish landlords are viewing with indifference the distress around them. In Mallow, the deaths from starvation are so frequent, that no more inquests are held on those that die from hunger. In Middleton, the donations of the landlords of the place amounted to £345, of this Lord Middleton contributed £250, leaving £95 as the contributions of the other landlords. One of them, Mr. Courtenay, a gentleman possessed of the revenue of £6,000 per annum, lives on his estate in great splendour. At his gate is situated one of the most wretched hamlets in the country. He has, however, a taste for dogs, his meal and milk were in profusion; how could he best bestow them? He looked at his canine tribe, seventy in number we believe, and perhaps he may have glanced at the starving crowd at his gate, but, at all events, he considered the fattening of his dogs of more value than preserving the lives of his fellow countrymen, at least as valuable in every respect as his, and much more im-

portant in our eyes. But whatever may have been his feelings we cannot tell, the results were the same; he bestowed his milk and meal on his dogs, and he presented to the relief fund the munificent sum of *two pounds sterling*. In Mallow he possessed a property of about six hundred a year, yet not one penny was bestowed upon the poor! The annual valuation of that district in the rate-book was £30,000, yet the landlords subscribed but £124, and £50 of this was given by Col. Gardner, who only received that amount from the district. Among those who assisted in raising the subscription at Middleton, was a gentleman (?) of the name of Longfield, of Castlemary, with a property of £10,000 per annum, and he forwarded to the committee *five pounds!* Instances too numerous to mention are brought forward, showing the despicable conduct of the Irish landlords. One person with £13,500 a year, bestowed £25; another with £6,000 a year £15, and so on *ad infinitum*. Facts stated and supported are stubborn things to deal with, and if any of these statements can be denied, why are they not. One instance more we may mention. A person, of whom we know something, possesses a property of £10,000 a year, in one of the most distressed portions of Ireland. Subscriptions were collecting rapidly, when it occurred to the committee to apply to this landlord; accordingly, having waited on him, they stated the case. After a great deal of parleying, the man of wealth turned to them and said: "Gentlemen, I have a certain station to maintain; if I am to be continually drained of my money in this way, I shall be ruined. Now, tell me frankly, if I agree to give you a good round sum down, will you promise not to trouble me further?" The committee agreed. "Then," said he, "put my name down for *ten pounds!*" On such conduct we shall presently comment.

The distress, however, we trust, will not last longer than the present year. Measures which will ameliorate the future condition of Ireland appear likely to be adopted. But we must not forget to bestow our meed of praise on what the government have already done. Attacked and abused as they have been, we find no scheme worth a moment's consideration proposed in their stead. The awful extent of this misfortune appears to have paralysed the minds of their cavillers, and frozen up their suggestions, but as the spring advances, when all the measures have been passed, no doubt their intellects will thaw, and when it is too late, they will bring forward improved schemes.

The evils of the famine may be summed up in a few words, as they are but the constant repetition of the words, hunger, pestilence, and death. To enter more minutely would but harrow up the feelings to no useful purpose. We shall, therefore, turn to consider the other side of the picture. Chief among the benefits that are likely to arise from the present famine, we consider, the attention which it has called forth from men of all shades of opinion. The continued drain from the imperial treasury, the vast amount of money raised, the various public subscriptions, have touched the liveliest and most sensitive part of our system. England has been called upon to pay, what, in justice, she was not bound to do. She has been called upon to feed nearly four millions of people. We do not grumble so much at the mere fact, but what we complain of is, that while doing so, the absentee landlords are revelling in riot and dissipation abroad.

One of the effects of the potato rot, which we look on with great satisfaction, is this, that that root will no longer constitute the sole sustenance of the poorer classes. Besides having an effect on the body of the peasant, it produced the most injurious effects on his character. Three months labour out of the twelve was sufficient to raise the scanty supply of potatoes on which to depend for sustenance. For nine months the Irish cotters lounged about in idleness, what was the use of exertion; he saw no prospect for ameliorating his condition, and contented himself with saying, "My father lived so before me." Now, however, he must look around him, and work, for he can no longer depend on the potato. He must now labour for a superior kind of food; he must earn sufficient to buy himself and his family bread of some sort or other. Habits of industry will soon be acquired. From his present degraded state the Irish peasant may rise to a comfortable condition, if proper measures be taken.

The opinion is rapidly gaining ground, that "Irish Property" should support "Irish Poverty." When our countrymen are thoroughly convinced of this, a change will come o'er the spirit of the dream, and

we shall find Ireland on an equal footing with England. Let but the law pass, that the peasant has a right to his share of his earnings, and we shall find landlords becoming more careful. The absentees will discover that it is better for them personally to inspect their estates, than to leave them to the management of stewards; and they will find it more economical to employ their poor on their land, on reproductive works, than support them in idleness in the workhouse. How much better for a proprietor to drain his fields, cultivate his waste lands, and improve the tillage of what is at present under the plough, than to suffer that labour to waste, and have to support the poor man into the bargain.

One of the greatest social evils of Ireland is the desperate condition of some of the estates. Many are mortgaged within a few hundred pounds of their value, and the proprietors imagine that a poor-law would completely swallow up the remainder. How surely do the sins of the father descend upon their children. The progenitors of the present proprietors spent in riot and luxury the thousands, the interest of which nearly absorbs the receipts of their descendants' estates. A judicious economy might, in most cases, have released them of a part of their burden, but no; forgetting the bitter experience, they spend what they receive in useless display, or at the gambling table. How much better would it be for Ireland were a new class of proprietors to step in. Let the merchant princes of England come forward, and when the law is passed for the easier disposal of encumbered estates, let them purchase them, and bring British capital and energy to play upon the almost neglected fields.

The poor-law will, perhaps, have the effect of compelling those persons whose estates are hopelessly mortgaged to dispose of them. We trust that it may. All we fear is, that the English people will scarcely credit the accounts of landlords' sins. But has not Lord John Russell, the first minister of the crown, emphatically declared that the Irish landlords have *not* done their duty in the present trying emergency. So much to be said by a prime minister, whose object must, of course, be to conciliate all parties, is a decisive proof, if no other could be produced, that there has been something wanting. The exposures that have been made in Parliament will not, we trust, be without their effect. If the statements we have made in this article are not founded on fact, we trust that they will be contradicted.* But if they be, as we conscientiously believe them to be, then we say, that those who prevent a proper poor-law being passed for Ireland, share the crime of heartless cruelty and shameful neglect.

France was in somewhat a similar condition before the great revolution, but we trust that the passing of good laws in time, will have the effect of averting from us such a fearful calamity. The present is the time for action: forgetting past differences, all should unite for the attainment of one great end. A peculiar sign of better days has been shown, in the cordial co-operation of Irish Protestant clergymen with Roman Catholic priests; together they visit the sick and feed the hungry, and impart the consolations of religion. Now is the moment for all parties, whether Whig or Tory, Radical or Repealer, Catholic or Protestant, to unite as one body, and support the government in its scheme for extending the poor-law to Ireland. From the day that the able-bodied peasant has a right to share in that superfluity which he has himself helped to create, will be dated the regeneration of Ireland.

APRIL.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

Welcome to thee, young mother of the Spring,
Thou herald to the flush of Summer's store,
Thou gentle murderess of Winter hoar,
Weeping for him thou slayest. Larks now sing
A mile up in the blue, with dauntless wing
Hanging in midst of space; and cuckoos pour
Their whole souls forth in two notes, o'er and o'er,
Till all the shaken echoes dance and ring.

The sky is smiling on the earth; the earth,
Like a vast incense-urn, perfumes the sky;
The idle breezes, as they flutter by,
Faint 'neath their burdens, yet make playful mirth;
And each hour as it passes, giveth birth
To some new offspring of Hyperion's eye.

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* Since writing the above, some of these assertions have been denied, but in a manner to confirm our suspicions rather than weaken them.

Mistakes.

BY E. M.

One of the greatest, in my opinion, is an unequal marriage. I do not mean that of Lord G. or Sir C. B., when, fascinated by the charms of some celebrated actress, he raises her from the boards to the peerage; nor do I mean one, when a man who has made a fortune forgets that in amassing money he has lost that youth and buoyancy of spirit which is so necessary to give happiness to the young lady who, perhaps under the pressure of poverty, has been led to look favourably on his proposals. In both these instances, the chances of uninterrupted felicity are but small.

Other cases not so palpable, though quite as great "mistakes" in their way, abound. The history of a young couple, in whose fate I was much interested many years ago, may serve to illustrate my idea of the folly of a marriage in which the woman is by birth and education superior to the man to whom she is united. However fondly they may love each other, there are times when, in spite of the devotedness of woman's nature, a sigh will rise on looking at the discomfort around, and a comparison will, inadvertently perhaps, be drawn as to the past and the present. The more passionate and tender the husband's love, the more apt will he be to grow morose from inability to supply her whom he loves with those comforts which, from habit, have become actual necessaries. At times he curses his own selfishness, in having exposed to the inconveniences of poverty one who loved him "not wisely, but too well."

In giving the following "modern instance" of my theory, it might, perhaps, not seem irrelevant to describe the locality wherein it took place; difficult as it must be, this cold, bleak, snowy, wintry day (March 10, 1847) to conjure up the Clyde, with its lazy waves glistening in the sunshine, murmuring as if singing itself to slumber, as it breaks slowly over the white pebbly shore of the bay that shelters my favourite village, Garnoch, from the northern blast:

> "But who
> Can wallow naked in December snow,
> By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?"

No: to appreciate adequately the beauties of Garnoch, we must behold it on one of those glorious mornings in early summer, when across the opposite mountains the shadows, as if in sport, chase each other, leaving behind bright spots of green sunshine. And you must come with me in my little skiff, and resign yourself to my pilotage; for without it you will scarcely find the village, unless the pale grey smoke that, curling through the trees, loses itself in the azure sky, betrays to you the fact that you are near human habitations; for trees encircle them, and unless you run your boat on shore, you may remain in ignorance of the busy life that, in summer at least, Garnoch presents. When you moor her, a dozen half-sleeping fellows will listlessly raise their heads from the long grass whereon, after the morning's labours, they doze through the noonday heat, till evening again calls them into activity. But sleep conquers curiosity, and you may wander along the shore, till you reach the glen, undisturbed, save by a yelping cur, or screaming child.

The glen! who can paint its cool depths —its dark arcades of nature's own formation—its dashing, "wimpling burn," overhung with banks of wild flowers—its pleasant steepness, that makes you turn panting to catch a peep through the trees of the village below, or vainly try to ascertain the hour by the old church clock that coquets with you, and hides itself behind the wide-spreading branches of yonder wild cherry that appears as if covered by snow, not blossom. And then the manse, so clean and neat that, as you emerge from the deep solitude of the woods, starts into life, with its velvet lawn thickly strewn with meek-eyed, rosy-lipped daisies, heedlessly pressed under foot when at home but fondly caressed and cherished when an exiled wanderer.

In the manse garden of gay flowers, the most conspicuous is the briar rose which, out-speeding the jessamine, has clambered up the porch and round the parlour window, its saucy buds almost touching the fair cheek of Kate Graham, and even mingling with the ringlets of her chesnut hair.

To an English reader, it is nearly impossible to convey the deep, absorbing interest that has been felt by all classes on the various questions of church policy that have lately agitated the whole of Scotland, dividing friends and even families. Every thinking person must lament disunion in religious matters, but yet the length to which patronage was carried, loudly called for reform; and one cannot feel surprised at a people, still retaining much of the old Covenanter spirit, being determined to choose their own clergymen—a matter to them of vital importance.

A retrospective glance at the spiritual affairs of Garnoch would convince even a sceptic of the necessity of some change in Kirk government.

For years had the family of Graham been possessed of the snug manse and comfortable glebe. Son had succeeded father, till the task of conducting the flock of Garnoch into spiritual pasturage de-

olved on Mr. Graham, the father of our heroine. He would have made an excellent farmer; and doubtless, had his family not had interest with the laird, would have turned his attention that way. As it was, he preached short sermons on Sunday, and looked after his farm through the week, satisfied that he did his duty to God and man. Those who did not like his preaching or practice, could walk to the next parish, only twelve miles off, which many of the sturdy peasantry hesitated not to do; for Scotland still numbers amongst her sons those that would give up ease of body, peace of mind, ay, even life itself, rather than relinquish the doctrines of their fathers.

Rather late in life Mr. Graham married, wisely, a woman of nearly his own age. One daughter was the fruit of this union, "sweet Kate Graham," whose warmth of heart, kind words, and sunny smile, brought more popularity about the manse than all the sermons that her father had preached since he was ordained; and yet, though lovely and good, she was no favourite with the old man, for he had set his heart upon a son, who should fill his place when he passed away from this world; and he felt something akin to anger, when the innocent girl showed any mark of talent, that it should be wasted on a woman.

One day, when taking his accustomed glass of toddy in the house of the laird, the patron of the parish, and lamenting, as was his wont, the disappointment of his wishes, his good-natured host was suddenly struck with a bright idea, evincing more kindness of purpose than knowledge of human nature. "Tout, man," he exclaimed, "what need ye vex yoursell? The lassie maun hae a husband. Let her marry a minister, and he sall hae the kirk."

So a minister's wife bonnie Kate Graham was from that moment destined to be; and as the dowry so generously offered by the laird got wind, she was soon surrounded by not a few aspirants for her hand and the kirk; but the lively girl looked with scorn on the black-coated individuals whom she shrewdly suspected of loving the living nearly as well as herself. She preferred a scamper down to the village and back with old nurse, to all the dry homilies delivered at the manse.

These quiet walks and talks were never ended without the name of John Mackenzie being brought forward by one or other. This was excusable in the old woman, as he was her grandson, and sole relative. His father, an honest, hard-working fisherman, had been lost almost before the eyes of his distracted wife, who, in broken-heartedness, smiled when told she was a mother; and with a sigh left the poor child to the affection of others to rejoin the one she had loved so well on earth.

But as the poor are ever kind to the poor, old Mrs. Mackenzie found many good souls willing to give a helping hand to bring up the poor orphan, who, after his apprenticeship as a ship-carpenter, went to sea; and though he regularly remitted a portion of his savings to the old woman, still ten years had elapsed since his presence had gladdened her heart. Her earnest prayer night and morning was, once more to see him before she died. In Kate she found a ready listener to all her hopes and fears; for she remembered with pleasure, the bright-eyed, noble boy, who carried her in his arms across the swollen burns, or gathered nuts and brambles to fill her tiny lap.

Kate was just seventeen, when, one day, on rushing into nurse's cottage, she found herself suddenly in the presence of a youth, whom, at the second glance, she recognised as her old protector, John Mackenzie. She soon took her leave; as the evident admiration which beamed from John's black eyes was rather too much for the equanimity and maidenly emotion inherent in a delicate-minded woman. This feeling prevented her from again bending her steps in the direction of the cottage. But the whole week she felt restless, and even irritable; and on Sunday she could not resist glancing at the pew where, beside the old woman, John sat, his handsome face, embrowned by his various voyages, and his thick, dark curling hair, contrasting with the brow, whose whiteness the ardent sun had spared.

Yes; there he sat, and a burning blush spread over Kate's cheek, as she saw his eyes directed towards her. Never had Kate been so little disposed to join in the devotional exercises of the Sabbath; for, as she ever and anon stole a glance, the same look told how the thoughts of the young man were employed.

Need I detail the progress of these young hearts, fascinated by the outward charms of each other, and the recollection of childish pleasures? John was a man of superior mind and strong passions. In a great measure he was self-educated, well read, and, by his observations in the various countries which his roving life had led him to visit, had attained a stock of knowledge far more varied and picturesque than can be acquired by the mere study of books. Is it therefore to be wondered at that his conversation was attractive to a girl who had never left her native village, nor heard anything more interesting than discussions concerning the meeting of synod, or the rotation of crops?

Deep, deep, in love was poor Kate before she suspected it; though John had quickly

found out his danger, and would have fled, but he felt that to leave her was death. To see, or to be near her, to touch even the hem of her garments was happiness enough, though it should exclude hope. Thus, utterly unmindful of his hazardous position, he remained in the village. Under so strong a fascination his will was powerless.

Each day was a struggle; and manfully did John strive to conquer his wayward heart and even his stubborn eyes, which every Sunday wandered from his book to the sweet face that graced the minister's pew. But, alas! vain are human resolutions, when all the feelings of the soul are in open rebellion, ready to take advantage of the slightest look or word, to rush forth like pent-up streams, carrying before their torrents, prudence and reason, and leaving behind on the troubled waters, remorse and self-accusation, only soothed by the faint gleam of that remote star, Hope.

The evening sun was sinking far behind the hills, the rich hues still lingering on the trees, lighting up neglected nooks and hollows, and playing over the darkening landscape like the rosy smile that melts into the untroubled sleep of infancy. The mavis and blackbird with a half sadness warbled their farewell notes; and Kate, poor Kate, was slowly wandering up the glen. Was not fate cruel in such an evening, when all nature seemed attuned to love, to send John, as in truth was oft his wont, to take his solitary ramble there? And then what heart would not be taken unawares to meet the glances of those bright eyes, and listen to the words of kindness from those sweet lips? All prudential reasons were forgotten; the whole hidden secrets of their souls were revealed; one glance, as his hand touched her's, showed John he was beloved; and each felt that, for good or evil, they were linked together for life.

That this infatuation, known by that sweet name "love," exists, every one who has had an opportunity of remarking the various incidents continually passing around us, will admit. It is an end to be deplored; but I fear, as long as warm impetuous hearts meet those equally so with themselves, others who in safe harbour look on the storms of life with calm philosophy, may preach of shoals and quicksands, but preach in vain.

How rapidly did the flame, now no longer repressed, break forth! Kate, unused to contradiction, for her mother suffered her to do pretty nearly as she pleased, gave full vent to her feelings, and, exercising no self-control, thought only of her present happiness. Evening after evening she stole down to the village, and evening after evening did the happy couple wander through the glen, enjoying the moments passed together with more intensity of pleasure from the necessity of parting almost before they thought they had met.

Often, after he had taken the dear girl to the garden gate, he hurried down to the beach, his heart beating wildly, and his brain burning, as in bitterness he cursed his fate, and even himself; for what but misery could accrue to Kate by a union with him? For hours he would recline on the rocks, till the cold moon, shining down on the waters, calmed his feverish brow, and he would resolve on—he knew not what.

Summer had waned, and autumn with her pencil of russet brown was tinting the woods round Garnoch, when one night, as the wind wailed through the trees like some poor spirit lamenting its absence from the loved earth, the cottage-door opened, and Kate, looking pale and sad, stood before John, who had started up on hearing the footsteps. Scarcely retaining his self-possession at the unexpected sight, he could only press his hand to his throbbing heart, and leave Kate to speak; for woman is generally the best deceiver when the feelings are concerned; and the lip may ofttimes smile when the heart is breaking. But when once in that dear glen which had witnessed vows of love such as never in this world could be erased whilst memory held her place—once there, with arms clasped round her yielding form, and prayerful accents did he urge her to speak, to tell him all her sorrow: "Kate, my own Kate, let me share your grief, or let me die." With sobs and interruptions the tale was told, the dreaded hour had come: for that morning her father had declared her fate to be determined, and that a man whom she loved not, and could never love, was henceforth to be regarded as her future husband.

Great was Mr. Graham's surprise when Kate positively refused, and more so when she declared that nothing should ever induce her to wed a minister. Angry at being thwarted in this, his favourite project, Mr. Graham said more than he might have done, either as a clergyman or a father; for with a wayward girl gentleness is the only chain by which to lead or contradict; if you bind the fetters stronger, it is hard if she do not take some steps that she may repent to the latest day of her life. Kate had always feared her father; now she thought him ungenerous and unjust. Her mother looked up to her husband as something akin to a demigod, and, occupied with domestic matters, seldom thought for herself in anything important to her; therefore it was needless to turn to *her* Poor Kate took the worst possible course she could; and reposed her

sorrows on the faithful heart of John Mackenzie.

And what was the result? They parted that night with an agreement, that, under pretence of making some trifling purchase in the neighbouring town of Westport, Kate should meet him there, and by marrying, put it out of the power of fate to separate them.

Night wore on; and though both Kate and John were missing in the little village of Garnoch, they were too far removed by difference of station for any person to connect the disappearance of the one with that of the other. The night too being cold, with showers of rain beating thick and fast against the casement of the manse, its inmates naturally thought that Kate had remained with some of her friends in Westport. But when the morning brought a letter, telling that she was John Mackenzie's wife, and praying forgiveness, the stern old man chid the weeping mother for her tears, and bade her never again in his presence mention his degenerate child; for his pride was wounded in the tenderest point, and he forgot to practise what he had so often preached—forgiveness to the poor erring creature who repents. Exact in outward observances, content with following the letter of the law, he did not remember how every page of Holy Writ is strewed with sweet words of pardon to the sinner, and with inculcations of charity and good-will to all men. Happily, there are few ministers of the Gospel like Mr. Graham; and many toil hard for little reward, save the consciousness of doing good.

Our youug couple, happy in each other, had, in a few days, settled in a small but comfortable cottage in the town of Westport. John had saved enough money to furnish it respectably, though it reduced his stock to a few pounds. But he had health and strength. With the thoughts of his Kate he could do anything; and as trade was flourishing in Westport, he found no difficulty in obtaining employment at his old business, ship-building. Thus relieved from any fear of want, and blest in each other, Kate's only sorrow was the estrangement from her family. If the most devoted love—the wish no sooner formed than gratified, when within the power of man's accomplishment—the woman-like attention, when she was ill or tired bestowed by John, could compensate for parental desertion, Kate was happy. Still at times there were moments of deep depression, and the large drops of agonised feeling stood on John's brow when watching it. Then a sweet smile and caress (for she loved too fondly to grieve him) would dissipate his fear, and when a new prospect opened before her, the past faded away, and she was happy without alloy.

A year had passed, a happy year, and Kate sat at her humble fire-side, with her first-born—her own sweet Kate Mackenzie—on her knee. Generation after generation pass away, and still the loveliest sight that nature presents is a mother bending over her child. All other love may have a slight touch of selfishness in it. Some might say that even a mother's affection is partly so, because in her babe's fairy features, she traces the beloved husband. But her love is more free from earthly taint than any other. See yonder poor girl; it is not for the father's sake she loves the child, for he has deserted her; and from the inmost depths of her crushed heart, she utterly despises him. But to her helpless child she clings, watches it, toils for it, and would, if required, die for it. Is it not therefore a lovely sight to gaze on a fair young mother, whose soul beams from her eyes as she weaves bright fancies when watching her sleeping babe?

Such pleasant employment was Kate's, when a noise without attracted her attention, and one of John's fellow workmen came in with sorrow in his countenance. Speechlessly did Kate gaze on him, her looks saying more than words.

"Dinna be feared, Mrs. Mackenzie," said the kind-hearted soul, "John has met wi' a bit accident, but its no very bad, and he will be here himsel the noo; he sent me first, thinking you might get a fright."

Relieved at hearing he was alive, Kate collected all her firmness, and prepared herself to meet the worst, which was bad enough. Poor John having been employed in repairing the side of a vessel, a painter directly above him lost his balance, and, as "drowning men," proverbially, "catch at straws," so did this unfortunate, in his descent, catch hold of John, bringing scaffolding and all down with him. They were soon rescued, but John's arm was powerless, all the muscles having sustained a violent sprain, which, together with a severe injury of the elbow joint, would incapacitate him from work for some time at least.

The account was scarcely given before John (who had been first taken to the infirmary) stood beside her, drying her tears by his caresses, and concealing the pain that blanched his cheek and made his pallid lip quiver, that he might shield her from the knowledge of his sufferings.

At first, buoyed up by hope, John thought the time would soon pass away, and he should be able to resume his labours; but when week succeeded week, and even month, month, and he felt his arm growing more and more powerless, the horrors of the future stared him in the face, till he was goaded almost to madness. As an out-door patient of the infirmary, he

submitted to the most agonising remedies, and at the failure of each he would walk miles into the country to calm his mind and collect his thoughts ere he sought his home. Gradually the pain of his arm, for he suffered acutely, and the anticipation of his loved wife's future fate affected his mind; and though a passing fear would flit across his brain that his intellects were giving way, the very fact of their doing so prevented him from suspecting the extent of the danger. But he caught himself glancing fearfully at Kate, and wishing she were dead, at peace, away from all the troubles of this world. The child too, how was she to be provided for? Yes, better, far better, they were both dead.

These thoughts recurred to his mind, till the wish for their death began to be a fixed idea, and the transition was an easy one into the thought that it would be almost meritorious to send to heaven two that, in his eyes, were little short of angels now. True, he felt his own soul would, by the act, be irrecoverably lost, but that, to his distempered imagination, appeared but little in comparison to securing their happiness.

Day and night this fearful idea haunted him, and though when out in the open air he lost a portion of the feeling, and even wearied out his friends by the endeavour to procure some employment to which he might turn in his disabled state; still the brain was so much diseased that nothing, save the prospect of a difference in his circumstances, and the dread of poverty to those he loved being removed, could change the morbid current of his thoughts.

With love's watchfulness, Kate strove, but strove in vain, to soothe what she thought the wayward spirit of her husband, who, altered in temper, often repulsed her affectionate kindness almost morosely; but all this seemed to Kate the natural consequence of his sufferings.

Affairs at length came to a crisis. The rent was over due, and the landlord had that day insisted on a settlement of his claim. Tax-gatherers had taken an inventory of the furniture. A letter written by Kate in very humbleness of heart to Mr. Graham, had that morning been returned unopened, and one solitary shilling was the sole inmate of John's pocket.

Even the insane can appear calm; and John's manner, on entering a chemist's shop to purchase a deadly drug, was so collected, that the shopman supplied him without hesitation. When, on his return, he pressed his burning lips to Kate's brow, no thought of any greater evil save the pain from which he was never free, and which often fevered his frame, crossed her mind. I have mentioned how wishful he was, that she should miss as little as possible the comforts he fancied she had lost by her union with him. His going, therefore, to the cupboard and preparing tea, whilst she was engaged with her child, appeared nothing unusual; nor did she remark the unwonted haste with which he filled her cup, and a larger one used by himself, nor the greedy impatience that induced him to drink repeated draughts of a beverage that was to separate him from all he loved on earth.

But as he raised the second cup to his lips, his countenance expressed the most fearful emotions. Dashing from *her* hand the yet untasted death, he exclaimed, in a voice almost unearthly from pain and contending passions, "Do not touch a drop; it is poison! Yes, Kate, my love, poison! Wretch that I am, not content with bringing you to misery, I would kill you; but no, no! this fearful burning thirst, this horrid death, must not——"

Exhausted by the effects of the poison, the unfortunate man sank down as if dead, while the screams of poor Kate summoned the neighbours, who vainly tried to restore to life one who had so rashly laid down that burden which, however heavy and pressing sore on the wayfarer, must be borne. But their efforts availed nothing. In a few hours, John breathed his last, and Kate only awoke to consciousness, after having been for weeks hovering between life and death, to know that she was a widow.

Heart-stricken, she clasped her child to her bosom, now the only tie that bound her to this world, devoting her life to the care of rearing this fair and fragile flower. Pecuniary fears she had none; for her father was too much shocked at the tragical death of poor John, to withhold from her that assistance which, if sooner bestowed, would have saved one of God's creatures from a fearful death—another from a long and lonely life of widowhood; for Kate, young, and still fair, though no shade of colour ever revisited her once blooming cheek, remained faithful to the memory of her husband, tended her child with all the care of a heart living but for that sacred purpose. She was rewarded each day by seeing the young girl grow up good and fair, a blessing ever thankfully acknowledged in her prayers.

Often, when watching her growth, and seeing her approach to womanhood, blest with more than ordinary beauty, the poor widow's heart would sink, as she recollected the shipwreck of her own joyous hopes. And her pillow was often wet with tears, as she lifted her voice in earnest supplication when all but mourners like herself were hushed in slumber.

As if to reward her prayers, an accidental meeting with a young East Indian

d into a mutual attachment, and
ıce "the course of true love" ran
›thly"— his fortune, though small,
independent, and sufficient for their
ate wants. He was therefore able
w the sincerity of his professions by
ng on Mrs. Mackenzie and her
ter how much his present and future
ıess depended on his union with the
not being delayed. They were mar-
Few friends, for they had but few,
ed the ceremony; and as if Mrs. Mac-
› had lived long enough when she saw
ıughter's happiness secured, and all
ayers accomplished, one morning, on
; her, she was found lifeless in bed,
ıer hands clasped as if in prayer, her
ınance calm and smiling.
ould be strange to say she died of a
ı heart; but so it was. Her gradual
had commenced from the sad day
she awoke and found herself alone.
xcitement of unexpected happiness
ed the slender cord which had so
borne the weary burden of sorrow;
ıe left her beloved child to enjoy, in
l-assorted union, that tranquil bliss
had been denied to her own in-
erate though true and tender affec-

s may appear overdrawn; and some
ay that it is seldom so many unto-
circumstances happen. But if the
be not the actual facts which de-
d the prospects of the interesting
whose sad though simple history I
narrated, rely upon it that number-
orrows and inconveniencies attend
he happiest of ill-assorted marriages;
ıany will bear me witness that with
›ng folly to contract such an union,
erally a "mistake."

E LAWYER'S COMPLAINT.

N ORIGINAL BALLAD OF BOMBAY.

BY SIR J. M.

o the east a judge came,
›hnnie Grant was his name;
ı Scotland he's called Rothie murchus,
Though to India quite raw,
Yet full of his law,
e determined with statutes to work us.

ot content with Bombay,
e was soon heard to say
e'd roam o'er the country at large,
As they scoffed at a capias,
He'd give them a Habeas,
hough sepoys should constables charge.

"Our head, Johnnie Malcolm,"
Cried Bombay, "and welcome!
Show in that with your law and your might,
But beyond your own grounds
You shall not go your rounds;"
Now this Johnnie's an old soldier tight.

So when the judge furious
Did issue a *plurius*,
A stout havildar stopped the gate;
And the frightened law officer,
Seeing that Lucifer,
Fled, the sad tale to relate.

Poona dreaded a war,
And each stout jaghirdar,
Whatever his birth or connection;
Now begged a detachment,
To prevent an attachment,
To save him from legal protection.

When the whole was in riot,
Malcolm bade them be quiet,
Nor tremble at any man's frown;
For that he would withstand
The Supreme Court's demand,
Till the will of king George it was known.

Now to George on the throne,
A petition is gone
From the judge to beseech his support;
While our ruler has sent
A large document,
Containing thereto a retort.

But the judge will not bide
Till the king shall decide
That he is of India the prop;
When the man of the field
Said he never would yield,
Till the man of the robes shut up shop.

Now poor lawyers forlorn
From dear clients are torn,
No man has a brief or a fee;
They wander abroad,
But they meet on no road
Such a stranger as one loved rupee.

Such Scotch Johnnies in quarrel
Have reduced to their gruel,
Men used to have plenty in store;
Who tremble likewise,
Lest clients grow wise,
And employ the poor lawyers no more.

Supply of Cotton from the East.

There is one peculiarity in the people of this country which, considering the energy and enterprise they usually display, we should hardly have expected to find in them: we mean an extraordinary indifference respecting the history of the sources from which they derive their wealth and prosperity. As a manufacturing community, we are now chiefly distinguished for the amount and excellence of our cotton goods. It would be very reasonable, therefore, to suppose that all the better educated classes of persons in Great Britain must be well informed on the subject of cotton, or, if not all classes, at least that section of the population which addicts itself altogether to manufacturing industry.

It unfortunately happens, however, that we are all more or less ignorant in what relates to the growth and supply of cotton. This was placed beyond doubt the other day by the speeches delivered at a meeting held in Manchester, where some of the ablest practical men in the country united in lamenting the want of information which almost universally prevails. Probably before the present article is published, Mr. Bright will have made his motion in the House of Commons for the appointment of a committee of inquiry into all the circumstances connected with the cultivation of cotton in India; in which case, many of the observations we are about to make will have been rendered unnecessary. But to such chances all periodical writing is exposed. The utmost an author can do is to bring up his researches to a certain point, where he must pause, in order to make the requisite preparations for laying his remarks before the public. In the meanwhile, practical men have possibly shot ahead of him, not perhaps by collecting a great accumulation of facts, but anticipating by spirited action the results of inquiry.

It has long been felt that our almost entire dependance on the United States for a supply of cotton constantly exposes us to the greatest danger, and may some day or other prove fatal to us as a manufacturing people. We are far from intending by this remark to insinuate anything injurious to the great American republic. No one can experience more attachment for that vigorous and enterprising community, ennobled by freedom, and remarkable for its science and industry, than we ourselves do. But in the possible complication of future events, which neither senates nor statesmen can control—a state of things may arise which will render it impossible for America to ensure us an adequate supply of cotton. What has happened to the potato plant may happen to the cotton tree. Accidents innumerable may occur to blast its fruit, and disappoint at once the hopes of the planter beyond the Atlantic and the manufacturer here at home. It will then be too late to seek in other directions for the material which, by timely care and application, we may create in abundance, not for the purpose of withdrawing our custom from the United States, but that we may always have in reserve an abundant market in case of necessity.

One of the speakers at the Manchester meeting, Mr. Aspinall Turner, deprecated Parliamentary inquiry on this all-important subject, from a belief that the East India Company might regard the appointment of a committee by the House of Commons as a censure on its proceedings. It is much to be regretted that a man so able and intelligent should have given utterance to an opinion which may, to a certain extent, operate injuriously. All who take an interest in the cotton trade ought to be convinced that the East India Company has done much towards improving the raw material and that consequently credit instead of censure is due to it. But no government can achieve every thing, and there are occasions in which private capital and enterprise may hope for success where even such bodies as the East India Company have failed. However this may be, the present is no time for compliments. The supply of cotton from the United States already runs short; and in proportion to the development of the manufacturing system in that country, will every year become less and less adequate to supply our wants.

We ought, therefore, without a moment's delay to examine the resources of all cotton-growing countries in the world, partly that we may always be able to command a sufficiency of the raw material, and partly to discover, if possible, an article superior to that we now possess in freshness and

durability. For it is not to be presumed that, either in the growing or manufacturing of cotton, we have reached perfection yet. There may be regions better adapted to its production than any whose capabilities have been tried; and scattered through books, or the memories of living men, there may be facts already ascertained which, if laid fully before the public, might lead at once to the discovery of such regions. Some variety or other of the cotton-tree has been found to be indigenous in almost all the warmer countries on the globe. It grew abundantly in America before its discovery by Columbus; it is distributed over all parts of the continent of Africa; and is still met with growing wild in many islands of the Indian archipelago.

The first nation that appears to have converted cotton to the use of the loom, was that which originally inhabited Egypt, where the shrub seems to have been cultivated from the remotest antiquity. It was found also at a very early period on the islands and shores of the Persian Gulf. But in old times, as now, the greatest cotton country in the world was India. If we will be at the pains to examine the history of that country as far as its manufactures are concerned, we shall find that in all ages it has been unrivalled for the production of cotton goods, its fabrics being still superior in fineness and beauty to anything produced by the looms of the West. Many circumstances, no doubt, have always concurred to ensure to it this distinction; but among these must unquestionably be reckoned the command of a profusion of the raw material of the most exquisite quality. For several generations the cotton goods of India were at once superior in quality and inferior in price to the fabrics of Europe; and as late as sixty years ago, it was very generally feared that the quantities of them poured into the home market by the East India Company would utterly swamp our own manufacturers.

This circumstance, which appeared at the time to be an evil, should probably be reckoned among the chief causes of our industrial prosperity; for, driven to compete with the productions of a country where both labour and the raw material were much cheaper than here in England, we applied our utmost ingenuity to the invention and improvement of machinery, by the aid of which we have been enabled to turn the tables but too effectually upon the Hindus. We can now take the cotton grown at their very doors, transport it sixteen or seventeen thousand miles by sea, spin, weave, and dye it in the heart of Great Britain, and then carry it back to India, and sell it much cheaper than they can afford to do. This is one of the most striking triumphs of modern civilisation, and tends to encourage the hope that, in mere physical processes, there is scarcely any limit to improvement.

But in connection with this flattering state of things, we discover other facts not quite so creditable to our intelligence. Satisfied with the raw material at our command, we have omitted to inquire whether we might not, by diligent search, procure a variety of cottons of longer staple, of more delicate fibre, and, in all respects, more excellent than those we now possess. Millions of square miles are at our disposal in different parts of the world, some admirably adapted, no doubt, to the production of cotton. But have we made the necessary experiments to ascertain their powers? Have we established societies for this purpose? Have we dispatched agents to our numerous inter-tropical colonies, in order to scrutinise their capabilities? Have we even collected and registered the information already known to exist on the numerous provinces of India? Little or nothing of all this has hitherto been accomplished. Even about the history of cotton much obscurity exists, so that the agricultural society of Bengal imagined and published, as late as 1839, that India was the original country of the cotton plant, which had thence been diffused through the rest of the earth. This is repeating, under another form, the old mythical legend about wheat and barley, which was supposed by the ancients to have been found on one spot only of the globe, and to have been thence propagated through the instrumentality of the Gods. But as the cerial grasses have been found everywhere, from Sicily to Siberia, so the cotton-tree is no less widely distributed—we mean, in its wild state.

No doubt, the knowledge of facts like these can be of no practical utility to the manufacturer. But what then? Is there not a sort of literature attached, as it were, to every article of dress or food, whic[illegible]

being popularised and imbued with vitality, may be said to ensure the perpetuation of the blessing? At the same time, we by no means think it desirable to linger long just now about the cradle of the cotton-tree. What we most earnestly desire is to ascertain its *habitat* in every quarter of the globe, to familiarise the public with its geographical distribution, to describe the different qualities which it exhibits in different regions, and, if possible, to discover by what processes of cultivation it may be made to yield a superior article most abundantly. A committee of the House of Commons, if properly constituted, would elicit much of this sort of information. But we will inform the manufacturers what would suit their purpose and promote their interest still better. They have only to encourage the periodical press to bestow its attention on the subject, to range over the whole field of knowledge, and collect all kinds of facts from all sources, by which means a body of information would, at length, be built up, which practical men would well know how to turn to account.

There is scarcely any province in India in which some kind of cotton might not be grown. Throughout nearly the whole plains of the Punjab it is found to flourish luxuriantly, more especially in the ceded Doab of Jullender and in the contiguous one of Bari, still nominally at least under Sikh authority. Assam likewise, on the north-east, produces excellent cotton; and descending through every parallel of latitude, from the Doab of the Ganges and Jumna down to Coimbatore and Tinevelli, we find innumerable districts admirably adapted to the cultivation of cotton. Accordingly, from the remotest ages the natives of Hindustan have been clad almost in nothing else. Nor is this all. There is scarcely a single comfort or luxury of life in the promotion of which cotton is not an instrument. From the sumptuous beds, sofas, and divans of the Zenana, down to the humblest pack-saddle for an ass, every thing in India is stuffed with cotton. They have cotton tapestry, cotton carpets, cotton tents and hangings, cotton cordage and ropes, with nearly every thing else of a similar description.

Let us now endeavour to make some approximation to the amount of cotton thus consumed in India. Its inhabitants may be estimated in round numbers at two hundred millions of souls, each of whom consumes annually in clothing two pounds of cotton on an average, which will make four hundred million pounds of cotton appropriated to the manufacture of dress. At least an equal amount must be consumed in the other uses to which, as already stated, cotton is applied; so that the people of Hindustan themselves use annually the enormous amount of eight hundred million pounds of cotton, without taking at all into account the quantity they manufacture for exportation.

And yet not one-twentieth part of the land adapted to the cultivation of the cotton plant or shrub is appropriated to that species of cultivation. One obstacle, it is said, is the land-tax, which the East India Company has hitherto levied with too little regard to its own interests. To what extent taxes on cotton-grounds ought to be remitted, we are not here prepared to say; but it would most undoubtedly be wise in the Indian government to make all practicable sacrifices to encourage and facilitate the cultivation of cotton. One preliminary step, however, must be the construction of railways and other roads, otherwise, when the cotton shall have been grown, its price will have been so much enhanced before it reaches the coast, that, however excellent in itself, it will be wholly unable to compete with the cottons of America. It is preeminently for our interest that the people of India should be wealthy; and to render them so, we can imagine no better means than pouring in among them annually many of those millions of capital which at present find their way across the Atlantic.

Nevertheless, it is not on India alone that we ought to rely. Our increasing demands should stimulate the cultivation of cotton in every other part of the world adapted to its growth—in Italy, Sicily, Greece, Syria, Egypt, Spain, Southern Africa, Australia, and the Indian archipelago. The new settlement in Labuan will probably exercise considerable effect on the agriculture of Kalamantan, and more especially the Sultanate of Borneo. In the Raj of Sarawak, the cotton shrub grows luxuriantly, and we have seen specimens of the raw material brought from that province of extreme whiteness and delicacy. But the uplands, in fact, of all Borneo are adapted to the cultivation of

cotton; and should it hereafter suit our policy to take actual possession of the immense tracts of country formerly ceded to us by the Sooloos, we shall probably discover that the mountainous regions about Kennè Balu will excel all other parts of the habitable globe for this particular species of culture, the soil being of incomparable richness, and the climate of most genial and equable warmth.

Other islands on which we have just claims would likewise furnish an immense supply. New Guinea, for example, might be almost converted into one huge cotton plantation. At least, all the lower ranges of hills, and the undulating plains skirting the sea, might be advantageously adapted to the growth of cotton. Many degrees further westward, the small and little-known Chagos group already produces this material of long staple and silky fineness; and if, instead of being devoted to the rearing of hogs and the production of cocoa-nut oil, the whole surface of the islands were covered with cotton plantations, we should, in all likelihood, be able to command a large supply equal in quantity to the best sea-island.

It may be likewise worth while to turn our attention to the northern coast of New Holland, and more especially those rich plains which stretch round the Gulf of Carpentaria, where the cotton-shrub would unquestionably flourish, though it is impossible to determine *à priori* what would be the qualities of the wool produced. Still the experiment is obviously worth making. Other colonies and countries might be pointed out; but enough has been said to show the extent and variety of the inquiries which ought immediately to be instituted by Parliament and the country. The manufacturers will be altogether wanting to themselves, if they omit to press the matter in the House of Commons. Very much knowledge is possessed by private individuals which it would be of public benefit to put in circulation; and should Mr. Bright's committee, supposing him to succeed in obtaining one, show a readiness to hear evidence, there can scarcely be a doubt that the body of information collected will prove of infinite advantage to British industry. The press hitherto has effected little, with the exception, perhaps, of the *Morning Chronicle*, which has from time to time had an article on the subject. But in the event of Parliament's taking the matter up, we should witness a change at once. Every journal then would contribute its quota to the common stock. From the newspapers the impulse would pass to the magazines, from the magazines to the reviews, until the whole periodical literature of the country would be enlivened with speculations on cotton. We write this, of course, in complete uncertainty respecting the fate of Mr. Bright's motion, though we can see no reason to apprehend its failure; for never was there a cabinet more completely alive to the interests of trade, or better disposed to promote them. For ourselves, we mean to return to this subject, that we may at least contribute our share, however limited or humble it may be, to the general stock of information.

THE FRUIT GATHERERS.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

Come, neighbours and friends, it is gathering time,
The fruits of the season are just in their prime:
The grapes' purple hue, and the apples like gold,
That shine like the fruit in the tale that is told
Of jewels found hanging on each fairy tree;
But the ripe fruit of nature much rather I'd see;
And if summer flowers we cannot recal,
Each season has sunshine and blessing for all.

Oh! don't you remember the violets of Spring,
With the little bird's chirp on his first busy wing?
And don't you remember the bright summer hours,
When we rambled the woodland to gather wild flowers?
Then, oh, the delight of that mirth-loving day,
When we gambol'd and rested on newly-made hay!
But days e'er so bright we can never recal,
Yet there's beauty, and blessing, and wisdom in all.

Recollections of a Tour in France, Italy, and Switzerland,

During the Autumn of 1845.

BRIGHTON—DIEPPE—ROUEN AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

At about eight p.m., on the 15th of July, 1845, the General Steam Navigation Company's ship, Fame, Capt. Harty, left Brighton Chain Pier, for Dieppe, having on board amongst other passengers myself. I had not long before attained my majority, full of spirits though not over well-stocked with experience.

At between four and five the next morning the steamer lay to at Dieppe, and I quitted my luxurious couch in the cabin, which permitted only an horizontal position for its occupant, and ascended to the deck for the purpose of taking my first glance at a foreign shore. A scene as uninviting as can well be imagined met my gaze.

A chalky line of coast stretched away in front of the steamer, on which were scattered a few houses of a very inhospitable appearanc, while at the mouth of a sort of channel leading into the port of Dieppe, stood a crucifix nearly as large as life, reminding the traveller, in case he should have forgotten it, that he was in a land of Pietas and Papists.

After a short time had elapsed the steamer proceeded up the channel, and after passing another crucifix of the same kind much further up, entered a basin round which Dieppe is built, forming three sides of a square. The town itself viewed from the steamer presented a very picturesque appearance, the houses being built in the style peculiar to the sixteenth century, with high sloping roofs and massive looking windows, while a row of trees in front of some imparted to them a stately appearance.

The steamer being moored alongside the quay, a gentleman in a dark blue dress coat with silver buttons, a cocked hat and sword, cast a cursory glance at her and walked away; presently two other gentlemen in light blue great coats and swords, took a similar view but remained on the quay. These latter did not wear cocked hats but small caps of a very peculiar construction, which is not very easy to describe, the only things they can be compared to being the paper boats made by children, and stuck on the head sideways, the caps however are closed at the top and not cloven like the boats.

Presently one of the "douaniers" or custom-house officers, for such they were, came on board to superintend the disembarkation of those on board.

One passenger was about to leave the vessel having a blue band-box tied round with string in his hand, when his progress was intercepted by the douanier, who touched the band-box, shook his head, and said something in French which the passenger did not seem to comprehend, as he looked quite bewildered and amazed at not being allowed to carry his band-box with him; there was no help for it however, the band-box and its owner were ruthlessly severed temporarily the one from the other, and the latter was forced to disembark empty-handed.

The passengers as they landed were shown into a small office where a functionary sat behind a desk for the purpose of receiving their passports. Here I made my first attempt at parley-vooing. I had read in Murray's hand book that a provisionary passport was delivered to persons landing in a French port with the intention of proceeding to Paris, in exchange for their original one, which would be delivered to them when they reached Paris. So now, thought I, is the time to give them a taste of my French, and let them know that I am not a mere John Bull only acquainted with my own language. Advancing to the official, and presenting my passport neatly bound in Russian leather, I said, "J'ai besoin d'un passeport provisoire." "Oui, Monsieur," said he, taking my passport without further remark, and I passed on, thinking I had achieved a feat.

After partaking of some breakfast in an inn I strolled out to look at some women who were receiving fish from some boats for sale in the market. They were provided with baskets shaped like strawberry pottles which they let down into the boats, and upon receiving them again filled with fish, slung them upon their backs and trudged off to market. Some women confined their dealings to one particular sort of fish, while others bought in some of all kinds, and a great many sorts there appeared to be. One in particular attracted my notice; it was the fish whose shell is so often used in England for making backs to pincushions, so that I should imagine the meat must be good picking.

These fish-women appeared a very light-hearted set, their merry laugh and the cheerful notes of their voices proved that they made a pleasure of their business. Their costume was picturesque though not very peculiar. Most of them wore handkerchiefs as head-dresses, while some sported caps with large flyaway wings; for body clothing they wore a kind of linen short frock with sleeves, gathered in round the waist, with a bright-coloured petticoat; the wooden shoes completed their attire.

For personal beauty they are not very remarkable.

As the diligence for Rouen started at about seven that morning, I proceeded to inquire for my passport, thinking of course I should receive the provisory one. I was shown a lot of passports, which I looked at, till not seeing any which appeared to be provisory ones, it struck me that I should receive back my origiual passport upon saying that it was bound up and formed a "livre."

After reclaiming my baggage from the custom-house, which was delivered to me after the preliminary process of opening the trunks had been gone through, and having been visited with scrutinising glances, in answer to which I shook my head, I was conducted to the diligence office, where I was asked by a clerk for the ticket I had received when I paid for my place from Dieppe to Rouen on board the steamer. I accordingly produced it, when the clerk wrote something on it and returned it to me; thinking he had merely asked for it to mark that the fare was paid, I put it in my pocket without looking to see what he had written. I soon after climbed into the banquette of the diligence, and I must now endeavour to describe what sort of thing a diligence is.

Fancy then a post chaise the body of which is the "coupé," behind this place the body of a mail coach, that is the "interieur," and to this attach a carriage of about the size and shape of an omnibus cut in half—that is the "rotonde." The wheels supporting this unwieldly conglomeration of carriages are really as broad and heavy as those of our waggons. The coupé holds three passengers, the interieur six, and the rotonde as many as can be crammed into it. Above the coupé on the top of the diligence, is a thing like a cabriolet-body, with a hood which covers the whole machine, and protects the luggage from the weather; there is room in this for three persons besides the conductor; it is called the banquette, and into this on the morning of the 16th of July I ascended.

Now for a word or two with respect to the driver and conductor of the machine. The diligence drivers in France are changed with the horses at every stage; they are not the last to mount like the old English coachman, but they take their seats as soon as the horses are harnessed to, where they wait until they receive directions from the conductor to start.

The individual who had the distinguished honour of being the first of his fraternity to drive me, was a spare-featured fellow in a blue jean frock, and a black shiny leather hat, rather broad in the brim, with the crown slightly tapering. These hats and frocks are met with amongst the diligence drivers everywhere in France. His whip was a long tapering piece of willow or lance wood, with a thong composed of twine or some other material not leather tied to it.

The conductor was a large fine-looking Norman, dressed in a jacket of dark blue cloth plentifully embroidered with braid and a little silver on the collar, and a small silver plate on the left breast on which his number is engraved. He wore loose trowsers of dark blue jean over another pair which he wished to protect, so that the principal feature in a French conductor's appearance is his cap: this is composed of cloth braided with a peak sticking out at right angles with the forehead, and a little round crown hanging down on one side of the head, imparting rather a jaunty air to the wearer.

The horses are of nearly the same stamp as the London dray-horse, though of course they were much smaller; their tails are not cropped, but tied up in a bunch, and sometimes plaited. Upon their collars they carry bells, so that like the old lady in the nursery rhyme who had "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," the diligence passengers "have music wherever they go." A distinguishing characterestic in the harness is a large blue woollen mat or sheep-skin covering the saddle, which gives the horses a heavy appearance, though under any circumstances they would not seem very light.

The conductor having mounted to his place in the banquette, gave the word to go "allez." The driver translated this into horse language by crying "Ee-ee," when off we rumbled.

The street we traversed in our way out of Dieppe was not very wide, but the houses are substantially built though rather quaint looking, while the "tricolor" flag suspended out of the windows of several, gave a lively aspect to the whole.

On leaving the town we ascended a rather steep hill preceded by two gens-d'armes on horseback, who stopped at an auberge half-way up to refresh themselves with a draught of wine, an example which our driver and conductor were not slow to follow, after which we renewed our journey.

The pace was very good, averaging about eight miles an hour, and the stages were not long. The process of changing horses is an animated one. As soon as the diligence arrives in sight of the auberge, the fresh horses with their driver are discovered in readiness. The moment the machine stops the old horses are detached, and the new ones, by dint of tugging at their tails, kicking their sides, and "Ee-e-e-ing" with all their might and main, by the old and new drivers, are at length attached, when the coachman mounts, the conductor gives the word, and off we are again.

There is nothing worthy of notice in the

aspect of the country between Dieppe and Rouen, besides the total absence of hedges, except where gardens or orchards skirt the road: the country itself is undulating, with no hills or valleys, but a sort of rolling billowy surface extremely undiversified.

A three hours ride brought us to Rouen, a flourishing manufacturing city, where I purposed remaining a day or two. When therefore the diligence stopped in an inn-yard, and the passengers had got out, I intimated my wish to have my luggage removed; the conductor, to my infinite astonishment, shook his head, and said I must go to Paris, at the same time addressing me by name as "Monsieur Sbankang." A clerk from the booking office confirmed the conductor's statement that I was booked to Paris. I immediately put my hand into my pocket for the ticket I had received when I paid for my place, feeling quite confident that it would at once set the matter right by showing the Frenchman that I had taken my place to Rouen only. "Oh, look at your ticket," said the clerk quite as confidentially. I looked and was still more astonished to find that the word "Rouen" had been struck out and "Paris" substituted. This then was the work of the clerk at Dieppe when he asked for my ticket, and by that means contrived to secure the fare from Rouen to Paris to the diligence proprietors; whereas, had I remained at Rouen, I should have proceeded to Paris by the ordinary railway train, and the diligence folks would have been none the richer.

However there was no help for it; and although I was palpably "done," I thought with myself that perhaps it would be as well after all if I lost no time in reaching Paris, so I resolved to submit, took a hasty glance at Rouen Cathedral during the half-hour I was told would elapse before the diligence left the town, and then resumed my place in the vehicle.

(*To be continued.*)

BATH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM WISE.

Folly's focus, fashion's bubble,
Full of tricks, and traps, and trouble,
Pride, and poverty, and pity,
Describe an idle, trifling city.
Visited by many an elf,
Who, haunted by that spectre—self,
War against his time declares,
Mingling with those who murder theirs.
See what bustle, noise, and riot,
In the streets just now so quiet;
Soon as winter's gloomy reign
Sends them back to Bath again:
Papers with arrivals teeming,
Much ado with nothing seeming;
Chairmen with portmanteaux running,
Shopkeepers prepare for dunning.
Sir Harry this, Lord *such an one*,
Are come, 'tis true, and both are gone.
Who comes, the papers let us know,
But we may guess at those who go;
One class of people always stay—
Who can't afford to go away;
These cut a little harmless caper,
To find their way into the paper,
Just drive beyond the turnpike gate,
And then return to Bath in state.
Next day we read in Roman letters
Of the arrival of our betters.
In due course of time, however,
Come the cripple and the clever,
The gouty, glutton, and grandee,
The dilettante, and the dandy;
Ancient maidens, gamesters greedy,
Fortune hunters, neat and needy;
Spinsters, spendthrifts, speculators,
Objects anything but nature's;
Half-pay officers a troop.
Matchless is the motley group
In the pump-room every morning,
Strutting, bowing, sauntering, yawning;
Some are drinking, others dipping,
City beadles vagrants whipping,
Three chairmen for one shilling starting,
White Hart coaches just departing,
Passengers for places squabbling,
Invalids on crutches hobbling,
London mail the horn announces,
Quick the politician pounces
On the papers wet or dry,
To the reading-rooms they fly.
Reading-rooms, like country cousins,
You may find in Bath by dozens;
Scandal mills, in which they grind
All the characters they find;
Ovens in which a precious batch,
The lie of every day they hatch.
The nation's business terminated,
Men and measures duly rated,
Out they rush, and in they pop,
To kill an hour in any shop;
A thousand silly questions ask,
That patience may perform the task,
And teach the humble counter slave,
How he, or she, ought to behave;
A kind of cross-examination
For people in plebeian station,

necessary crew
coat, or make a shoe.
shionable drilling,
fusely spend a shilling,
uncivil to complain,
clare they'll call again.
arm in every street,
ing at their feet;
ler patient stand
mmer in his hand,
oks, and china dishes,
s to catch the fishes:
en the angler's eye
the nibbling fry
dgeon take the bait,
im, and decides his fate.
uld you chance to see
et at half-past three,
surely wonder where
came from to the fair;
le, such a throng,
om to pass along;
ctors, undertakers,
ns, and mantua makers,
ers, and politicians,
dlars, and musicians;
alf-pays hold parade
ry cook blockade,
llands' tarts and jellies
luty for their bellies.
ass in hand they spy
male passing by,
ashing carriage send
a familiar friend,
ull, no matter which,
never hurt the rich;
eir poor acquaintance stare,
easy boon to spare:
g teeth, as if each sinner
etted at city dinner.
ne amusements of the town
-street they march—and down
hundred yards or so,
r rout these heroes go.
that incautious wight
s in contact day or night
a phalanx, arm-in-arm entwined,
rds project before and spurs behind.
vanity, my lays
utter half thy praise;
Bath, like his of old,
f which was never told,
sterity remain
o scribble on again,
re bard in doggrel ditty,
the wonders of thy city;
ite perhaps the pen
That shall describe thy lions then,
Will to the public eye display
Disgusting scenes that shun the day;
The purlieus of licentiousness,
Expose the club-room's deep recess,
The secrets of that dark divan,
Fatal to many a foolish man,
Whose family with reason rue
The night when he the club-room knew
The attractions of the jockey stable,
The magic of the billiard-table,
The concert room, the midnight rout.
Another bard shall sing about
How fashionable paupers give
A friendly treat, that they may share
The card and candle money there;
How, lest intruding conscience squeak,
When Folly thus usurps the week,
They drop at church or chapel gate
A Sunday shilling on the plate.
Sweet charity, in mercy wear,
Thy longest, largest, mantle there,
To cover Bath's transgressions all,
I fear thy cloak will be too small.
Rude poet, on the borough walls
Behold her stately hospitals,
Where freely as her waters flow,
Assistance meets the child of woe.
Long may the sons of misery bless
The place that pitied their distress;
And Bath my doggrel rhymes shall tell,
With all thy faults I love thee well.

The Eagle's Nest;

OR,

The Lone Star of the West.

By Percy B. St. John.*

Chapter XVIII.

ALICE AND BLACKHAWK.

A deep and heavy silence had for hours hung over the whole of the Eagle's Nest—a silence which extended over the prairie and wood; trusting to the watch-dogs, not even a sentinel has been placed upon the walls. The weather too seemed some protection, for though there was a blue sky above, dark and sombre clouds were coursing on from the north-west, with hasty and hurried speed; pile upon pile of black va-

* Continued from page 66.

pour, pregnant with thunder and storm, were rearing their hydra-heads, and a shrill whistling wind came by fits and starts, gushing over forest and plain. It was a goodly night for the tempest to rage and howl, and for no man to be abroad save such as were forced by imperative duty—a night when men might expect to see the Black-Riders of the forest riding forth, and when ghosts and goblins made holiday time.

About an hour after midnight the door of Alice's room opened, and she herself came forth, followed by the ever-faithful Norah. In her hand was a small lantern, the light of which she shaded as much as possible, anxious, it seemed, to attract no observation. Her step was reluctant and slow, but still firm and decided, as if it were a duty, though a disagreeable one, which she had to perform. Poor Norah came behind, in a state of considerable alarm; though, despite all her fears, nothing could induce her to desert her mistress. A few steps brought them both in close proximity to the door of the wood house, which was fastened without by two heavy bars let down across clamps of iron, rivetted in the door itself. No precaution had been lost to secure the bandit in his primitive place of confinement.

"Hold the light, child," said Alice, in a hushed whisper, and not without a suppressed shudder, "while I unbar the door."

"Oh, miss, dat ugly nigger in dar, him eat us all up, I snore," replied the dusky domestic, in a state of great alarm; "I 'spec he most too many for us."

"Fear nothing, girl," said Alice, kindly, yet firmly; "if I am not alarmed to face him, why should you fear? He is but one unarmed man."

"Oh, but him de berry debble. Norah hear all manner ob horrid tales 'bout dat mossa ugly nigga. Him hab no bowels of conscience at all."

"Norah," again repeated Alice, "I tell you once more there is no cause for fear here. He is bad enough, but he would harm any rather than us. Hold the light, then, while I open the door."

"Berry well, miss, berry well, Norah say no more," sighed the negress, who could not resist the determined tone now assumed by her mistress, whose character for firmness she too well knew to offer any resistance.

"Hold it up high," continued the fearless girl, who was gently lifting up the bars, thus opening the robber's prison, and leaving free egress for his escape.

"Oh!" sighed Norah again, as she saw the barrier between her and Blackhawk thus gradually removed. "Oh!" she repeated; and she looked much as if she had seen an alligator about to spring forward and devour her.

"Now give me the light, and follow," exclaimed Alice, still in a whisper, as, gently pushing open the gate, she entered the wood house. "Speak not a word, lest you wake him suddenly."

"Oh!" and this time Norah groaned in the full conviction that her last hour was come, and that she was about to die an unhappy martyr to her domestic devotion.

"He sleeps," said Alice; "wretched man, with such a fate before him, and such crimes upon his head. Can he know the reality of his position?"

"Him just say," whispered Norah, "him desprite coon and him massa say him look a right doun bad one. Him not so berry ugly do; amost ansum as one color gen'man."

"Silence, Norah; hold the light, and bend it over his face. Let me look; let me see and know that it is him," she muttered rather than spoke, with a convulsive shudder.

On a pile of Indian corn husks, and wrapped in an old Mexican poncho, lay Blackhawk, to call him by one of his many names. Naturally pale, perhaps the solemn fact that he was about to die by the avenging hand of man had made him paler; but there was a clammy ghastliness upon his face, the eye could feel as well as see. His hair, long, black, and matted, was damp with perspiration; while his two hands, folded fiercely across his breast, showed the hands nervously clenched, as if in a deadly struggle. A casual dilation of the nostrils, and oft-repeated up-curling of the superior lip, with a sympathetic quivering of the lower, showed that his dreams were neither pleasant nor soothing. In sleep too his brows exhibited their constant scowl; the waking thoughts of the day were running on into the deep stillness of the night.

"Harry," said Alice, in a low but distinct whisper.

"De debil!"

"Hush, Norah," exclaimed her mistress, sternly; "listen, but speak not a word."

"Good," and Norah with a sigh retreated into a corner.

"Harry," repeated Alice, this time laying her hand heavily on the unconscious man, if one so gentle could be said to lay a heavy hand at all.

Still no answer, no motion on the part of the sleeper.

"Strange," said Alice, musingly; "innocence itself could scarce sleep more securely. "I fear," she added, "the conscience is too hardened even for the worst to trouble it."

She shook him again.

"Him wake dis time," said Norah, retreating in considerable alarm; "him wake, and den lud hab mussy——"

"Silence!" and Alice raised her finger menacingly. "I tell you, girl, I will have no word spoken."

"Hist! hist!" said the waking man; "where am I? What sounds are those that catch my ear?"

"Not a word above your breath, if you value your life;" and Alice laid her finger with caution on her lips.

"Alice!"

"Yes, Alice; Harry Markham, Alice is here for once."

"For what—why are you come?" exclaimed the bandit, rising.

"To save, to save you from death—death, I fear, too richly deserved, though it is not by their hands you should fall."

"To save?" cried the robber. "Good, kind, generous Alice! Ever the same."

"Much changed," said the girl, quietly; "but not so changed as you."

"Changed in what?" said Markham, his eyes resting admiringly on her.

"Changed in heart," cried she, unmindful of his glance; "changed from a little prattling innocent child, as you knew me once, in the old country, to a stern and resolute woman."

"You are not twenty, Alice," cried the other, with a smile.

"Young in years, and old in heart," repeated she, sadly; "the few summers which have passed over my head have been bleak and stormy; time and trouble have laid a heavy hand upon me."

"Not worse than upon myself," said Markham, moodily.

"But your ills, Markham, have been of your own seeking, and to you in part I owe the troublesome scenes which have chilled and blighted my bright hopes—hopes, perhaps, by far too bright to be realised."

"Then why seek to save me?" said the other, with something of a sneer on his lip.

"Because I do not wholly shut out what you once were to me, and to all those who knew you."

"But you no longer look upon me then as little Harry, who once called you his——" and the robber gave a meaning smile.

"One word of that," said Alice, sternly, though a rich blush mantled on her cheek, "and to your fate I commit you. It is not womanly weakness that brings me here, but I told him he should not slay you, and slay you he shall not."

"No matter why I am saved, if saved I am to be, Alice," exclaimed Markham, with levity.

"Now then to the block," said the girl, sadly; "you must escape through my room. It is your only chance."

"As you will."

"Lead the way, Norah," exclaimed her mistress, returning her the lamp.

"Eess, mess," replied the astonished negress, who was now for the first time discovered by Blackhawk; and holding up the lantern, she with stealthy step moved towards the block.

"Philip Stevens," said the bandit, looking round the Nest as he proceeded, "has well chosen his lair, although it must be but a dull place for you, Alice."

"There is a bright day coming for us all," replied the girl, in tones that somewhat belied her words.

"From whence?"

"I know not."

"Perhaps mine may come too—who knows?"

"When you will."

"How?"

"Seek repentance, and with repentance will soon come peace," said Alice, gently.

"Folly!" cried Blackhawk; "it's far too late, I fear, for me."

"'Tis never too late," whispered the young girl, as, crossing the threshold of her room, she turned and faced her companion.

"There is but one thing could tempt me to repentance and a change."

"And that is——"

"You."

"Me?"

"Yes, Alice, you," and the robber spoke in sad and solemn tones.

"Harry Markham, when I was a mere child, some nine years since, you called me wife. I laughed at you then. Were you as innocent as in those days, I should laugh at you still; but as you are——"

"Say no more," exclaimed the man, moodily; "it is but justice. Let us part."

"To meet no more, I hope," replied Alice.

"That depends on fate."

"But how am I to escape?"

Alice, still accompanied by Norah, now led the way by a narrow passage to the room where Chinchea had descended, and the bandit soon succeeded in effecting his escape in the same manner.

As soon as this was done, and all signs of a flight had been effaced, Alice returned to her chamber, there to meditate on the consequences of what she had done, while the bandit sped on his way to rejoin his companions.

(To be continued.)

THE TOMB OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

BY STUART FARQUHARSON, D.C.L.

The banner hangs torn in the chancel wide,
In silent and sad array,
That floated in triumph on fields of pride,
'Midst the battle's wild affray.
And the blazoned shield is with rust o'ergrown,
And dimm'd is the sparkling blade,
And the name that rang with a high renown,
From the scroll of fame must fade.

Gaze not on the spot with a tearless eye,
The rest of the bold and brave,
Nor pass from the tomb were in glory lie
The triumphs the best would crave.
No more for the land he loved will he,
The sword and the spear resume;
For cold in the grave is the bold and free,
The Prince of the Sable Plume.

Hewlett's Life and Writings.*

The deaths of so many authors in indigent circumstances, within comparatively a short period, have awakened the sympathies of the public, and called forth that philanthropic spirit of charity which ever distinguishes our countrymen. Of all the cases to which our attention has been directed, the recent death of the Rev. J. T. Hewlett is the most distressing. Left a widower with a family of nine young children, he had to struggle for his very bread. How manfully he sustained the contest, it will be our duty, and, we may add, our pleasure, to relate.

Nothing occurred during the earlier portion of his life to bring him prominently before the public. He was educated at Charter House School, a place famous for having directed the early aspirations of many a celebrated writer. Addison and Steele contracted that close friendship which lasted through life, whilst playmates within that venerable structure. In our own times, Thackeray, a writer now rising more in public favour, received his education there. Leaving school, Mr. Hewlett entered at Worcester College, Oxford. He has given the world admirable pictures of the life led at the Charter House and the University, in his sketches entitled "College Life" and "Peter Priggins."

Having taken holy orders a short time after having graduated, he married "an amiable and affectionate, though portionless bride." He was then appointed headmaster of Abingdon grammar-school. Unfortunately his wife became a confirmed invalid; and being unable to attend to the domestic duties, things went wrong, for all must be aware that, unless the mistress of the family is able diligently to attend to the household affairs, it is impossible for a boarding-school to flourish. Mr. Hewlett finding it out of his power to keep up his establishment, retired to the curacy of Letcombe Regis, a pretty village, situated about two miles from Wantage, in a snug valley between the Berkshire downs and Windmill Hill.

Although everything was tolerably cheap in that rural retreat, how could Mr. Hew-

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*Author of "Peter Priggins," "College Life," "The Parish Clerk," "Parsons and Widows," "Dunster Castle," &c. &c.

lett and his large family live on £100 a-year? Urged by that ready prompter, necessity, he turned his attention to literature, and produced "Peter Priggins," a kind of novel, which had very great success. It possessed many elements of popularity, being written in an amusing, easy, and vigorous style. "The Parish Clerk" was not so deserving of success; for although clever, the story was rather heavy. "College Life," on the contrary, tended greatly to raise his fame; for many of the stories were full of vigour and lasting interest. One of them in particular displayed great power, and did credit to Mr. Hewlett's merit, both as an author and a man. "Parsons and Widows" proved to us that he would have succeeded far better in serious and pathetic narrative than in comic. There is a rich vein of genuine feeling running through the whole, which cannot fail to elevate the minds of all those who have any reciprocity of feeling for genuine English sentiments.

We have omitted to mention that in the year 1840, Mr. Hewlett was presented to the living of Stambridge by the lord chancellor Cottenham. The total income derived from the living amounted to only £175 per annum. During his residence at Letcombe, Mr. Hewlett lost his partner, who, after suffering from a long and distressing illness, died, leaving nine orphans, the youngest but a few months old, and now lies buried in the quiet churchyard of that pretty village.

There being no rectory-house at Stambridge, it was necessary that one should be erected, nominally out of Queen Anne's bounty fund, but in fact out of Mr. Hewlett's pocket. A very short residence in Essex sufficed to overthrow his constitution. He felt his end approaching, and even in March last year wrote these words to a friend: "It is a sad fate to die in the prime of one's life, and that too from circumstances over which one has virtually no control. Such, however, I feel convinced will be my fate—*the blow is already struck*. Anxiety, aided by *malaria*, has done its work on me. I am a mere nervous wreck of myself already. I cannot endure the pressure from without much longer; and as to appealing to friends for aid, I cannot submit to refusal, nor can I tax kindness. How many lives, especially of literary men, might be saved, could the truly benevolent, who will aid their families after death, only know of the true state of their affairs! But so it is; we die, and make no sign to the world, until it is too late to receive its aid for ourselves." Ah, how true were these words.

Mr. Hewlett had previously given some intimation of the dreadful effects of the malaria upon him. He was compelled to bring to a conclusion his "Dunster Castle," through ill-health; and so impressed was he even then of what would happen, that he annexed the following passage to his work, which we feel certain our readers will peruse with feelings of painful interest and deep regret: "My tale has come to an end more abruptly than I intended it should. I was compelled, however, to bring it to a speedy conclusion, lest other hands should have to finish what mine had begun. Picture to yourself, courteous reader, a healthy middle-aged gentleman, with a family of—I am afraid to say how many—motherless children, being compelled to quit the bracing air of the Berkshire downs, and take up his abode in a cottage newly erected in a half-redeemed snipe-bog, in the hundreds of Essex; migrating, as it were, from the dry pure regions about Hampstead to the foggy coast of Holland. Such was my case. Well, although two of my little ones were 'down with the *ager*,' and my housekeeper taking quinine in such doses that she wished she had friends in Peru to supply her with the raw material, I bore up against it manfully. I was never without a spade or a pen in my hand, and got on, I was about to say, swimmingly; but the water of the snipe-bog is so thick, that even frogs are never seen to take a cold bath in it—so substitute any other adverb you please for it. This lasted until my children went to their schools, and I was left *alone*. Now came a succession of letters, each conveying the tidings of the death of some literary friend. I need not name them. My spirits sank, my energies deserted me, and, in the stillness of night, I asked myself, 'Who is to be the next victim?' I thought of my children depending alone on my exertions for maintenance, and fancied that the air I breathed was surcharged with those hideous aquatic monsters that are revealed to us by the powers of the microscope. I could not rid myself of the idea that my lungs were filled with them,

and that every successive inspiration must prove my death by suffocation. Morning came, and I sat myself to complete this my little work, which I feel assured will prove my *last*, unless Providence, in its mercy, raise me up a friend *able* as well as *willing* to remove me from a spot even too damp for the lungs of a Newfoundland dog. You may smile at this, as the idea of a madman, but it is the fact; the faithful companion of my walking hours died this morning of an inflamed throat, of precisely the same nature as that from which his master is still suffering."

Those who wish thoroughly to understand Mr. Hewlett's character, should read his sketch entitled the Curate of Mossbury, in the "Parsons and Widows," which explains more of his life than anything else that he has written.

On the 24th of January, 1847, after witnessing the deaths of his clerk and faithful housekeeper, Mrs. Smith, he breathed his last, lamented by all who knew him. In Stambridge, the poor followed him to his grave with deep sorrow. We can from our own authority affirm that in his disposition he was kind, charitable, and hospitable, free from bigotry in his religion, and, as far as lay in his power, "doing unto others as he wished they should do unto him." From the manner in which Mr. Hewlett was spoken of after his departure from Letcombe, and when no more could consequently be expected of him, we may judge of his character, and his treatment of the poor. We have ourselves spent some of our pleasantest evenings in his company, and shall ever remember the pleasure which we derived from his society. He was the life of every party, and had always a fund of wit and humour at his command.

We now come to that melancholy sequel, the leaving nine orphans to the charity of the public. And the public has done its duty in the present instance; and it will no doubt be more fully performed, when the case becomes more extensively known. It was partly with this object that we entered into these details. The two eldest daughters, we believe, are in a fair way of being provided for; and the eldest son, Joseph, is now on board ship, we believe somewhere among the islands of the Indian archipelago, and consequently knows not of the death of his father. The next son, Thomas, has been adopted by a gentleman and lady residing near Wantage, who with true benevolence will watch over his future destiny. One of the daughters is at a school, we have heard, in Bristol, and the two youngest are candidates for admission into the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead. We trust that the subscribers will come forward upon the present occasion, and will, with their usual kindness, place these poor destitute infants in that excellent institution. There are still three children who are, as far as we have heard, unprovided for.

The subscription announced in the *Times* of March 1, amounted to nearly nine hundred pounds, "but what is that among so many?" We trust that the liberality of the public will not stop, but by further contributions raise the family of a deserving man above the reach of want. We cannot too strongly press this upon our readers, and trust that they will come forward and assist, with however small a sum, the general fund; for they may feel assumed that never was destitution greater, or charity more deserved. The Literary Fund has done its duty handsomely, and subscribed £100; and the Masonic Lodges have assisted their brother with the true spirit of friendship. Trusting that this appeal may not be without effect, we give the names of the bankers where subscriptions may be paid in: Messrs. Glynn and Co., 67, Lombard-street; Messrs. Praed and Co., 189, Fleet-street; and Oliver Vile, Esq., manager of the London and Westminster Bank, St. James's-square; and any country banker would forward contributions.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

BY CHARLES S. MIDDLETON.

The past is all shadow; oh, where is it gone?
Shall we seek through the earth, or the blue vaulted sky?
Or is it a vision for ever that's flown,
Like the plant of the summer that blossoms to die?

Oh, seek where we will, 'tis a vision that's fled;
Its pleasures, its follies, its falsehoods are past;

. its bright beaming hopes, alas, they are
dead,
hough remembrance repining shall live
to the last.

. the present, what is it? oh, look at us
now,
hile the sun o'er the heart a summer
heat throws;
re's a shadow hangs over the desolate
brow,
hich in our gay moments breaks on our
repose.

. what are our pleasures, so mix'd with
alloy?
hey are but the sunshine and shade of
a day;
moment the blast from the north shall
destroy
ur fanciful joys, when they wither away.

. the future hath hopes! Oh, bright
though they be,
hall the heart ever trust in their shadows
again?
now they have brought but a blight unto
me;
hat their flowers the fairest have blos-
som'd in vain.

lesson we are taught by the present and
past;
Alas, that they ever injured the breast!
t 'tis done, and our brightest of hopes are
o'ercast,
Lest the future should set like the sun in
the west.

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oncerning Sir Hubert Asham's Disbelief in Ghosts;

AND WHAT IT LED TO.

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

not this something more than fantasy?" *Hamlet.*

CHAPTER I.

THE PLOT.

ir Hubert Asham *wouldn't* believe in sts. It was no use what people said, what they thought. He was obstinate. those who wished him well could only ke their heads at one another, and hope arm would come of it in the end; for he days of which I write (some hundred and forty years ago), scepticism on such points was looked upon as a very great sin indeed.

But the clergyman of the village near which Sir Hubert's mansion stood, conceiving that such irreligion demanded his express interference and rebuke, was much louder in his denunciations; and one day he even went so far as to tell Sir Hubert, to his face, that by pursuing such a course he was proclaiming himself a rank heretic; that he might as well deny the Thirty-nine Articles, or question the Ten Commandments; and that if he went on in that manner it was impossible to say what he might be brought to at last. Sir Hubert however was not the man to be frightened out of a sensible opinion by the threats of bigotry or ignorance; knowing full well that if the world is to place implicit faith in every musty superstition of the past, it had better put its head under its wing like a sleeping bird, and be content to doze away its life in intellectual darkness. So when the reverend gentleman in question sighed deeply over such depravity, and became exceedingly depressed in spirits, Sir Hubert would only grow the merrier, and order some wine: whereat the other was generally much comforted.

In some of his private habits, our hero was rather eccentric. Among other peculiarites, he had taken an especial fancy to a small wooden summer-house, picturesquely situated in a little leafy dell of his park, distant about half a mile from the mansion. Here he would often take it into his head to sleep for nights together, both in summer and winter; having no companion with him, though the exposed nature of the place (the park walls being easily surmountable) rendered him liable to nocturnal intruders. The door of this favourite retreat Sir Hubert invariably kept locked, and allowed no one to enter but himself; the consequence of which singular proceeding was, that a thousand wild conjectures were fabricated and dispersed abroad, as to his reasons for thus zealously secreting himself. What his real motives were, if he had any motives at all, it belongs not to this history to investigate; but whatever they were, or whatever they were not, it is quite certain that this mysterious summer-house was an object of most intense interest to all who were aware of its existence; more especially to the knight's ghost-believing friends.

For they had entered into a plot against Sir Hubert, had these ghostly gentlemen. Into a plot, not against his life or his property, but for the purpose of converting him, by means of a practical delusion, to their own opinions. Accordingly, they agreed among themselves that the next night their friend slept in the summer-house, one of them,

dressed in some fantastic and spectral habit, should, with the aid of a skeleton key which they had obtained, enter his private domicile, and endeavour to frighten him into a more reverend belief.

One night, towards the latter end of October, Sir Hubert and about a dozen of his favourite companions (rare fellows they for drinking out a butt of wine before you and I together could drink a bottle) sat round the heaped and glowing fabric of a wood fire, quaffing huge goblets of the rich red liquor. The luxury of their situation was so intense, that for a long time no one seemed in the least disposed to speak; but the silence was at length broken by the afore-named clerical gentleman (one of the chief movers in the plot above-mentioned), who, suddenly and without any prelude, began as if he was reading a paragraph from a newspaper—

"The little bandy-legged tailor down in the village, who was taken suddenly ill, died about four o'clock this afternoon."

"What, in the name of the Seven Wonders of the World," exclaimed Sir Hubert, "has that to do with us?"

"His death," proceeded Mr. Grimwold (such was the clerical gentleman's name), in the same deliberate tone, and apparently not heeding the interruption, "is supposed to have been a judgment upon him for his impious disbelief in supernatural appearances and post-mortem revelations. I often used to warn him of his wicked courses; and—would you believe me?—the hardened old sinner used only to laugh."

"The best thing he could do, I say," remarked Asham. "Poor fellow! I daresay you often made him merry upon half a dinner, and gave him spirits to go on cheerily for the next three hours."

"On the morning of his death," continued the clerical gentleman, still taking not the slightest notice of his host's remarks, "he had been saying something unusually horrible and shocking. About an hour afterwards, he was taken desperately ill: in two hours more he was raving mad: and at night-fall, being a little composed, he sent for me."

"What to do?" snuffled a very black-looking gentleman, who seemed perpetually troubled with a cold in his head.

"To confess his errors," replied Mr. Grimwold: "to confess his errors, sir, and solemnly to repudiate his former scepticism with regard to ghosts and apparitions. He likewise stated that, a short time previous to my arrival, a marvellous spectre had appeared, and informed him that the next disbeliever whom he meant to punish was a certain individual known by the name of Sir Hubert Asham."

"The devil he did!" exclaimed that gentleman. "Then I say he was an old fool, and the spectre was another. Why didn't his ghostship tell *me* so, instead of going such a round-about way to work?"

"Did the spectre say when or where the punishment would take place?" inquired a nervous gentleman, who had turned very pale during Mr. Grimwold's narrative.

"Not exactly. He said it wouldn't be long before he wreaked his vengeance on our worthy host, and that he would probably pay him a visit some night in his favourite summer-house."

"Oh! he did, did he?" said Sir Hubert: "then to show you I'm not to be frightened by such a blundering loggerhead of a spectre, I shall sleep in the summer-house for the next month or two, commencing with this very night."

Here was exactly the point at which Mr. Grimwold had been aiming, to attain which he had trumped up the whole story of the little tailor and his ghostly visitant. He could scarcely conceal his satisfaction as he glanced significantly towards two of his fellow-plotters seated opposite. Before, however, the glance could be withdrawn, the knight had observed it, and knew its meaning instantly.

In another moment—in a space of time so short that the mind has no power to understand it, much less to shape it forth in definite words—he was an altered man. Hastily rising, and rapidly surveying the group, he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, from what I have just heard, I suspect that some plot is being formed against me: some mean and dastardly plot, invented by men who, failing to upset my rational belief by fair and honourable arguments, are obliged to resort to a cowardly trick to see if they cannot frighten me into a different opinion. Grimwold," he continued, turning full upon that reverend individual, "I suspect you to be at the bottom of this plot. Can you deny the charge?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Grimwold, with brazen effrontery, "to be sure I can."

"A lie!" exclaimed Asham between his set teeth. "But it matters little to me whether you act the spectre or not. Remember this—I never sleep without a brace of pistols at my bed's head, which are well loaded, and go off at a touch; and if my midnight rest be broken by any fool's pranks, I will not answer for the consequences. Be warned in time. Blood may be shed before either party is aware."

Struck mute with the suddenness of this outbreak, and being totally at a loss what to say in self-defence, Mr. Grimwold could do nothing more than gaze, first at his two confidants, and then into the fire: the black-looking gentleman observed that he

o mischief would come of the af-
that he, for one, must enter pro-
inst practical jokes, as being irra-
. their origin and often tragical in
nsummation: while the nervous in-
, who above all things hated quar-
said he thought the whole matter
y meant for a bit of fun; that
sure his friend never meant to
any trick upon their esteemed host;
he sincerely hoped nothing more
e thought of the affair.
tlemen," said Sir Hubert, "I should
to give any offence to an innocent
et me therefore distinctly state
ily suspect three individuals in this
Who those are, let their silence

al of the company here rose: an ex-
which was speedily followed, and
was soon left alone. For some
he paced rapidly up and down the
, as if absorbed in thought: then
stopping short before the bell-
ng it violently.
all not sleep here to-night," said
the servant appeared.
y well, sir," replied the man, who
familiar with his master's eccen-
ks to feel the least surprised upon
ent occasion.
the park-gates secure?" inquired

quite fast, sir."
d. I am now proceeding to the
house: if you should hear any re-
ire-arms in the night, take no no-
it. Now light me out, and then
p the house."
ode out of the room as he spoke,
by the man, who muttered to him-
en his master had disappeared,
ll be some little affair of honour
ummer-house before morning, or
brains in my head. However, it's
ess of mine."

Chapter II.

MER-HOUSE; AND WHAT WAS SEEN THERE DURING THE NIGHT.

ight was cold and stormy. As yet
was falling; but a high wind was
hurling the watery clouds about
and shaping them into a thousand
nd doubtful hints—gaunt phantoms
ier world. And ever as their
ims heaved upward to the moon,
grey light fell down upon them
hastly repose, and slept there like
g that was forlorn or dead.
arth was no less dreary than the
The trees, half stripped of their
y the winds and rains of autumn,
seemed shattered images of some departed grandeur; and as Sir Hubert wound his way between their gigantic trunks, he sank down to his very ankles in the fallen leaves. Then the wind came creeping along close to the ground; and anon the leaves got up, as if from some mystic sleep, and performed a wizard dance, and circled gravely round the trees twice or thrice, and then, seeming to make an obeisance to the wind, sank down again to rest.

Little observation, however, did our hero bestow upon any of these things: his mind was too full of the circumstances of the evening to take in anything else; and as he walked along beneath the trees—pushing the heavy branches testily aside when they hung across his path—he seemed more like some midnight depredator than a man walking in his own grounds.

"I hope to God," mused he, "that Grimwold will abandon this fool's trick, for his own sake as well as for mine. I would not answer for the consequences. Mischief invariably attends such experiments. I should be sorry to hurt any man, but I know not what I may do under such provocation.—Ha! what's that?"

The place he was traversing was very dark, by reason of the thickness of the trees, which being knit close together, made the ground underneath them black and apparently cavernous: but at one spot the moonbeams, forced a passage through the gloom, and fell upon the pale trunk of an ash tree, so that it stood brightly forth from the surrounding shade. At a little distance the white bark looked like the garments of a human figure; and this arrested Asham's attention. He speedily, however, discovered his mistake, and passed on.

He now entered an open space, thickly studded with trees, from which he could obtain a view of a very large portion of the park. No one was to be seen on either side; not a sound to be heard beside the restless moaning of the wind.

Having satisfied himself with this survey, Sir Hubert struck off into a narrow foot-track, which went dwindling away into the distance, until at length it entered a thick covert of trees, and was lost. In this hurst, or little forest, the summer-house was situated.

"'Twill be a wild night," said Asham, looking up at the sky. "Can it be possible these fools will brave an autumn tempest for the sake of playing off their pranks? Well, well, we shall see."

Thus communing with himself, he walked rapidly along, and soon gained the entrance of the small wood above mentioned. Here the ground sloped gently down, underneath the embowering foliage of thickly-clustered chesnut trees. A lovely nest for summer moontides; but savage and dismal

enough in such a night as the present. For as one penetrated deeper into the gloom, the path seemed positively paved with darkness as with a solid substance; and even where the trees fell back a little from each other, the gap so formed looked like the entrance to some vast subterranean antre, where the very thought of light could not exist.

A few more steps brought our ghost-repudiator to a flat space, in the centre of which stood the mysterious summer-house, the gray-coloured flints of which it was formed glimmering coldly and sharply in the grey moonlight. It seemed to be a picturesque place enough; for at certain parts, the walls were mantled with golden-tinted moss, and round the only window which the edifice possessed, clung a world of parasitic plants and festooning wild-flowers.

Taking a key from his pocket Asham opened the door, and passing into the summer-house, locked it again. Then collecting some large pieces of wood, he proceeded to make a fire in a small grate with which the place was furnished; and being satisfied that it would burn brightly, busied himself about arranging his bed, which was stretched upon a low pallet in one corner of the room. This being completed, he took down a brace of formidable pistols hanging over the fire-place, and began to examine their condition.

"All right and sound," said Hubert to himself, "and perfectly clean. But in case the present charge should have got damp from being disused, I'll just draw it, and put in some fresh powder."

This was soon done; and a smile of satisfaction lit up the knight's countenance.

"There," said he, setting the pistols at half-cock, and placing them on a small table close to his bed's head, "I'm a match now for any spectre, in the world or out of it. I scarcely think," continued he, "that Grimwold will dare to intrude upon me after the warning I gave him. Yet there's no knowing: he's a mad-brained fellow enough, though he is a clergyman. Plague on the knaves! why can't they let an honest man sleep calmly in his bed, and not force him into that which makes it doubtful whether he shan't find blood upon his sheets before morning?"

At this moment, the clock of a neighbouring church struck twelve.

"Midnight!" said Asham, leaping into bed. "The chosen hour when spirits walk the earth. Well, I suppose if any mean to visit me to night, they'll be here directly."

Still musing upon what was uppermost in his mind, he lay on his back in bed, listening to the wind among the leaves outside, and gazing at the reflection of the dancing flames upon the ceiling, as they melted one into another, only to spring up again in a thousand fantastic shapes, and woo the soft, deep, undulating shadows to their embrace. Yet even as he looked, all these different sights and sounds swam into one delicious vagueness, and he fell asleep.

We must now transport the reader to another portion of the park, where, under cover of a group of trees, three human figures may be observed, talking earnestly to each other and moving stealthily about. One of them carries a large lantern, whose feeble rays but penetrate a few feet from their source, throwing the adjoining parts into still deeper shade.

"I think," said the foremost of the party, "this place will be as good a one as any for our purpose. These elms will fully screen us, if anybody should be watching from the house, which however I don't anticipate. So stir yourself, Ravenscroft, and bring out the things."

"Wait a moment," said that gentleman, producing a flask of spirits from his coat-pocket. "A snack all round will do us no harm before work. Besides, you know, what we are about is essentially of a *spiritual* nature."

"If you can't make a better joke than that," observed the first speaker, "I'd advise you to keep your mouth tight shut when you feel facetious. It's as weak as water: weaker, I might have said."

"Try a drop of this brandy, then," replied Ravenscroft. "You won't find that as weak as water, unless you're accustomed to drink spirit of brimstone, or the devil's own wine."

Grimwold (for he it was) raised the flask to his lips, took a deep draught, and handed the vessel to the third individual, who did not part company with it until it was empty.

"Now for work," said Ravenscroft, throwing a small wallet from off his shoulders, and beginning to unfasten it. "Bring the lantern nearer here, Hartley. I told you we shouldn't have much light from the moon. There'll be a storm before long.—Ah! here it is."

These latter words were spoken in reference to a piece of chalk which Ravenscroft now drew from the recesses of the wallet, and handed to Hartley, who immediately commenced rubbing it over the hands and face of Grimwold. By the time this operation was completed, Ravenscroft had produced a large white garment, having a hood or cowl at the top, and bearing some resemblance to the robes worn by certain orders of monks. This was speedily thrown over their clerical friend, so that his whole figure was enveloped in its folds, the hood being just left sufficiently open to exhibit the face.

"How do I look?" inquired the reverend gentleman, when everything was completed.

"Ghastly enough to frighten into silence the veriest old woman that ever wagged a tongue for five hours at a stretch," replied Ravenscroft. And truly, seen in the uncertain light of the lantern, and standing forth in strong relief against the dark background of trees, Grimwold presented a sufficiently spectral aspect; though probably had the same figure been seen under the strong light of noon, it would only have excited a feeling of mirth, as something ludicrous and burlesque. So strongly does our mind suffer itself to be influenced by time and place.

"Forward, then," said Grimwold. "Now, Sir Hubert, I'll teach you what it is to bully me."

They crept stealthily from forth their covert, and proceeded at a rapid pace towards the small chesnut grove in which the summer-house was situated; treading however with noiseless steps, as though they feared the very trees hearing their approach. Every now and then, the huge shadow of the lantern made them start; for it seemed like a great face, looking downward from the sky:

"All air seem'd whispering of them; and things visible
Took meaning in their shapes, not safe to know."
Leigh Hunt.

Ashamed, however, of confessing these fancies even to themselves, they walked quickly on, passed through the grove of chesnuts, and paused before the door of the summer-house.

"Now," whispered Grimwold, "the key. You two, in the meantime, wait outside. I may perhaps want you."

Hartley thrust his hand into his coat pocket, and produced the required instrument. Grimwold instantly applied it to the lock, and, softly opening the door, walked in.

In another instant, and with a fearful cry, he came staggering back.

"Look there," gasped he, "look there! there, standing by the bed side!"

They rushed into the place, and saw what nearly turned them into stone. For there at the foot of the little pallet on which Sir Hubert lay, a figure stood, so like that which they had left outside, that it seemed the very same, reflected by some demon-mirror; so like, that the two might have changed places, and no man could have told the difference.

They fell back, and stood watching it. A ray of moonlight struggled in, aslant, through the weed-hidden window-pane, and fell upon its face. It was white, fixed, and rigid; and the eyes, which looked cold and expressionless, kept staring with hideous monotony upon the bed. The figure seemed scarcely aware of the two intruders; but once it turned its head, and looking full upon them with a vacant gaze, resumed its former position.

Unable any longer to endure the presence of the ghastly thing, Ravenscroft and Hartley stole softly from the place, and rejoined their companion, who was standing at a little distance from the summer-house.

"Did you see it,?" gasped Grimwold, was it still there, Hartley?"

Before his friend could answer, the dreadful phantom had issued out into the open moonlight, and was advancing straight towards them. They saw it plainly now; for it passed close to them—so close that they heard its garments as they brushed along the rank wet grass. Its eyes were upon them as it went slowly by.

"It is a spirit," whispered Grimwold, gazing after the retreating figure. "See how the marble-like folds of its white robe droop round it!"

The Phantom stopped mid way between the summer-house and the wood, and looked back. At that moment the ghastly moonbeams fell down upon its face, making it seem ten times more blank and cold. And so, for some moments, it stood beneath the wild dark night: then, raising its white hands to Heaven as if in passionate supplication, it turned once more towards the wood, and disappeared, with a low moan, among the trees.

"I cannot bear it!" exclaimed Grimwold, staggering against the trunk of a chesnut, and clinging to it for support. "My brain! my brain! Oh God, I shall go mad!"

Though sufficiently under the influence of superstitious dread, Ravenscroft and Hartly never entirely lost their self-possession or suffered themselves to be betrayed into so miserable an avowal of their fear as their unhappy companion. Seeing his pitiable condition, they endeavoured to comfort him; but they needed re-assurance themselves, and could not set about their task with any degree of heartiness. Suddenly Grimwold sprang from the tree against which he was leaning, and began tearing off the white robes with which he was enveloped.

"Off, off!" he exclaimed, trampling the linen fiercely beneath his feet. "Lie there, and rot—rot—rot for ever."

Exhausted with the vehemence of his passion, he at length fell heavily upon the grass, and lay there as moveless as though he were dead. His two friends rushed towards him, and turned his face upwards. His eyes were closed, and his mouth white with foam. He had fallen into a swoon.

Without saying a word, the two companions lifted the heavy body in their arms, and bore it slowly off.

Next day, there was great weeping and sorrow in Sir Hubert's mansion; for the knight was discovered in the summer-house, stark dead.

(To be continued.)

Specimens of Petrarca;

SELECTED FROM HIS POEMS ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY T. H. SEALY.

(Author of "The Porcelain Tower," "The Little Old Man of the Wood," &c. &c.)

No. I.—SONNETS.

I.

L'ALMA MIA FIAMMA OLTRA LE BELLE BELLA

[Since Laura has left the earth, her poet awakens to the perception of how, with wise and kindly purpose, she exercised a salutary rigour, to check in his mind its earthly inclinations, and direct it to higher and safer objects of pursuit.]

Beyond the loveliest lovely, the dear source
Of my fond flame, to whom heaven's bounty flowed,
Hath bent too soon to her prepared abode,*
Her bright and paragon star,† a homeward course.
And wakening now, I learn that, to divorce
My heart from earth, that seeming scorn she showed,
And those young wishes in my heart that glowed,
Tempered by sternness, mixed with kind remorse.
And not ungrateful for that aim am I,
That with her sweet looks and her soft disdains
She made my sad heart turn to heaven from beauty.
O slender means, eliciting great gains!
One working with the tongue, and one the eye,
I gained her glory, she gained me to duty.

II.

COME VA'L MONDO! OR MI DILETTA E PIACE.

[Repeating the sentiment of the preceding, he closes this sonnet with a benediction of Laura for the kindly intention and happy result of her severity.]

Strange turns o' the world! What now delights me best
Is once what most displeased me, and I feel
I bore but woes commissioned for my weal,
Doomed by short war to win eternal rest.
Oh, how unreal *here* every hope and quest!
By a hundred times the lover's *more* unreal!
Oh, how much worse,* had whom the heavens reveal,
And earth encloses, made me earthly blest!
But my warped mind, and urgent passion, still
Prompted me madly on that path to turn
Where Death is wont his hopes of prey to cherish.
Blessed be she who to a better bourn
My course directed, and my impetuous will
With soft advice restrained, reluctant I should perish.

III.

SOLEASI NEL MIO COR STAR BELLA E VIVA.

[Contrasting the happier period when Laura reigned as its mistress in his heart, with his present forsaken state, which so affects him that the intensity of his grief almost impedes the power of giving it utterance, he is led to confession of the deceitfulness of hope and nothingness of life.]

Oh once, all beauty and life, within my breast
She dwelt, proud mistress to so poor a shrine,
By whose withdrawal from this earth I rest
Not *mortal* now, but *dead*; and *she—divine.*
My soul, made poor of all it prized the best,
And Love, whose sweet light never more can shine,
Would have with pity the very stones oppressed,
Were there but who might tell his woes and mine.
Their inward plaint† is to no ear conveyed,
Except mine own; and grief so fills my mind,
That I in only sighs‡ can speak my grieving.

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* "Hath bent too soon to her prepared abode
Her homeward course."—*Auzi.*

TEMPO PER ME NEL SUO PAESE—E RITORNATA.

To say that by death one does but return to his country, is now a trite observation; but the idea probably belongs to Petrarca.

† "Her bright and paragon star." This has reference to the Platonic theory, that the stars and mankind are created in numbers proportioned to each other, and that each star is assigned and adapted as the asylum of a class of human spirits congenial in character and powers, after their period of terrestrial existence.—*Tassoni.* He supposes Venus the star appointed as the future habitation of Laura, and considers her the paragon in beauty of that star, or of the goddess whose name it usurps.

* "Oh, how much worse." How much worse had it been for both, had she whom, &c.

† That of my *soul*, and *Love.*

‡ I cannot make a narrative of my sorrows in form and order, but can only give them a vague and general expression: this is illustrated in the interjectional

truth we are but dust and shade!*
ery truth our wills are prone and
blind!
ery truth our hopes are mere de-
ceiving!

IV.

ANO I MIEI PENSIER SOAVEMENTE.

mpares his hopes during the life of
a with what remains to him of hope,
xults in the idea of her present hap-
s.]

ld my thoughts† employ their silent
powers
ne sweet theme, in reasonings sweet
and lowly;
v she relents, remorseful that so
slowly;
v, now her words, her hopes, her fears,
are ours."
e that evilest day's most dark of hours
spoiled this life of what illumed it
solely,
one left hope is that from heaven's
blest bowers
ee, hear, feel them, with affection holy.
le of light! oh happiest spirit!
uty past all record high and rare!
ned‡ whence earth could but awhile
divert you:
rown and palm reward *her* strainless
merit
made, on earth, so famous and so fair,
nd delirium, her exalted virtue.

---

ssip about Patent Medi-ines, Old and New;

WITH

OTES AND "MODERN INSTANCES."

Sketch II.

KERY IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

ny inquirer it will be evident, as we
lready observed, that empiricism
ely assumed a degenerate form on
val of learning; and it is also pretty
hat, until the present century, it
ore and more ignorant, impudent,
and reckless. With the advance of civilisation, the practice of medicine had a backward tendency towards barbarism. From the reign of Charles II to that of Queen Anne, physicians, with a few honourable exceptions, were arrant quacks. Public dismay and public danger, are, it is well-known, favourable to the development of charlatanism. Terror is the fruitful parent of superstition, which, in its turn, begets faith in flattering absurdities, and even in things impossible. That the dreadful plague of London, from 1664 to 1666, should bring into activity a crowd of medical impostors, appears nothing more than a natural consequence of so distracting and awful a season; but that it should have converted the then College of Physicians into a College of Fools, was scarcely to be anticipated. Such, however, is the fact. From having been, to a certain extent, a body of learned men, the collegiate fellows at this time lost their wits, and were transformed into an association of old women. On the 13th of May, 1665, a court of privy council was held at Whitehall, when a committee of the lords was formed for "prevention of the spreading of the infection." This promised well. The reflective part of the community, no doubt, expected some sage sanatory regulations to issue from so august a council; and, moreover, looked for wise discouragement, and even prohibition of quackery, which, at such a season, must have been unusually dangerous, as tempting men to place reliance in absurd delusions. A hope of this kind could not fail to be strengthened when it became known that the council of lords had called in to their consultations the members of the College of Physicians. What was the result? What were the promulgated orders? A reader of the present day will doubt the evidence of his eyes when he finds that, "under the sanction of the lords, directions were drawn up by the college, containing instructions for the treatment of the plague, and for preventing infection." The following is a specimen of their advice, issued under government authority: "Pull off the feather from the tails of live cocks, hens, pigeons, or chickens; and, holding their bills, hold them hard to the botch or swelling. and so keep them at that part till they die, and, *by this means*, draw out the poison."

Empiricism, thus warranted by statesmen and learned doctors, showed its brazen front openly throughout the town; and 'High-Dutch physicians,' 'famous physicians,' and quacks of all kinds, were busy at work distributing their invitations for people to come to them for 'infallible preventitive pills against the plague,' 'never failing preservatives,' 'sovereign cor[illegible]

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s which, with great beauty and with less
s than at first appears, conclude the sonnet.
re but dust and shade."—*Pulvis.* "Et um-
s."—*Horace.*
ng the life of Laura.
aven.

against the corruption of the air,' 'universal remedies,' 'the only true plague-water,' &c. 'Constantine Rhodocanaceis, a Grecian,' advertised that he 'hath, at a small price, *that admirable preservative against the plague wherewith Hippocrates, the prince of all physicians, preserved the whole land of Greece.*' Pepys tells us that "my Lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me.' Many persons wore amulets; and others produced inflammation of the tonsils by keeping myrrh, angelica, and other hot spices in their mouths. By the end of July, however, so destructive had the ravages of the disease become, that the faith in quacks was pretty nigh extinguished."*

Thus it happened that as an enormous calamity had plunged hundreds into preposterous credulity, so an excess of desolation brought men once more to their senses.

In the beginning, however, of the eighteenth century quackery became as rampant as ever. Among other charlatans, John Hewson arose. This man, who was too ignorant to spell, was originally a shoemaker. Having made the notable discovery that imposture was a better trade than honest cordwaining' that pretty nearly as many dupes as wearers of shoes were in London; and that a dupe would pay more for being gulled than shod—our quack did not "halt between two opinions," but changed his name to Partridge, Doctor Partridge, as he dubbed himself, and blazed forth as an astrologer and physician. He practised medicine, of which he was profoundly ignorant, in the reigns of Charles II and William III; but during the short domination of James II, he lived in Holland, whither he was driven by fear of consequences arising from an anti-Papal prophesy. On returning to England, after the Revolution of '88, he married a tailor's widow, and not only abused public credulity by his nostrums, but claimed the honour of a martyr in the cause of liberty and religion. Dr. Partridge and his impostures would long ago have been forgotten, had not Swift thought him worthy the honour of his ridicule, which was unmercifully heaped upon him in the *Tatler*. While writhing under the Dean's lash, poor Partridge, astrologer and prophet as he pretended to be, could not foretell the posthumous fame which his persecutor was securing for him. Had the "doctor" been honest, Swift would not have made him the victim of his mischievous banter; but then Partridge's name would not have survived himself. He has derived perpetuity from two causes, namely, his own flagitious impositions, and the satire of the sharpest wit of Britain.

To give additional instances of the impudence of quackery in the eighteenth century, let us cite the two following advertisements which the *Penny Magazine* has extracted from the original edition of the *Spectator*:

"An admirable confect which assuredly cures stuttering and stammering in children or grown persons, though never so bad, causing them to speak distinct and free without any trouble or difficulty; it remedies all manner of impediments in the speech, or disorders of the voice of any kind, proceeding from what cause soever, rendering those persons capable of speaking easily and free, and with a clear voice, who before were not able to utter a sentence without hesitation. Its stupendous effects in so quickly and infallibly curing stuttering and stammering, and all disorders of the voice and difficulty in delivering of the speech, are really wonderful. Price 6s. 6d. a pot, with directions. Sold only at Mr. Osborn's Toy-shop, at the Rose and Crown, under St. Dunstan's-church, Fleet-street."

"Loss of memory, or forgetfulness, certainly cured, by a grateful electuary, peculiarly adapted for that end; it strikes at the primary source, which few apprehend, of forgetfulness, makes the head clear and easy, the spirits free, active, and undisturbed; corroborates and revives all the noble faculties of the soul, such as thought, judgment, apprehension, reason, and memory, which last in particular it so strengthens as to render that faculty exceeding quick and good beyond imagination; thereby enabling those whose memory was before almost totally lost to remember the minutest circumstance of their affairs, &c. to a wonder. Price 2s. 6d. a pot. Sold only at Mr. Payne's, at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's Churchyard, with directions."

In comparison with the above, our present "Patent Medicine" proprietors are modest men. That their utmost pretensions fall equally short of the following, which we extract from the *Tatler*, will be quite as obvious:

"About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand of a doctor who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female fern-seed. No body ever new what this meant; but the green and red dragon so amused the people, that the doctor lived very comfortable upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every cor-

* See "Knight's London," vol vi.

ner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill, that it introduced with an unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have no body but this learned man for their physician.

"I once received an advertisement of one who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen. He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken notice of: but lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the seventh son of a seventh son; and others by not being born at all, as the unborn doctor, who I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients, having died worth five hundred pounds per annum, though he was not born to a half-penny.

"My ingenious friend Doctor Saffold succeeded my old contemporary Doctor Lilly in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Dr. Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

'Within this place
Lives Dr. Case.'

He is said to have got more by this distich, than Mr. Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable artifices by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage from one end to the other faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The great duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The elector of Brandenburgh was likewise a very good patient.

"This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many princes, kings, and emperors, under his hands."

After all, say what we may, empiricism is not confined to empirics. "Quackery," observes Doctor Millingen, "is considered by many practioners as necessary to forward the views of medical men. It is related of Charles Patin, that, being on a visit to a physician at Basle, where his son was studying medicine, he questioned the youth on the principal studies required to form a physician; to which the future candidate for medical popularity replied, 'Anatomy, physiology, pathology, and therapeutics.' 'You have omitted the chief pursuit,' replied his catechiser, '*Quackery*.'"

In our succeeding paper, we shall allude to the different nostrums of the present day.

The Ruins of Carthage.

A FRAGMENT FROM AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

It was a hot and sultry evening. The east wind blew across the Barcine desert, and suffocated with its burning breath. The sky was intensely red: the deepest crimson dyed it from one side of the horizon to the other. The sun that was sinking fast beneath the ocean of illuminated sand appeared like an orb of blood, and cast an ominous brilliance on the solitudes around. One unbounded, wearying tract of level expanse was seen on all sides, unrelieved but by a stately palm tree here and there raising its lovely form, and inviting the weary traveller to take shelter under its broad, thick foliage from the torrent beams of the declining sun.

I looked around upon the scene before me, and I contemplated within myself for what purpose these vast seas of apparently useless sands were permitted to exist. The ocean has its people and its vegetation: but here nature is altogether barren and unfruitful. The ocean serves as a means of communication between the nations of the earth; but here, whosoever attempts to cross its pathless and interminable regions, is in danger of being overwhelmed by the storms that agitate these instable atoms, or wasting away of thirst and fatigue—of perishing away beneath the insufferable power of a vertical sun.

While musing in this manner, I passed on slowly with my camel; and as I ascended a slight eminence of sand, the last beams of the sun fell upon some object in the distance that appeared to be the ruins of an ancient city or temple.

As the gales of the evening had sprung up, and the freshness I inhaled gave a vigour to my spirit, I proceeded to the

spot, and had little reason to change the tenour of my musing when I drew near to it. I found myself wandering through a valley filled with grottos and tombs; and my heart was suddenly struck with unusual melancholy, on leaving this valley and entering a plain crowded with ruins. Superb columns standing erect, extended in regular files as far as the eye could reach. There were observable the dimensions and magnificence of a superb temple, that had been the admiration and adoration of its worshippers. The ground was covered on all sides with fragments of similar buildings—cornices, capitals, shafts, entablatures, and pilasters, all constructed of a marble of admirable whiteness and exquisite workmanship. After walking for some time amid the decayed palaces around me, I entered the enclosure of a vast edifice which had formerly been a temple dedicated to Jupiter Elians.

I could not but lament the desolation around me. Here a city famed for her opulence and power flourished; this was the seat of a once mighty empire. The places now so desert, a multitude of living and active beings once animated: the valleys that now echo with a solitary reverberation of my voice, was formerly filled with the murmurs of a whole people. All is hushed and still: the voice of the multitude is heard here no more. The seal of destruction has been stamped on the grandeur and magnificence that once belonged to this city. Death rules triumphant in its deserted streets. Here was once heard the busy hum of an industrious people: the sound of the hammer and the grating of the saw echoed through these hills. But all is still; a mournful silence reigns through every part. Yes, the noise of the artisan, and the shouts of the multitude, and the laughter of the festive throng, once were heard, like the confused murmurs of the sea, resounding on all sides. Whence, then, this revolution? whence this change o'er so fair a city?

She was a fair city indeed. She was the rival of one too powerful, and she fell. Among her heroes are to be found those whose names shed a halo round the glory of victory, and stamp the spirit of conquest with an additional lustre. Among her children were to be found those who loved their country, and whose life and death proved them the best of patriots.

I penetrated still farther into the midst of the ruins, and viewed with the most painful emotions the desolation which, not time, but the pride of man had effected: and I wept over the fall of so mighty a city.

It was not a century and a half since she was the mightiest of the earth; possessed of laws and colonies and states, crowded with strangers that came to mark her beauty and the magnificence of her buildings. Courted by allies who reposed themselves under her power, she sat alone in the midst of them, a queen. As the gilded cloud vanishes before the storm, so has she fallen, this mighty city of the earth. I looked upon the traces of her former pomp and grandeur that were every where to be seen, the lofty column, the broken architrave, the roofless temple, and the dilapidated walls; and I was compelled to exclaim—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

At this moment my attention was attracted to a person who was sitting upon a broken shaft; and seemed, like myself, to be contemplating the revolution which had been so singularly wrought in this great city. He was sitting with his arms folded upon his breast, and his brows deeply knitted. He bore the expression of command upon his countenance, to which was added a repulsive sternness that seemed to forbid all approach or attempt to address the stranger.

However, I drew near, and saluting him, was unanswered, save by a gloomy look, which seemed to betoken some gloomier intent within his breast. Presently, however, his features relaxed, and he signified his approbation of my salutation by a silent motion of the hand.

I was forcibly struck with the authority with which he addressed me, and the influence that it exercised upon me, was the feeling that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. I made many attempts to open a conversation, but without success. He did not seem to desire my absence, yet he did not covet my stay. I was about to leave him, when he beckoned me to remain; and after suppressing the deep emotion that was evidently working in his breast, he said:—

"You come to lament over the fall of this once opulent city. You see her power, her greatness, her magnificence laid in the dust. Why should I weep to behold the

on, who have witnessed the fall of
a fair city? But this is an ana-
nd as he said this, the emotions
east became stronger, and it was
ficulty he proceeded, while I lis-
th wonder, not unmixed with in-
r.
ve held the destinies of empires in
d. The eternal city has acknow-
ne as her preserver, the voice of
saluted me as king. I rove like
er sun, cold and bloodred. Peace
back when I appeared, and at my
tice was cowed. My course was as
vind. I blasted the hopes of thou-
and the prosperity of nations fell
approach. Millions lament that I
n; and, behold, I live.
ou hast seen me sitting alone in the
amid the relics of departed gran-
ontemplating the fall of this city
r own. Stranger, farewell. But,
hou hast returned to thine own
r, tell it to the world, that thou hast
aius Marius sitting amid the ruins
hage."

E BOOK OF THE DEAD.

Legend of Allhallows' Eve.

ctly at midnight on Allhallow's Eve, the
Death takes his station on the communion
the church, and reads, in a loud and terrific
e names of all those who are to be summon-
ep with their fathers within the cycle of the
year."—*Sir Cosmo Digby.*

By the dim starlight
Of a winter's night,
l in a churchyard with graves bedight;
The fair moon hung high
In the cold grey sky,
hed o'er the tombstones her pallid light.

The wind howled low,
And deep was the snow
t clothed the graves of the sleepers below,
Of whom some had died
In grandeur and pride,
hers had fallen the children of woe.

I stood there alone,
On an old gravestone,
heard the wind through the church
ower moan;
No shelter I needed,
No weather I heeded,
For my thoughts were with those long buried
and gone.

I mused on the dead
In each clayey bed,
And considered how swiftly their lives had
fled,
When a murm'ring sound
Fill'd the air around,
And I knew that the midnight hour had sped.

I listened there,
And thought a prayer
Was mingling with the cold midnight air;
At first 'twas low,
Then seemed as though
'Twas a spirit's wail that struck on my ear.

From this dismal moan
It grew loud in tone,
Appearing to rise from each snow-clothed
stone,
I heard the deep knell
Of the old church bell,
Yet withal I fancied I still was alone.

Louder it rolled,
And now I behold,
Breaking forth from their beds so cold;
Bright phantoms arise
Before mine eyes,
Each of them wrapped in a death shroud's
fold.

Onward doth glide
That spectral tide,
Moving in columns along side by side;
Their figures are bright,
In raiment of white,
Like the fleecy forms on the clouds that ride.

Still onward they pour,
Yet more and more,
Entering in at the lofty church door;
Until each hath come
From his clay-cold home;
I follow—they kneel on the grey stone floor.

Now a sacred song,
Loud, and clear, and strong,
Such as this world could never belong,
Caus'd my heart to leap,
As right full and deep
It echoed those ancient aisles among.

I wond'ring attended
To those voices blended,
As to the heavens they together ascended;
And I listened on,
Till the sound was gone,
And the midnight song of the spirits was ended.

Then there met my sight,
On a throne so bright,
The Angel of Death in a robe of white;
In his hand he took
A glittering book,
Glowing with rays of celestial light.

Who raised his hand,
And solemnly said,
List to the names of the next year's dead;
Not a spirit stirred,
Not a sound was heard;
Then he opened the book of the fates, and read.

A death-chill came
Over all my frame,
As I heard him pronounce each fated name;
Some poor and unknown,
Some widowed and lone,
But others the friends both of fortune and fame.

On still he reads,
Yet no one heeds
How quickly each hour of that night speeds;
There is stillness around,
And I hear no sound,
Save the voice that from the bright throne proceeds.

Until a thin ray,
Although faint and gray,
A warning gives of th' approaching day;
And bids all there
To rise and prepare,
To their cold narrow houses to hasten away.

Then chanticleer crew,
And wide open flew
The doors, and dimmer the spectacle grew;
A loud, long wail,
And away they sail
Towards the portals, and all pass through.

And that vision bright
Which had charmed my sight,
Flew away on the wings of the parting night;
And now I awoke,
And the bright day broke,
And the world was full of the morn's glad light.

E'en winter looked mild,
And all beings smiled,
From the hoary man to the sunny browed child;
All nature looked gay
On that glad holiday,
Though the hills around were wintry and wild.

To my home I sped
In fear and in dread;
For the thoughts of the vision still burned in my head,
So strange did seem
That winter-night's dream,
So wondrous the book of the New Year's dead.

Reviews.

The Education of the Middle Classes.—Its Defective System at Present, and the Means of Improving it: with some Remarks on the Comparative Merits of Classical, Mathematical, and Scientific Studies, Moral and Religious Training, Home Education, School Discipline, etc. By James Wharton, M.A., Member of the College of Preceptors. Second Edition. London: Hatchard and Son.

The title of this pamphlet led us to expect more than we found in it. It is too discursive, and runs too rapidly over the subject without dwelling on any points. As a mere sketch it is very well, and many of the remarks show that the writer has bestowed much attention on the various schemes of education promulgated at the present time. We imagine that Mr. Wharton intended his sketch to be read by persons of all ranks; if such was the case, it would have been far better to have avoided so many Latin quotations. They, however, are often judicious, but occur too frequently. We perfectly agree with the author's opinion of public schools; they are too often the very sinks of iniquity. The College of Preceptors, which is very much praised in the pamphlet, will, if properly managed, have some influence throughout the kingdom. It is the intention of that body, if it meet with success, to endeavour as much as possible to raise the character of the teacher, and by that

means place the schoolmasters in their right position. Mr. Wharton possesses much tact, and if he take the proper amount of care, he will be enabled to draw up a very comprehensive scheme of education. We shall ourselves be much pleased to see it, and will with pleasure devote greater space to its consideration. The public attention is directed at present to the subject, and while there is so much enthusiasm for the cause of education, it would be well for Mr. Wharton to come forward. If he propose anything tangible, he may rely on the co-operation of the press, which ever lends its powerful helping hand to projects which deserve the public attention.

George Lovell; a Novel. By James Sheridan Knowles, author of "Virginius," &c. 3 vols. London, Moxon.

This work will have a fair amount of success. Its interest is peculiar, and depends not so much upon the thrilling nature of the narrative as upon the effective manner in which a series of adventures, springing naturally enough one out of the other, is described. Mr. Knowles is a well-known writer, and a wide class of persons, who have read and admired his dramatic productions, will feel anxious to possess a novel from his pen; nor will they be disappointed in the hope of deriving much amusement from the pages of "George Lovell." Mr. Knowles introduces us, in the opening pages, to a very amiable father, who, while giving advice to his son concerning the object of a journey on which he is about to depart, at the same time suffers him to perceive that he considers himself also qualified to select for him a suitable person as wife. With dutiful submission the son listens, but the very first thing he does on emerging from the paternal roof is to fall in love with a fair unknown. How by a series of strange adventures, in which the young commercial traveller plays a very praiseworthy part, the young lady becomes known to him; and how she returns his attachment; and how matters are at length brought to a satisfactory issue for all parties—it is not our business to relate. The reader must himself unravel these mysteries while engaged in giving his attention to the remainder of the narrative, which is full of incident, and well worthy of notice. There is one very effective scene, in which Phœbe returns to her poor grandmother, as she supposes, which occurs towards the commencement of the novel. The character of this girl is full of simplicity, and the knowledge that she is intended to be represented as entirely free from guile caused us to excuse in her a few traits which we should not in one more accustomed to the world. The novel, however, as a whole, is highly interesting.

The Parlour Library, vol. I., *The "Black Prophet," A Tale of Irish Famine.* By William Carleton. London: Simms.

The design of this series is a very good one. The proprietor's endeavour to bring down a certain set of novels within the reach of persons who cannot afford to purchase them as published in the usual form, is very praiseworthy, since it will afford amusement to many who cannot afford either to subscribe to libraries, or to obtain books in any other way. But the amount of good to be effected by this publication will in a great measure depend upon the works chosen to be reproduced. With the names announced in the prospectus we have no fault whatever to find; they are those of authors for the most part remarkable for the highly moral tone of their writings and their abstinence from the choice of subjects little calculated to improve the young mind. We perceive, however, that for the next month, a novel from the pen of a well-known French writer is announced, and we would therefore take this opportunity of giving a word or two of friendly advice to the proprietors of this publication. If their object be at once success, and the desire of diffusing "really good literature" in a cheap form amongst their fellow-countrymen, they should shun, as they would poison, the productions of French writers. Let not such books be chosen and handed down to the middling and humbler classes as specimens of the "unexceptionable" works of fiction circulating amongst the highest circles. These French novels obtain already quite sufficient notoriety without being ushered into notice unnecessarily in the papers of the Parlour Novelist. There are abundance of material ready at hand without sending to our neighbours across the Channel. We should therefore recommend to the proprietor entirely to shun French novels. If they do not, it will, we feel convinced, be a means of causing the Parlour Novelist to be ejected by families who would otherwise afford their strongest support. The new series, for such we may call it, opens with a novel from the pen of Mr. William Carleton, displaying a great amount of power, both in the delineation of those scenes of startling reality which occurred during the famine of 1817, and in grouping his characters. When our attention was first attracted to the name, we immediately conceived that the story was intended to illustrate the present deplorable condition of the Irish peasantry. But though we found the time of the narrative pitched more than twenty years ago, it answers much the same p[illegible]

pose, since those who will be at the pains attentively to peruse the "Black Prophet," cannot fail to have their sympathies powerfully awakened. For it matters little whether our author be describing scenes of misery which have long passed away, or not. They are only such scenes as a dearth of food necessarily causes, and belong to no period of time. We feel as we read, that similar ones are being enacted around us—that destitution and starvation are abroad. We know that at the present moment, mothers may be similarly placed, drooping for want of food, seeing around them dying children, and the husband pining beneath the load of agony that is upon him. Since no one can by any possibility peruse the "Black Prophet" without having every feeling in his heart powerfully stirred in behalf of our poorer brethren, its object must be good, and its influence we trust will be great. Yet, ably as Mr. Carleton wields his pen when delineating these fearful scenes consequent upon the ravages of famine, in some important points, nevertheless, he fails as a writer of fiction. His pictures, though sometimes overflowing with pathos, as advowedly to touch the heart, are overdrawn. Our feelings are raised to a certain pitch, we are moved, and then they are sought to be shamed. We feel the effort, and are compelled to acknowledge that the author has passed the point where he ought to have stopped. Conscious of his power, he proceeds too far in the exercise of it, and hence we cannot but perceive that many scenes and pictures are exaggerated. The author appears to know the Irish well, to be acquainted with their ill-regulated impulse, their dark passions, the lighter shades of their characters, and the internal economy of their cabins. He pourtrays them with great energy, and succeeds far better in his male than his female characters. The first we feel to be really animated with life, and to speak, act, and feel, as though they had in reality existed; but this is not always the case with the women. The cold, but furious calculating Nelly is well drawn, as are also Mrs. Dalton and Mrs. Sullivan, and Marie her daughter. But over all a shade of exaggeration is thrown. They are actuated by impulses which do not belong to their nature—not that noble impulses do not lodge in the breasts of the poor—far from it, but they give expression to their thoughts and emotions in language far removed from nature. Sarah, the heroine, properly speaking of the story, is a well-conceived character but overdrawn. The germs of good and evil are too imperfectly developed. She acts with sudden energy, sudden drawn either for a bad or good object. But one distinguishing trait bears her up through the narrative above every one else, and this consists in her intense love for her father, to whom, though a bad desperate character, she clings until the last.

The novel as a whole cannot fail to afford much amusement to our readers, for, despite the faults we have hinted at, it is evidently the production of a man of great ability.

The Story of "Lilly Dawson." By Mrs. Crowe, author of "The Adventures of Susan Hopley," *&c.* In 3 vols. London, Colburn.

It is now becoming very much the fashion to introduce, for a heroine into a novel, no woman of dazzling beauty and winning loveliness, but little plain children, who pass quietly into beauty as they grow in years. We are far from intending to deprecate this practice, but our attention is naturally attracted by the continual fluctuations which are observable in the taste of writers of fiction. At one time the fashion is for sylph-like heroines; and at another, for pale, tall, intellectual ladies. Now, however, the heroine is generally introduced as a child, around whom, though, at at first described with characteristics and peculiarities little calculated to meet our attention, we feel the interest of the story is nevertheless destined to centre. We perceive, that the large dark, though heavy eyes, and the pale cheek, are intended to ripen into something far more attractive. Lilly Dawson, the heroine of the three volumes which now claim our attention, belongs to this class. She is introduced at a very early period of her life, under somewhat unfavourable circumstances, or, we should rather perhaps say, auspices, as drudge in fact to a family who kept "the Huntsman," one even of a suspicious character, and who affect to be her cousins. The reader, however, alone perceives, that Lilly Dawson is no relative of the smuggling gang. Her mode of life while living with these people, is very admirably described, and some peculiarly striking scenes are here introduced. Mrs. Crowe displays very considerable ability in treating this portion of her narrative. She brings the characters and actions she is engaged in describing with startling reality before us. Her pen represents in vivid colours, the events of which she intends the reader to be the spectator; and, even while our judgment compels us to find fault with the improbable nature of two or three of the scenes, we cannot at the same time fail to admire the energy of the writer who depicts them. She makes no attempt at overstrained sentiment, but takes life much as it is found, and gives us its smiles and its tears, its lighter and darker shadows, with its

moderate and truthful language. To attempt to give even a faint outline of the story of "Lilly Dawson," would, in our limited space, be impossible. And even did the limits permit of it, it is doubtful whether we should do so, since it necessarily detracts much from the interest experienced about the work, to let the reader beforehand into the secret of the narrative. No one, however, in perusing the tale of "Lilly Dawson," can fail to be struck with one or two glaring defects in the conduct of the tale. In the first place, the incidents are pushed too far forward, so that the middle of the tale seems in fact, only to be arrived at in the commencement of the third volume. This necessarily leaves the authoress little space in which to develope the circumstances connected with the denouement, which is therefore rather hurried. We could again point to the many improbabilities to which we have above alluded, but we refrain, only remarking, that we could have wished Mrs. Crowe to have explained her *philosophy* a little more, since it is now somewhat confined As an extract we give the following :—

"She was still lying cogitating on these matters, when she was startled by the creaking of the stairs; and in a moment her ears were on the alert, and her eyes straining to the door—and presently the latch was very gently but audibly lifted, and the door was slowly opened; then there was a pause; and then it was opened a little farther, and some one entered the room, closing it very gently. Lilly at first concluded that this was the woman returned, although the movements were certainly very different, for *she* had used no caution, whereas this person seemed to be extremely fearful of disturbing her. A mother entering the room of her sick infant, in whose lids sat life and death at issue, would not have moved more inaudibly. But as the figure advanced into the room, and crossed the faint ray of light that still gleamed from the opposite window, where some low revellers of the night were congregated, she fancied that she could distinguish that this was the figure of a man. Be it what it might, however, it was moving towards the bed, and at length stood close beside her; and there it paused awhile. What mystery was this? Who was the midnight visitor, that trod with such a steady noiseless foot, that she was satisfied he wore no shoes? Was it Luke? She thought it was: and during that fearful pause, what memories crowded on her! What had become of Mr. Ityland? What of Wining Weston's lover? What was the signification of the scene in her dead uncle's chamber. While she asked herself these things, she perceived the figure stooping over her, leaning gradually lower and lower, as if listening for her breath, which she endeavoured to the utmost to suppress; so that, apparently unable to ascertain by that means whether the bed were tenanted or not, a hand was gently laid upon the coverlet; this experiment seemed to satisfy the man, if man he were, and he immediately reassumed an erect position. Then there was another pause, during which Lilly almost turned into stone with terror, livid, as motionless as the dead, whilst there was some slight movement on the part of the man, which terminated in a faint sound, like the opening of a stiff clasp knife: the sound was familiar to her, because her cousins had such instruments—strong knives with horn handles, and two or three blades. Then she would have screamed; but she could not lift her voice; and at that instant she felt that something fell upon the bed; the man had dropped his knife; whereupon, he put down his hand to seek it; but it having fallen betwixt the folds of the coverlet, he could not find it. This Lilly understood from his actions; and apparently restrained from a more active search by the fear of awakening her, after a m ment's hesitation, he turned about, and still with the same inaudible steps and cautious movements, he quitted the room. The moment the door was closed, Lilly put out her hand and seized the knife, which, having fallen upon her, had slipped over to the inward side of the bed, which, by the way, we should have remarked, stood against the wall. She had not been mistaken: it was, as she supposed, a large clasp knife, open. It was therefore plain, that the man, whoever he was, had come to murder her; and doubtless, having obtained another weapon, he would return and execute his design. This one, however, she immediately thrust under the mattrass. What should she do now? Where cry for help? Whither seek protection? Who was in the house she knew not; perhaps no one but this man and the weeping woman—but could he and her? Wherefore had she wept? Perhaps for the victim that she could not save—that she had—may be, come to warn, but dared not. There was the window, and the light in the opposite room—there were livers there—and, trembling like a leaf, she got out of bed and crept towards it; first, she must throw it up—that would make a noise, and might be observed by the man below; and, ere she could make herself heard by the neighbours, he would come behind her, and seize her, and drag her to the bed, and kill her there; it might only summon him the quicker to her destruction. Suddenly, another thought struck her—she might get the key, and lock the door from within; that is, if she durst but open it—but what if he was standing at the other side. How-

ever, this seemed her only chance, as it would give her time to open the window and call for help; so she turned in that direction; but before she reached it, she became aware that a foot was again approaching; and impulse now taking the command, and deciding for her in an emergency that left no time for reflection, she instantly retreated, and took refuge under the bed, the only place of concealment that, as far as she knew, the room afforded. She had scarcely reached her refuge, when, as she expected, the door opened, and the man, as she supposed entered, but with less precaution than before. The latch was lifted, and the door was closed audibly enough; and the step of the man was audible too, till it reached the side of the bed. Now, thought Lilly, 'he will miss me, and seek me; and he will find me too, and I shall be dragged out and murdered. Her terror and agony were inexpressible. A space, however, of some six or seven minutes ensued—an age of anguish to her, when, to her surprise, she felt the bed shake above her; and it appeared that the person had stepped into it and laid down. How strange. Was this the man, or woman, or some other visitor? She would have given anything to know; but still they slept, at all events, that was impossible, without discovering herself, which she durst not risk doing; so, almost frozen with fear and cold' she remained quietly where she was, listening to the breathing of the person above her; which, very shortly, from the long drawn-out and heavy respirations, betokened that they slept. And now Lilly debated what she should do next. If it were the man that was lying in the bed, he must either have mistaken his intention, or he must have changed them; but, in either case she so much dreaded being discovered by him, that, painful as her situation was, she preferred remaining in it till he quitted the room again, to the risk of betraying herself. If, on the contrary, it were the woman, the best thing she could do, would probably be to make her acquainted with the circumstance, and seek her protection and advice. Then again, if she was sure it was the man, now that he was asleep—if she were sure of that, she might probably escape out of the room and lock him in; but amongst these difficulties and uncertainties, wrought up to a fearful pitch of agitation or terror by so many strange circumstances, it was not easy for a timid, irresolute, inexperienced girl to decide; so there she lay still, doubting and fearing till the opportunity for action was lost. Heavily slept the sleeper upon the bed; with a panting heart and straining ears for what should next come, watched Lilly under it; nor did she watch in vain; for now again, the latch is gently stirred, and some one enters slowly, softly as before. This was the man, she was sure; she recognised at once the difference betwixt his stealthy approach, courting concealmeut, and that of the woman, which sought none. He was, therefore, come back to murder her. Oh! the horror, the anguish of that conviction! Silently and inaudibly as before, he advanced towards the bed. She rather *felt* than *heard* his foot: it was more the vibration of the floor than bearer that enabled her to count his steps. Now he is beside the bed—what will he do next?—ere he can do anything the woman wakes—he had placed his hand upon her face; and, whilst she seeks to put it away, she cries 'Who's there'? There was no answer, but a sound betwixt a sigh and a groan, for the breath seemed impeded, and the bed shook, as in a fearful struggle—there were efforts to speak, or to scream, on the part of the woman—and muttered curses on the part of the man—and still the struggle continued; till, suddenly, there was a strange gurgling sound, then it ceased, and there was silence. Some minutes elapsed; and he quitted the room. With all the terror inspired by this frightful drama, the successive acts of which she had witnessed up to the climax of horror accomplished in the last, Lilly's senses never failed her. She was one of those women who do not faint, though, having little courage, she could not make very available the senses she retained. She comprehended perfectly the deed that had been done, and knew that on the bed above her there lay a human being dying or dead—probably slain in her stead; for she fully believed that it was for her throat the knife was intended. And she was not safe yet; for if the man should return with a light to look upon his work, he would discover his mistake, and she would still be sacrificed. Impressed with this fear, she durst not stir from her concealment; but, frightful as her situation was, she resolved to remain there till the light began to dawn, provided, at least, he did not return, which she scarcely dared to hope. Oh, what long hours they were till the light gleamed through those dusty panes! Previously to the appearance of those blessed beams, there had been an interval of utter darkness; for the candle in the opposite window had been extinguished, and the songs and shouts of the revellers, as they turned into the street, had ascended to that chamber of death and fear, while the pale stars that witnessed that deed of blood had long veiled their faces. But red in the mist now rose the majestic sun, to look upon his daughter earth, glaring, as if in wrath, as he peered into her secret heart, and, one by one, brought out to light her sins of darkness. And now Lilly thought that

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"A Day with Hannah More" is very interesting, the author having had that pleasure when he was a young lad, but so strong were his impressions of that day, that he describes her with the utmost minuteness.

We shall not follow our author through his interesting work, but touch on those persons in whom we feel the greatest interest—among the first is D'Israeli. His manner is admirably described, and we extract it for the entertainment of our readers:—

"A few years since, the Conservative voters of Taunton invited Benjamin D'Israeli to become a candidate for the honour of representing them in Parliament, and it was on the occasion of his visiting Somersetshire, during an election struggle, that I first saw him. He must then have been about thirty years of age, but his novel of 'Vivian Grey' had spread his reputation far and wide.

"It was arranged that a procession should accompany the candidate into the town; and snugly ensconced in the window of a friend's house, I anxiously awaited his arrival. Nor was my patience put to any very severe test, for ere long the head of the procession came in sight, and the long train commenced passing before me.

"After a multitude of farmers had passed by, universally vociferous shouts announced that the 'observed of all observers' was near at hand; and in the midst of a dense crowd of bawling politicians, in an open carriage, from which men had removed the horses, and to draw which they had themselves become beasts of burden, stood the would-be M.P. Never in my life had I been so struck by a face as I was by that of D'Israeli. It was lividly pale; and from beneath his finely-arched eyebrows blazed out a pair of intensely black eyes. I never have seen such orbs in mortal sockets, either before or since. His physiognomy was strictly Jewish. Over a broad, high forehead, were ringlets of coal-black, glossy hair, which, combed away from his right temple, fell in luxurious clusters, or bunches, over his left cheek and ear, which it entirely concealed from view. There was a sort of half-smile half-sneer playing about his beautifully-formed mouth, the upper lip of which was curved, as we see it in the portraits of Byron. I could not but imagine, that while listening to the most

sweet tones of the multitude, he despised the clodhopper in his heart, so contemptuous was at times his expression. He was very showily attired, in a dark bottle-green frock coat, a waistcoat of the most extravagant pattern, the front of which was almost covered with glittering chains; and in fancy pattern pantaloons. He wore a plain black stock, but no collar was visible. Altogether he was the most intellectual-looking exquisite I had ever seen.

"The windows in the line of procession were filled with ladies, to whom D'Israeli was prodigal of his bows, and many an exclamation of delight was uttered, as his slight form bent in acknowledgment of the cheers and wavings of kerchiefs which greeted him. I, regarding him more in the light of a literary man than as a politician, did not fail to pay him due honour. The election was lost by D'Israeli; but as salve to the sore, the rejected candidate was, a short time afterwards, invited by the ladies and gentlemen of Taunton to a public banquet in that town, at which I had the good fortune to be present. The room was exceedingly crowded, and when everything was in readiness, accompanied by the gentlemen who had superintended the arrangements, Mr. D'Israeli entered the room, amidst vociferous cheering. Surrounded as he was by burly yeomen and fat farmers, who were habited in plain attire, his slight and graceful figure and London-made garments presented a marked contrast. Having taken his seat, on the left of the president, the business of eating and drinking commenced; which being dispatched, the more attractive part of the day's proceedings, at least to my thinking, commenced. After the usual loyal and constitutional toasts had been drunk, the president proposed the health of their distinguished guest; and when the applause which followed had subsided, D'Israeli rose to respond to the compliment which had been paid to him.

"He commenced in a lisping, lack-a-daisical tone of voice, which, had I not listened to with my own proper ears, I never could have believed to have belonged to the accomplished author of 'Vivian Grey.' He minced his phrases in apparently the most affected manner, and when he was speaking, placed his hands in all imaginable positions. Not because he felt awkward, and did not know, like a booby in a drawing-room, where to put them, but apparently for the purpose of exhibiting to the best advantage the glittering rings which decked his white and taper fingers. Now he would place his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and opened out his fingers on its fleshy surface, then one set of digits would be released, and he would lean affectedly on the table, supporting himself with his right hand—anon he would push aside his luxuriant curls from his forehead—but it would be ridiculous to note down all his motions. Box had not then created Mantilini, or that personage might have been cited as D'Israeli's prototype. But as he proceeded, all traces of this dandyism and affectation were lost. With a rapidity of utterance now perfectly astonishing, he referred to past events, and indulged in anticipations of the future. The Whigs were, of course, the objects of his unsparing satire, and his eloquent denunciations of them were applauded to the echo. In all he said, he proved himself to be the finished orator—every period was rounded with the utmost elegance, and in his most daring flights, when one trembled lest he should fall, from the giddy height to which he had attained, he so gracefully descended, that every hearer was wrapt in admiring surprise. His vast information seemed scarcely less limited than his brilliant imagination. Even common-place subjects, in his hands, underwent transformation by a process of mental alchymy. Midas-like, he turned all he touched into gold. Yet there was no lack of good, sound, sterling, common sense—he never forgot the real in the ideal. His voice, at first so finical, gradually became full, musical, and sonorous, and with every varying sentiment was beautifully modulated. His arms no longer appeared to be exhibited to show, but he exemplified the eloquence of the hand. The dandy was transformed into a man of mind—the Mantalini-looking personage into a practical orator, and a finished elocutionist. He spoke for more than two hours, having in the course of his address embraced a vast range of subjects, many of them seeming, at the first blast, to have no connection with the theme of the day, but which he managed, by the force of his genius, to invest with a charm, and to render appropriate to his subject matter. In the evening of that day, I sat in the next box to him at the theatre, when, of course, he was a greater attraction than the men who were murdering Shakespeare; but what a change! D'Israeli was the dandy again. Attired in the extreme of fashion, he sat in his box with the same sarcastic smile on his countenance as I had observed in the morning; and while he patted the edge of his box with his primrose-gloved hand, there was a mockingly scornful expression in his lustrous eyes."

Among the literary members of the House of Commons, particular attention is given to Bulwer and Macaulay. Bulwer, although a fascinating writer of fiction, "is no great things as a speaker. His voice is low, clear, and sweet; but, like

›st active writers, he wants the faculty thinking 'on his legs'—an art more difult of acquirement than persons 'not acstomed to public speaking' would be apt suppose. He hesitates a good deal, and ldom goes to the point, excepting by a und-about way—reminding us of the an whose modes of thinking were so torous that Sidney Smith said he must have en born with a corkscrew in his head. is action, too, is very ungraceful, and he lgets excessively while speaking. It is ident that, with him, hand and head ust go together."

Macaulay, on the contrary, is great as a ›eaker; on his rising to address the House, tention is at once riveted to his quiet, ow, and considered sentences, as though e had well weighed what he advanced e he gave utterance. "Slowly he goes ı at first, like a practised swimmer, who ades carefully over unseen rocks, and oking somewhat awkward as he picks is way; but he is seen in deep water, and way he dashes, fearlessly flinging around im the glittering spray, and rejoicing in is strength. He is now fairly released om the shallowness of introductory mat-r, and away he goes, far and fast. As he roceeds, his voice increases in volume nd form—his right arm is in unusual otion—his eye kindles, and from his eloquent lips, brilliant ideas chase each other ı rapid succession, until the House is rapt in the closest attention. Truth is is weapon, honesty is his armour, and cts are the weapons with which he ghts. When Macaulay resumes his seat, dead silence for a few moments ensues, ıd then a burst of applause, such as only erling eloquence can command, is heard ›m all present."

Several political notabilities are noticed a graphic manner, and the distinctive aracteristics of each are sketched off th vigour. Of Sir Robert Peel it is said: He is tall and well proportioned, but ra-er inclining to corpulency. To look at ; bland and open countenance, one would agine that nothing could ruffle the pla-lity of his temper. His air and bear-g is that of a perfect gentleman, and is dressed with scrupulous care—ever ›ely. A snow-white cambric neckcloth d collar surmounts a white waistcoat d blue frock-coat; and nether garments the same colour, which cover ill-formed ver extremities, complete his costume. ›t a muscle of his face moves, as he hears › government attacked or commended; › fiercest ebullion of party wrath, and the ›st violent invective, are alike unheeded; › same bland smile, the same courteous meanour is exhibited. Sir Robert Peel ver exhibits himself—his mind is busily working, but not a wheel of the machinery is to be seen. He rises, the very personification of candour, the incarnation of courtesy; he speaks, and his persuasive plausible tones allure your attention, and almost win your confidence, and you admire the colour of the fish which you think you have caught; but while gazing, it slips through your fingers—you have *not* made anything out of Sir Robert Peel. Just observe him for a few moments, as he stands with one of his hands under the tails of his coat, and the other playing with the glass which hangs by a ribbon from his neck—some member of the opposition has put a few plain questions to him—questions to which plain answers have been requested. The Premier is surely going to give candid replies—his face looks as innocent as that of a lamb. Those who see him for the first time, fling at once to the winds all their preconceived notions of Sir Robert's cunning. The house is silent, anxious, and expectant. O'Connell looks up from under his broad brimmed hat, with an incredulous sneer on his countenance; some of the ex-ministers wink knowingly at each other; the green ones of the house, and the greenest of them all who venture to puzzle Peel, sit with gaping mouths and open ears. At last, a soft voice issues from those wreathed lips—soft, yet perfectly distinct, and very harmonious. As he proceeds, the manufacturers, whose stern faces are made up for a burst of disapprobation, relax the rigidity of their features, as the importance of their interests is adverted to. Then the agriculturists, whose visages had been growing lengthy, are tickled by the knowing hand of the minister, like so many trout, and they are smilingly taken in the snare."

Richard Lalor Shiel, the author of the tragedy of "The Apostates," and now Master of the Mint, is so rapid in his utterance that he almost defies the powers of short-hand, and the reporters of the House of Commons are in the habit of receiving his report of his speeches in manuscript. "His head is large for so small a body. Look at those flashing eyes—how they glance, here, there, and everywhere. His face is rather cynical in expression, ill-humour and pride seem combined in it; and one might imagine that it was washed every morning in vinegar. What a sneer is on the curved upper lip! His voice is harsh, grating, and disagreeable—at times, shrill almost as a whistle—and occasionally in the lower tones, cracked and dissonant. His style is florid, and his speeches are crowded with metaphors, occasionally of the most brilliant character. As a flowery speaker, he has not his equal in the house; but he lacks depth, and power, and

originality. His speeches—which are all carefully written, and committed to memory, before they are delivered—lose most of their force, in their exquisite polish. His action is abundant, and occasionally grotesque. Whilst speaking, and when much excited, he flings himself into all imaginable attitudes."

Hurrying from one topic to another, our author contrives to keep up our attention. He sketches in the most happy style those of his contemporaries whom he has seen. Indeed, most of those of whom he writes are familiar to him, either by sight, or through the intercourse of social life. We have brief accounts of every one: Brougham and Mackintosh, John Foster the preacher, the O'Connells; Shiel, and many other inhabitants of the emerald isle, Dr. Raffles, and Dr. Pusey. Poets without number: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Percy B. Shelly, Southey, and Byron; for the latter we have the greatest partiality, on account of the splendour of his poetry. The men of science are not forgotten: Abernethy and Faraday are brought familiarly before us. No one appears to be forgotten. Lady Blessington, the Count D'Orsay, and "Satan" Montgomery, are pictured with skill.

Notes of the Month.

The New Naval Station and Commercial Emporium.

The news brought by the last mail of our occupation of the island of Labuan tends to prove that our rulers were not indifferent to the extension of our influence in the Eastern seas. For many years past we have viewed the Oriental Archipelago as a *terra incognita*, and have been at little pains to inquire into its value and resources. We have neglected one of the finest fields of commerce that was ever open to our merchants. The riches of that quarter of the globe are unrivalled. The islands produce in abundance those materials which constitute the staple of a ship's cargo—sugar, cotton, rice, and various species of grain. Diamonds are in abundance; gold is plentiful; and iron, tin, copper, and antimony ore are found in inexhaustible quantities. The edible birds'-nests, which form so valuable a portion of the Chinaman's cargo, are scarcely found in any other places; trepang and agar-agar are plentiful; rattans, bees'-wax, the most costly spices and pearls, may be had at a nominal price: and yet this valuable trade has been until lately left in the hands of the Dutch—or rather left to them—but they have not had the ingenuity or power to take advantage of our neglect.

It was for many years a source of complaint that the English were at no pains to put down piracy. To this they pleaded guilty, but in excuse they said, "We have left it to the Dutch; we are unwilling to interfere as long as they have the power or will to put down these buccaneers."

But time has proved that they have neither the power nor the will to put a stop to these nefarious practices. Urged at length by the representations of Mr. Brooke, and supported by our merchants, the government dispatched several vessels of war, which inflicted some severe lessons on these freebooters, and for a time put down the plunderers. Convinced, however, that these casual visits have but a slight effect, the government have determined to make a naval station at Labuan; and from thence to dispatch vessels to scour the coasts, and clear the seas of these marauders.

Being fully aware that the commerce of fifty millions of people will be advantageous to us, the government intend, at the same time, to construct a commercial emporium, indeed, an establishment something on the same scale as that at Singapore. We have ourselves no doubt of the beneficial results. Labuan is situated in the most advantageous position for commerce, being as it were a centre to which the trade of China, Singapore, Siam, Manilla, and the Indian Archipelago, will flow. We have omitted to mention one great advantage that it possesses, which is an extensive field of coal of the finest quality. Considerable quantities have also been discovered on Pulo Chermin and the neighbouring continent, the whole of which has been ceded in perpetuity to Great Britain. Steamers will thus be enabled to perform the whole journey from Singapore to China without having recourse to the aid of sails. We shall now also be able to use iron steamers in the extirpation of piracy. No kind of ships is so well adapted for the service. Those that are rated at as much as 600 tons draw but five feet of water whilst on active service, and will thus be enabled to pursue the pirates up their shallow rivers and creeks, and confound them by the celerity of their movements. For up to the present moment the buccaneers have been enabled to elude our men of war's boats, by the rapid movements of their vessels: their prahns are built for speed, and outstrip us with ease.

Their number is almost incredible, many of their fleets numbering as many as one hundred vessels, manned by perhaps three thousand men. Their expeditions last often as long as two years. If disappointed of prey near their own haunts, they sail southward along the coast of Kalamantan, skirt round the islands, until

she should make her effort to escape. But oh, what an effort it was! She felt as if she would almost rather have died where she was, if they would leave her to die in quiet, than encounter it. But still it would be madness not to try; for she was sure now that Luke, if he caught her, would never rest till he had taken her life. So she softly crept out from the foot of the bed, and got upon her feet. She had resolved she would not turn her eyes towards the sight she knew was there; but there was a fascination in it, she felt she must take one look—and she did; and then she looked again, and again, and again, bending forwards to discern those ghastly features; for she recognised them—they were those of Charlotte Littenhans! Luke had doubtless come to murder her; but, in her stead, had slain his sister!"

Mrs. Cromer begins to develop in certain portions of her narrative some theories which are scarcely sufficiently explained to enable us to investigate their truth. These, however, will perhaps escape the general reader, whose object is to be amused. "Lilly Dawson" will prove a source of considerable interest to all who delight in ably-written, stirring narratives, in effective scenes, and infinite variety of character. With such attractions the story of "Lilly Dawson" abounds.

Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers, and Politicians. London, Bogue.

Although the work before us is not exactly a new book, yet from its interest we feel convinced our readers will excuse our turning to it. It is a bold attempt to lay before the public the familiar habits and manners of those who have lately figured on life's stage, and those who do now occupy much of our attention The volume opens with an account of Robert Hall, a preacher whose fame is too widely spread for us to insist upon it here. We, however, take the following extracts, to show that he, like many other great men, had the power of sarcasm:

"He had one day attended church, where a young minister preached on some public occasion. It so happened, that the preacher met Mr. Hall afterwards, at dinner, at the house of a mutual friend. The young man was very anxious to hear Mr. Hall's opinion of his discourse, and very pertinaciously plied the great man with questions respecting it. Hall endured the annoyance for some time with great patience. He did not wish to hurt the young man's feelings; but he could not conscientiously laud his sermon. At length, worried beyond endurance, he said: 'Well, sir, there was one fine passage, and I liked it much, sir, much.' The young divine rubbed his hands in high glee, and pressed Mr. Hall to name it. 'Why, sir,' replied Hall, 'the passage I allude to, was *your passage from the pulpit to the vestry.*'"

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sweet tones of the multitude, he despised the clodhopper in his heart, so contemptuous was at times his expression. He was very showily attired, in a dark bottle-green frock coat, a waistcoat of the most extravagant pattern, the front of which was almost covered with glittering chains; and in fancy pattern pantaloons. He wore a plain black stock, but no collar was visible. Altogether he was the most intellectual-looking exquisite I had ever seen.

"The windows in the line of procession were filled with ladies, to whom D'Israeli was prodigal of his bows, and many an exclamation of delight was uttered, as his slight form bent in acknowledgment of the cheers and wavings of kerchiefs which greeted him. I, regarding him more in the light of a literary man than as a politician, did not fail to pay him due honour. The election was lost by D'Israeli; but as salve to the sore, the rejected candidate was, a short time afterwards, invited by the ladies and gentlemen of Taunton to a public banquet in that town, at which I had the good fortune to be present. The room was exceedingly crowded, and when everything was in readiness, accompanied by the gentlemen who had superintended the arrangements, Mr. D'Israeli entered the room, amidst vociferous cheering. Surrounded as he was by burly yeomen and fat farmers, who were habited in plain attire, his slight and graceful figure and London-made garments presented a marked contrast. Having taken his seat, on the left of the president, the business of eating and drinking commenced; which being dispatched, the more attractive part of the day's proceedings, at least to my thinking, commenced. After the usual loyal and constitutional toasts had been drunk, the president proposed the health of their distinguished guest; and when the applause which followed had subsided, D'Israeli rose to respond to the compliment which had been paid to him.

"He commenced in a lisping, lack-a-daisical tone of voice, which, had I not listened to with my own proper ears, I never could have believed to have belonged to the accomplished author of 'Vivian Grey.' He minced his phrases in apparently the most affected manner, and when he was speaking, placed his hands in all imaginable positions. Not because he felt awkward, and did not know, like a booby in a drawing-room, where to put them, but apparently for the purpose of exhibiting to the best advantage the glittering rings which decked his white and taper fingers. Now he would place his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and opened out his fingers on its fleshy surface, then one set of digits would be released, and he would lean affectedly on the table, supporting himself with his right hand—anon he would push aside his luxuriant curls from his forehead—but it would be ridiculous to note down all his motions. Box had not then created Mantilini, or that personage might have been cited as D'Israeli's prototype. But as he proceeded, all traces of this dandyism and affectation were lost. With a rapidity of utterance now perfectly astonishing, he referred to past events, and indulged in anticipations of the future. The Whigs were, of course, the objects of his unsparing satire, and his eloquent denunciations of them were applauded to the echo. In all he said, he proved himself to be the finished orator—every period was rounded with the utmost elegance, and in his most daring flights, when one trembled lest he should fall, from the giddy height to which he had attained, he so gracefully descended, that every hearer was wrapt in admiring surprise. His vast information seemed scarcely less limited than his brilliant imagination. Even common-place subjects, in his hands, underwent transformation by a process of mental alchymy. Midas-like, he turned all he touched into gold. Yet there was no lack of good, sound, sterling, common sense—he never forgot the real in the ideal. His voice, at first so finical, gradually became full, musical, and sonorous, and with every varying sentiment was beautifully modulated. His arms no longer appeared to be exhibited to show, but he exemplified the eloquence of the hand. The dandy was transformed into a man of mind—the Mantalini-looking personage into a practical orator, and a finished elocutionist. He spoke for more than two hours, having in the course of his address embraced a vast range of subjects, many of them seeming, at the first blast, to have no connection with the theme of the day, but which he managed, by the force of his genius, to invest with a charm, and to render appropriate to his subject matter. In the evening of that day, I sat in the next box to him at the theatre, when, of course, he was a greater attraction than the men who were murdering Shakespeare; but what a change! D'Israeli was the dandy again. Attired in the extreme of fashion, he sat in his box with the same sarcastic smile on his countenance as I had observed in the morning; and while he patted the edge of his box with his primrose-gloved hand, there was a mockingly scornful expression in his lustrous eyes."

Among the literary members of the House of Commons, particular attention is given to Bulwer and Macaulay. Bulwer, although a fascinating writer of fiction, "is no great things as a speaker. His voice is low, clear, and sweet; but, like

writers, he wants the faculty
'on his legs'—an art more dif-
quirement than persons 'not ac-
public speaking' would be apt
He hesitates a good deal, and
s to the point, excepting by a
t way—reminding us of the
modes of thinking were so tor-
Sidney Smith said he must have
vith a corkscrew in his head.
too, is very ungraceful, and he
essively while speaking. It is
it, with him, hand and head
ether."
', on the contrary, is great as a
his rising to address the House,
at once riveted to his quiet,
nsidered sentences, as though
ll weighed what he advanced
utterance. "Slowly he goes
ike a practised swimmer, who
fully over unseen rocks, and
newhat awkward as he picks
t he is seen in deep water, and
shes, fearlessly flinging around
tering spray, and rejoicing in
i. He is now fairly released
allowness of introductory mat-
ıy he goes, far and fast. As he
is voice increases in volume
his right arm is in unusual
eye kindles, and from his elo-
rilliant ideas chase each other
ıccession, until the House is
e closest attention. Truth is
, honesty is his armour, and
he weapons with which he
ien Macaulay resumes his seat,
ce for a few moments ensues,
burst of applause, such as only
quence can command, is heard
sent."
olitical notabilities are noticed
manner, and the distinctive
ics of each are sketched off
Of Sir Robert Peel it is said:
ınd well proportioned, but ra-
ıg to corpulency. To look at
d open countenance, one would
t nothing could ruffle the pla-
s temper. His air and bear-
of a perfect gentleman, and
d with scrupulous care—ever
ınow-white cambric neckcloth
surmounts a white waistcoat
ck-coat; and nether garments
colour, which cover ill-formed
mities, complete his costume.
e of his face moves, as he hears
ıent attacked or commended;
bullion of party wrath, and the
invective, are alike unheeded;
ınd smile, the same courteous
s exhibited. Sir Robert Peel
.ts himself—his mind is busily
working, but not a wheel of the machinery is to be seen. He rises, the very personification of candour, the incarnation of courtesy; he speaks, and his persuasive plausible tones allure your attention, and almost win your confidence, and you admire the colour of the fish which you think you have caught; but while gazing, it slips through your fingers—you have *not* made anything out of Sir Robert Peel. Just observe him for a few moments, as he stands with one of his hands under the tails of his coat, and the other playing with the glass which hangs by a ribbon from his neck—some member of the opposition has put a few plain questions to him—questions to which plain answers have been requested. The Premier is surely going to give candid replies—his face looks as innocent as that of a lamb. Those who see him for the first time, fling at once to the winds all their preconceived notions of Sir Robert's cunning. The house is silent, anxious, and expectant. O'Connell looks up from under his broad brimmed hat, with an incredulous sneer on his countenance; some of the ex-ministers wink knowingly at each other; the green ones of the house, and the greenest of them all who venture to puzzle Peel, sit with gaping mouths and open ears. At last, a soft voice issues from those wreathed lips—soft, yet perfectly distinct, and very harmonious. As he proceeds, the manufacturers, whose stern faces are made up for a burst of disapprobation, relax the rigidity of their features, as the importance of their interests is adverted to. Then the agriculturists, whose visages had been growing lengthy, are tickled by the knowing hand of the minister, like so many trout, and they are smilingly taken in the snare."

Richard Lalor Shiel, the author of the tragedy of "The Apostates," and now Master of the Mint, is so rapid in his utterance that he almost defies the powers of short-hand, and the reporters of the House of Commons are in the habit of receiving his report of his speeches in manuscript. "His head is large for so small a body. Look at those flashing eyes—how they glance, here, there, and everywhere. His face is rather cynical in expression, ill-humour and pride seem combined in it; and one might imagine that it was washed every morning in vinegar. What a sneer is on the curved upper lip! His voice is harsh, grating, and disagreeable—at times, shrill almost as a whistle—and occasionally in the lower tones, cracked and dissonant. His style is florid, and his speeches are crowded with metaphors, occasionally of the most brilliant character. As a flowery speaker, he has not his equal in the house; but he lacks depth, and power, and

other objects of attraction in this exhibition, we will briefly pass our opinion on them again, in order that those of our readers who have not visited this exhibition, may be induced to avail themselves of the opportunity. The view of Athens is, perhaps, the most delicately finished of the whole. Those who feel an interest in Grecian subjects, and are anxious more accurately to understand the position of the different fleets at the battle of Salamis, will find in this picture sufficient to satisfy their curiosity.

The Battle of Sobraon is a vivid picture of the greatest battle that has been fought in India for years. It did not, however, please us so much as the two former, being merely a succession of fire and smoke and of brilliant charges. As much skill, however, as possible, appears to have been bestowed on this picture, which is as interesting as that of a battle could be made.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER'S SOIREES.

A "grand concert" is a grand bore. And the public are beginning to discover this fact: hence the increasing popularity of musical entertainments devoted to the illustration of the works of great classical composers. "A grand concert" is easily defined. It consists of a certain number of Donizetti's weakest and most hackneyed airs, sung by a few unhappy "Mesdames" labouring under the delusion that they are second Grisis; a solo on the violin, the mere recollection of which sets one teeth on edge for a week; a savage onslaught on the pianoforte by some young lady or gentleman aspiring to Thalbergian honours; and a performance by a Signor with an extraordinary name, on an extraordinary instrument never before heard of, at which people gaze with wonderment, and think it "grand, though not pretty."

But Mr. Sloper's fine taste repudiates such catchpenny performances; so he has given to the public a series of musical entertainments, selected with admirable discrimination from the works of the greatest composers. Nor has he fallen into the error, which some of his predecessors have made, of giving selections from works of a particular class only—such as those of Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, and others of the same school. We have had illustrations of these great writers, but the exclusive plan has not been followed. Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, have each graced the programmes; thus throwing into stronger contrast the works of the older composers, and giving a keener relish for both styles.

On the 18th March Mr. Sloper gave his third and last soirée at the "Beethoven Rooms," in Harley Street. The first performance was Mozart's pianoforte duet in F major, the executants being Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Lindsay Sloper. To our taste, the composition is far from being a good specimen of Mozart's pianoforte music. Of a great composer we dare not always say what we think; but we feel convinced that if such a work were now published, "dry and tedious" would be the terms applied to it. It was, however, admirably played. Then came Mendelssohn's magnificent fantasia in F sharp minor, the energy and passion of which was rendered by Mr. Sloper in a style which hardly any other pianist could equal. Mr. Sloper deserves great credit for introducing two of the Harpsichord Lessons of Lulli, a composer who flourished about 1670, and whose works, though abounding in grace and beauty, are only known to the curious few. Mr. Sloper's cultivated taste and poetical feeling were here strongly shown; for he fetched out the *soul* (so to speak) of old Lulli, and proved that he can appreciate the music of by-gone times with as much truthfulness as he does that of his great contemporary, Mendelssohn. We have hardly left ourselves room to mention his performance of three studies of his own, a selection from a set lately published. This was the most interesting feature of the entertainment. While hearing these masterly studies, we felt a regret that Mr. Sloper should only have presented us with this specimen of his genius in pianoforte composition. However, we were treated with a charming song of his, on Roger's well-known, though poor stanzas, commencing "Dear is my little native vale." Miss Dolby was the singer. And having said this, we need hardly mention that it was given to perfection. We have watched with great interest this lady's rapid progress in her profession, from the time when, almost as a child, she startled the musical public with her impassioned singing, to the present day, when no living English singer can pretend to anything like rivalry with her. It is not merely that Miss Dolby is gifted with a voice of remarkable power, richness, and fluency, but she has a mind capable of appreciating the highest works, and intense feeling in giving them expression. In a word, she is a great singer; and she proved it on this occasion by her exquisite performance of Mr. Sloper's song.

The room has been well attended at all the soirées; and the attention bestowed on the selection is the best answer to the allegation that the English cannot appreciate great musical compositions.

ERRATUM.

Page 262, in note, for

—*Anzi.*

TEMPO PER ME NEL SUO PAESE—E RITORNATA.

read,

ANZI TEMPO PER ME NEL SUO PAESE—E RITORNATA.

Page 263, in note, for —*Pulvis.* "Et umbra sumus."—*Horace*, read, "Pulvis et umbra sumus."—*Horace.*

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"Tancred;"

OR,

The High-Nosed Jews and the Flat-Nosed Franks.*

Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, the rabbi of Shrewsbury, has again written a book, and the public, which loves to be hoaxed, is reading it. But what is this book? Is it a novel, or a treatise upon Mr. Rothschild's banking operations, or an inquiry into the first principles of philosophy, or a satire on all systems of religion? We are about to discuss some or all of these points, and the reader who accompanies us to the end will then perhaps be in a position to decide for himself.

The narrative, properly so called, of "Tancred," begins in the second half of the third volume; so that we have upwards of eight hundred pages of introduction to one hundred and fifty of story. But this, it may be said, is of little consequence. The real novel is yet to be written, and the present three volumes are only meant to pave the way to it. There is consolation in this announcement, because it tends strongly to show that the Hebrew member for Shrewsbury is not quite correct in his philosophy, and that all virtue is not extinct among the flat-nosed races of the North, seeing they exhibit so wonderful an example of patience as is unquestionably required to wade through the wearisome speculations, and, if possible, still more wearisome satire, of "Tancred."

It cannot of course be said that Mr. Disraeli enjoys a monopoly of the superlative style, though he wields it with a facility peculiar to himself. The force of exaggeration can no further go. Other men may be occasionally betrayed into extremes, when their fancy, heated by a congenial subject, becomes an overmatch for their reason, and riots altogether unfettered. Mr. Disraeli's muse walks always on the tiptoe of superlatives. It always deals in the most graceful and the most beautiful, in the richest, the wisest, the bravest, or occasionally, by way of variety, in the meanest, the falsest, and the most cowardly. Still, as in the case of Tancred and Fakrideen, the most virtuous and the most villanous walk hand in hand, and fraternise, like two offshoots of Israel, in the purlieus of Houndsditch. Let not the reader imagine it is our flat-nosed prejudices that induce us to locate the only true-born gentlemen in the world in that unsavoury locality. We should never, of our own accord, have been so uncomplimentary to the Abrahamites. It is Mr. Disraeli himself who has disclosed to us the mysteries of Houndsditch, and represented to us his magnificent countrymen celebrating the Feast of Tabernacles in its transparent and spicy atmosphere.

But Mr. Disraeli is a man of fashion, and a member of Parliament; and consequently can disclose to the uninitiated innumerable facts respecting that proud aristocracy which admits him among them, but evidently makes him feel that he is not of them; whence, it may not unfairly be suspected, his inveterate propensity to ridicule their foibles, their virtues, and

* "Tancred; or, The New Crusade." By B. Disraeli, Esq. M.P., author of "Coningsby," "Sybil," &c. 3 vols. London, Colburn.

even their religion. At any rate, they who look for fashionable revelations in "Tancred" will be woefully disappointed. It does not lay bare one single point in our social system, which has not been exposed to the public eye a thousand times before. The subjects of his satire are as hackneyed as the form of it. We have been treated to all his characters *usque ad nauseam*, both by himself and, long before him, by other writers. The idolatry of the kitchen, the fanaticism of lordlings for soups and ragouts, the apish and fantastic foppery of cooks, the sensuality of those children of Belial who quench all consciousness of the spirituality of their nature in wines and sauces—all these things have been held up to public contempt, until we are weary of despising them; besides, if an author really desire to rouse public indignation against such follies, he must himself be sincere in the condemnation of them, which Mr. Disraeli obviously is not; for while he rails at the unhallowed influence of wealth, he is earnestly sacrificing every day on the shrine of mammon; and while affecting to contemn the power which rank and other social prejudices bestow, truckles perseveringly, like his own Fakrideen, to all those who can forward his views in life, and desires nothing so much as to make a figure among those flat-nosed Franks against whom he directs his venomous but innocuous declamation.

No doubt the credulous innocence of the reading public is easily deluded by the employment of a little vapoury language, which holds poison in suspension, and suffers it not to become visible to the common eye. Nevertheless, there is scarcely a single principle that binds society together, the influence of which would not be weakened by the effects of such works as "Tancred," if they could really produce any that should be permanent. The institution of marriage, the sacredness of justice, the holy influences of faith, the claims of truth, nay, the recommendations of common honesty, are all in their turn assiduously assailed by this Modern Crusader. Well, therefore, may the rabbi of Shrewsbury entitle his undertaking a Crusade. It is so. Throughout every page of his book, the proofs are visible to those who will be at the pains to search for them, that his only purpose, besides that of producing a saleable article, is to cover with ridicule whatever the flat-nosed inhabitants of these morasses and forests of ours regard as venerable.

Mr. Disraeli, however, understands his own mission, and seizes dexterously on the opportunity which offers itself. He is not, we suppose, at all serious, in his attempt to eradicate Christianity and Judaism, and to substitute an amalgam of both, with a large infusion of Paganism, in their stead. It is a joke in three volumes. He knows that idle people, such as constitute the chief support of circulating libraries, delight in being startled and excited; and, conscious perhaps of being wanting in the power to produce this effect by an animated narrative and natural and vivid delineations of character and situations, he brings into play his talent for mock speculation, and seeks to afford amusement by an exaggerated description of the process by which men deliver themselves from all faith in anything whatsoever. The appearance of such works is among the least satisfactory signs of the times. Young people chiefly read them; and if the opinions and principles they have inherited from their forefathers be not entirely overthrown, they are at least undermined and slightly shaken. The writer has a lavish command of language, clothes sophisms and fallacies in an exceedingly agreeable manner, invests error with the appearance of truth, puts forward some of the most monstrous and dangerous principles with an air of ingenuous *nonchalance* which seems to be indicative of sincerity, and therefore the simple reader too often accepts what he utters for gospel.

The only remaining line, however, of Homer's "Mergites," will strictly apply to the author of "Tancred"—"He knows a little of every thing, but has investigated nothing as he ought." His speculation sails about like a cloud, resting now on sea, now on land, now over mountain, and now over valley, but remains nowhere for any length of time, so that the spirit which sails upon it can never obtain an accurate view of anything beneath it. Hurried forward, as it were, by some infernal breeze, it sucks up and is inflated by the poisonous exhalations emitted from fens and marshes, and sends down occasionally in withering dews the venom which it has collected. But there is no beneficial intercourse be-

'een it and the earth. They bandy be-'een each other what is evil in each, and e result is only a fresh accumulation of ischief. This will be mistaken by many r an eulogium, perhaps even by Mr. Dis-eli himself, who is no doubt proud of his lent to do something which may force ıe world to talk of him.

Nevertheless, had he not been a member ? Parliament, and introduced by acci-ental circumstances into fashionable so-ety, his so-called novels would have been ıuch less read, and we might properly ıough have dismissed them with a con-ımptuous paragraph. But as the public ads them, it seems to be our duty to in-ite it to consider what it reads; for if holesome knowledge be the medicine of he soul, what must its unwholesome coun-erfeit be but the poison? But is there ny action in "Tancred?" Have we a tory related to us? Does the author in-roduce to our fancies any original repre-entation of human character with which re desire to become familiar, and to regis-er for future gratification in our memo-ies? There are three cardinal incidents n the work: in the first volume, the car-iage of Lady Bertie and Belair is crushed n the Poultry; in the second, Tancred hoots a Bedouin Arab in the eye; and in he third, the same distinguished person-ge receives the head of a Jewess on his houlder in a cool kiosk in Bethany. To his brilliant catalogue we may perhaps ıdd the repulse of a Turkish pasha, accom-plished heaven knows how, from certain nountains in northern Syria, after which he achiever of this wonderful feat rides off ıt full gallop into the desert, where for hree whole days and nights he subsists in ı way which reminds us of the feats of hose remarkable gentlemen, the knights-errant, from whom he claims to be des-ended:

"When through deserts vast
And regions desolate they passed,
Where belly timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provisions on record,
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight."

Mr. Disraeli's heroes are organised in an qually exquisite manner. Stomachs they ıave none, and passions they have none, ıt least none which they cannot manage as easily as they do their appetites. The reason is, they are generally of Jewish race; and the Jews, as all the world knows, are not addicted to eating or drinking, and from Moses downwards have never felt the least hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But the reader, we fear, imagines we are all this while in jest, and that there is, nevertheless, some story in "Tancred." We would not undertake to affirm positively that there is not. There may be some iso-teric story—that is to say, a story con-cealed from the profane vulgar, and related mystically for the benefit of the initiated. But into secrets such as these, it is not our duty to pry. We look upon the surface, and, standing out of the enchanter's circle, are unable, we fear, to comprehend all those wonderful hieroglyphics the signifi-cance of which may all the while be per-fectly clear to the wise. It is a great and enviable privilege to comprehend the sapi-ence of the Cabala, and to be able to tra-vel in thought along with those who have been admitted to the orgies of the ancient Aphrodite. Still, we should astonish, and might perhaps a little shock our fair read-ers, were we to unveil in plain English to them the mysteries of that delicate sect the Ansarey, whom Tancred and his friend Fakrideen endeavoured to interest in the regeneration of Europe. They who have visited India, who have looked down on the secluded temple ef Tripetti, who have stu-died the symbols on the car of Jaggan-nath, or considered those startling emblems now half buried in the avenging waves on the Coromandel coast, will be able to form some dim conception of the abominations, by familiarising the mind with which the new Crusader hopes to renovate our Chris-tianity and our civilisation.

If this was the chief object of his pil-grimage, we very much pity Tancred. He might have found legions of Ansarey in Europe, where there is not a single great capital which does not contain many thou-sands of them. The extraordinary thing is, that we should have hitherto remained blind to the mighty effects which may be produced by uniting these worshippers of Astarte with the Jews and Ishmaelites in working out a reformation among the flat-nosed races of Frankestan. With Portia, in the "Merchant of Venice," we may ex-claim, "We thank thee, Jew, for teaching

us that word." The destiny of our civilisation needs now be no longer doubtful. We possess two great palladiums in our cities, in our Jews and in our Ansarians. There is not the slightest necessity to travel into the Syrian mountains north of Antioch, to meet with either of these Arabian regenerators of the human race. All our great capitals abound with them. They divide between them the night and the day, the one inviting us even before breakfast to dispose of our antiquated and superfluous garments, and the others strolling leisurely beneath the moon to recreate our ears with their sweet voices. Clearly, therefore, "the New Crusade" is a work of supererogation. All that is excellent in Arabia has already been imported—its dogmas and its damsels, its Fakrideens and its old clothesmen. Nay, to complete the magic circle, we have now at length got an Arabian novelist, who feels and expresses all the genuine contempt which a man of the true Caucasian race ought to experience for our flat-nosed selves. In pure humility we accept his contempt and his novel—digest the one, and read the other, and try, as becomes us, to understand it. Owing, however, to the flatness of our noses, we succeed but very imperfectly. Indeed, while writing the present article, we have longed ardently for a slice of Adam Besso's fundamental feature, to revive the picturesque phrase of Lord Castlereagh, being oppressed by the consciousness that our relationship to Tristam Shandy, the bridge of whose intellectual promontory was demolished by an accident purely European, wholly shuts us out from the higher mysteries of the Arabians.

Lord Bacon is of opinion that there is much wisdom in the fables of the ancients, and we dare say his lordship is quite right, though it would appear to require no small degree of genius to lift the legendary veil which conceals it, and thus make ourselves master of the treasure. The mythological student will remember, however, that there existed a mighty personage—possibly a Jew or an Arab—in the most flourishing period of the heroic ages, whose spear wounded you with one end and healed you with the other. Mr. Disraeli seems desirous of making this same use of romantic literature, which that fabulous hero did of his spear. It has enervated and corrupted the public mind, induced listless habits of thought, a dreamy craving after excitement, a reckless dependance upon fortune, the belief, in fact, that Fortunatus's wishing-cap is a thing of possible acquisition, not by the exertion of energy in action, but by a mere effort of wilfulness; and he now designs to employ the same instrument in restoring to us our manly habits, our appetite for labour, our unsophisticated faith, patience, and contemptuous disregard of danger. The design is laudable, but has he made any progress towards its fulfilment? Let the honest readers of "Tancred" speak out. We think he has been fighting windmills, and failed to destroy even these. Our opinion may be erroneous; let those who can penetrate the mystic sense of the work, prove that it is so, by explaining the author's intentions, and distinctly pointing out his aim. To us, as we have already more than once remarked, it appears to be simply a hoax. The writer affects a philosophical air, and seeks to have it thought that he has something to disclose, that he may keep alive the jaded appetite of novel readers, and carry them with him to the end of the third volume, when they must confess to themselves, whether they will do so to others or not, that they have been in chase of a Will-o'-the-wisp, who, having led them all the way to Jerusalem, vanishes there, leaving nothing else but a sense of weariness behind.

Nothing, did we say? We were wrong. Much, very much is left behind, which no virtuous or considerate parent would like to discover in his child's mind. An impaired belief in every incentive to goodness—secret admiration, perhaps, for rogues like Fakrideen—and if nothing else, some modicum at least of fondness for masquerading and insincere vagabonds, such as is every one of Mr. Disraeli's heroes, from Tancred down to Baroni. What then is it that reconciles the reading public to such productions as this, that gives them currency, that makes them even the vogue, and raises their author to notoriety? The rage is somewhat abating for the excitement administered by works of fiction. This mental hunger is not nice, but like physical hunger devours indiscriminately what falls in its way, preferring of course that which is most highly seasoned and stimulating. Now Mr. Disraeli, to give

him his due, infuses into his fictions many of those qualities which adapt them to the taste of the habitual novel-reader. If he cannot construct a narrative, or paint a natural character, he can wield the weapons of satire and sarcasm with considerable skill, can speak bitterly of his contemporaries, mercilessly ridicule those with whom he mingles in society, and sketch off caricatures of his acquaintances, which, like the figures in "Punch," are sufficiently like the originals to be recognised.

Nor is this all. Mr. Disraeli is a man of some reading, has skimmed over the surface of several literatures, and picked up by the way many notions which, when deftly tricked out, appear to the unpractised eye so many indications of philosophy. To the thinking part of the community, such delusions are merely so many subjects of laughter. But what then? It is not to thinking men and women that such works are addressed, but to their opposites, to dreamers and visionaries, to idlers and castle-builders, who, with their feet buried in the hearth-rug, or resting on the polished fender, perform daily a voyage to somebody or another's Utopia. Still, to examine his facts or expose his errors would probably be considered altogether superfluous. He himself might take shelter behind the license supposed to be afforded by the particular form of composition he cultivates; with some show of reason he might contend that the fault is not his, if people will persist in looking for history or philosophy in fiction, where they ought to esteem themselves happy if they find agreeable nonsense and stirring improbabilities. This apology would be disingenuous, but would nevertheless exactly suit Mr. Disraeli's purpose; and it can scarcely be doubted that, if pushed, he would have recourse to it. However, it may be worth while to point out one or two of the ridiculous errors into which he falls, even on questions with which, as a Jew, he ought to be most familiar—we mean the history of Palestine.

Affecting the desire to invest with sanctity the terrestrial scene of what he denominates the Asian mysteries, and recollecting that the Crusaders, though they conquered Palestine, were unable to keep it, and having some dim knowledge besides of sundry events which have since taken place in that part of the world, he hopes that history will bear him out in asserting that none but the Jewish or Ishmaelite races can hold supremacy over the Holy Land. It may be consistent with his innocence to think so. But history is a merciless antagonist to fiction, and tears and scatters away its flimsy cobwebs, as the hurricane lifted the tents of his forefathers from the plains of the Decapolis. None but the Jewish and Ishmaelite races hold supremacy over Palestine! Why they have never been supreme there, save during a few obscure ages, when the great empires of the world had no leisure to think of them. The Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Medes, Persians, Macedonians, and Romans, the Crusaders, and the Turks, have in succession been sovereign masters of Syria, and kept the effeminate and servile races of Israel and Ishmael, when they had ceased to be dwellers in tents, in oppressive and contemptuous bondage. Let Mr. Disraeli look at Jerusalem now—are the Osmanlis of the race of Ishmael? They have carried their victorious standards over the whole land of the Ishmaelites, down to the very straits of Babelmandeb, and eastward to the pearl-banks of Oman, and made even the boasted chivalry of the desert yield to their impetuous though irregular valour. This we say, not in disparagement of the Arabs, whose gallantry we have often seen and admired, but to show the futility of a wimpering sophist of May-Fair attempting to foreshadow the process by which the ignorant horsemen of the Asiatic wilderness are, according to his bewildered imagination, to regenerate the civilised and refined populations of the North.

We are aware that we treat these rhapsodies too seriously, and that the Shrewsbury rabbi may have originally put them forward as mere *jeux d'esprits;* but, on the other hand, he may be in earnest, and at any rate the majority among the organs of the press so interpret him. No great harm, therefore, can result from our investing for a moment a mere trifle with importance, and reasoning on a fantastical vision as though it were a work of grave meaning. On some points, no doubt, Mr. Disraeli is altogether in earnest, as when he talks of the "grotesque drollery of Parliament," and "the grovelling tyranny of

self-government." These certainly are not oriental inventions, though the Bedouins of the Nedjed would probably treat the man to a taste of their spears who should attempt to interfere with their immemorial privilege of governing themselves.

Mr. Disraeli understands little of the institutions of those people upon whose characters and manners he dissertates so glibly. The Arabs of the desert abhor tyranny as much as we do, which is the single feeling that has ennobled their race; while the contemptible populations of Syria, whether sweltering in the valleys or shivering on the mountains, have been beaten into servitude like dogs, by a hundred successive conquerors.

But the new Crusader discovers, forsooth, tokens of universal decay in the north, and, like a Gheber, turns his face towards the rising sun, in search of illumination, and a fresh source of vitality. If he have eyes to see, the sight which presents itself in that direction must be very far from consoling. For what at this moment is Asia—what is it but a mere Golgotha, a charnel-house, a huge battle-field, on which the energetic and indomitable races of the west are hunting down, and giving the *coup de grâce* to the descendants of those imperial robbers, who, at the head of their barbarous chivalry, some ages ago, terrified the world? Never was there an unhappier or more preposterous idea, than that of looking at this time of day for a new revelation from the east. Their candle is burnt out, and it is we who are commissioned from on high to carry back the knowledge of revelation to them. We are trampling, at God's command evidently, on their superstitions and their vices, on their crumbling despotisms and their pride, and rearing the altars of Christianity, and charity, and brotherly love on the ashes and ruins of the base and sanguinary creeds with which the east has always teemed from the earliest dawn of history. A mere handful of Englishmen have seated themselves in the heart of Asia, where they bid defiance to the whole of its native forces, and, like so many lions among sheep, have only to show themselves to scare away the effeminate rabble. Nay, on the very shores of Syria, only six years ago, we gave the Asiatic populations a lesson, which they themselves will not soon forget, though Mr. Disraeli may be unable to draw the proper moral from it. We arrested a victorious adventurer in the midst of his conquests, and after two or three significant acts of civilisation, at Beyrout, Acre, and elsewhere, drove the terrified Ishmaelites back, pell-mell, across their deserts, where the mere fear of giving us offence has kept them quiet ever since. And in a philosophical point of view, can any thinking man compare for a moment the east and the west—the latter with its towering genius, penetrating to the remotest borders of the visible universe, investigating and comprehending the laws by which its Creator regulates it, and deigns to suffer his creatures to understand; lifting up the veil from the thinking principle, and disclosing the subtle mechanism of the soul; wandering backward and forward in time, contemplating the cradle of our species, and looking with pious confidence on its grave—the latter, immersed in squalid superstition, taking omens from the crawling of serpents, from the neighing of horses, from the flight of crows, from the gibbering of monkeys and baboons, and attributing its humiliation and defeats, by the intrepid and irresistible Franks, to the capricious freaks of sorcerers, or the agency of invisible genii?

Not that we would be understood to despise so much as we pity the east. It has performed its spontaneous mission, and by one of those laws of reaction, which Providence has enacted, and against which no human force can rebel, must now consent to receive enlightenment and civilisation from those whom it formerly assisted to refine. Mr. Disraeli entertains a most erroneous opinion if he seriously supposes that God never spoke to a European. He speaks to our great and glorious race daily, in the only manner in which he ever spoke to man, that is, in a spiritual and ineffable manner, which, by whatever language expressed, whether direct or symbolical, can never be rendered thoroughly intelligible. We cannot and dare not enter here into an inquiry into the mysterious dispensations of our Creator, whose hand is for ever over us, by whose goodness we exist, and who, at various periods of the world's history, has revealed his will in sundry ways to us. But they entertain most inadequate notions of the Deity, who fail in all circumstances to perceive, that in communicating with his creatures, he has employed an in-

mediate agency, the nature of which the utmost reach of our faculties is inadequate to comprehend. We think it, therefore, inconsistent with true piety, inconsistent with the profound and affectionate reverence with which we, the humblest of intelligent creatures, ought to look up to the maker and father of us all, peremptorily to determine on what minds he has lent illumination. He is the author of every good and perfect gift, and there is not a single great impulse of love by which we are invited to benefit our fellow-creatures, or warmed into rapturous adoration of himself, which does not trace its origin directly to the fountain of all good.

From this ground, however, we retreat with awe, and return to make some few less serious observations on the New Crusader. On one point we strongly sympathise with the writer; we allude to the earnest solicitude he feels for the emancipation of the Jews throughout the world. This is a feeling which does him honour. From the respectable position he occupies, it is gratifying to behold him descend, even in the pages of fiction, to hold communion with the humble Israelite in Houndsditch who, surrounded with the noise and turmoil of this world's business, celebrates there the traditional Feast of Tabernacles. No passage in the whole work has touched us like that. With your Tancreds and Fakrideens, with your Dukes of Bellamont, your Sidonias, and Lords Eskdale, we feel no sympathy whatever; but with the humble Jew, who, in conformity with the practice of his forefathers, and in obedience to laws which he still believes to be divine, purchases his willow boughs, and builds his simple bower, in the court of his dingy and dusky house, our heart most pleasurably and strongly yearns. We respect him for his obedient piety, however mistaken, and are persuaded that with so much firmness and fortitude, so much love of immemorial traditions, so much veneration for rites, handed down from father to son through a period of four thousand years, this obscure and isolated man must possess much goodness of heart, and great capabilities of civilisation. Why will not Mr. Disraeli cut his lords and his visionaries, and give us a novel of humble and simple Jewish life, no matter though the hero were an old-clothesman? We should readily accompany him in his adventures, and sit down by his poor quiet fireside, provided the mist of rhetoric did not hide it entirely from our eyes, with as much pleasure as we now feel fatigue in watching the evolutions of a dreary and fashionable aristocrat like Tancred. We are weary of jewels, weary of dukes and lords, weary of all manner of finery, of malachite tables, and worlds of gilding, and drapery, and stuff. Give us the plain thing, homely humanity, just as God has made it, whether it be in the shape of a Jew or a flat-nosed Frank. We love it everywhere, and under all disguises. That Mr. Disraeli loves it too we believe, from the good, hearty, honest way in which he relates the story of the Baroni family, whose adventures we read with particular pleasure, till we came to the conclusion, where we were ridiculously told, they comprised nearly all the existing celebrities of Europe. It is this very peculiarity we complain of throughout Mr. Disraeli's work, the fierce hankering after monopoly, the desire to heap all great and good qualities on the Jews, and churlishly to deny them to the rest of the world. We shall set Mr. Disraeli a better example, by admitting all he claims for his countrymen, except the monopoly. We think it full time that all distinctions should cease between them and the rest of our fellow-citizens, that they should be admitted everywhere and to everything, and that people should learn to look on them altogether as brethren differing from us in certain points of faith, but still children of Adam, and therefore entitled to our respect and affection, and this may at length be said to be the prevalent feeling. No one now feels disposed to persecute a Jew. And *à-propos* of the name, let Mr. Disraeli stick to it, and not seek to substitute in its place, the more sonorous appellation of Hebrew. Jew was once a term of reproach—and is so still in some quarters—but let those who own it live out the prejudice. Time reconciles us to everything; has reconciled political parties to the names of Radicals, Whigs, and Tories, and will gradually strip everything offensive from the name of Jew. But such novels as "Tancred" are by no means calculated to facilitate this process, their effect, so far as they have any, being to irritate, and give force to prejudice, by making extravagant demands on our credulity and simplicity, which it is not likely

that we shall ever be in the humour to grant. It is, in fact, surprising that a person of Mr. Disraeli's shrewdness should not be aware of this. His exaltation, for example, of Sidonia, is a mere solecism, as people know who is meant, and laugh at the *fanfaronade*. Truth, he may rely upon it, is better than exaggeration, and we trust therefore that these observations, should he ever see them, will be taken in good part, and induce him, in his continuation of "Tancred," to throw away his tottering stilts, and walk on the common vulgar earth, like a man of this world. No permanent existence can be accorded to such phantasmagoric personages as the Evas, Astartes, Amaleks, Fakrideens, and Bessos of the present performance. They are the mere ghosts of Arabian tales, and merely float for a moment through a misty atmosphere of extravagance.

"To amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile."

That he can do better we fully believe, but it must be by reducing his dimensions to the natural, by putting Mr. Sidonia to the rightabout, by escaping from the apish and gauzy inhabitants of Mayfair, by forswearing Dukes of Bellamont and Princes of the Lebanon, and Shieks of the Rechabites, and Queens of the Ansarey, and presenting us instead with good flesh and blood Jews, and pretty Jewesses, whether high-nosed or low-nosed will matter not a jot. We like these dark eyed women, who resemble a fragment of the eastern world, lying in startling contrast with our northern fabric of society. Our faith sheds a lustre round those daughters of Zion, and our chivalry inspires us with kindly feeling for them as wanderers in a strange land. Nothing could be easier than for one who understands their inner life, who is familiar with their fashions and habits, and who can describe their peculiarities as Mr. Disraeli undoubtedly can, to fling an air of fascinating romance over the loves and fortunes of the daughters of Israel. We invite him to leave the regeneration of the world to Providence, and turn his attention to this particular achievement. We assure him we are not at all weary of Christianity, and that it is by no means a worn-out creed, but that, on the contrary, it will grow with the growth of civilisation, will strike deeper and deeper root into humanity, and will at length so completely monopolise all that is noble and beautiful in the human heart, that wherever human hands are lifted up in reverence to heaven, it will be to repeat that prayer which our earliest childhood lisps, and which dies on our faltering tongues as we retire from this perishable world through the portals of death. We need, we repeat, no new revelation. There is nothing further to be revealed to us. We have been taught the knowledge of the true God, and if that will not ennoble and purify our race, nothing can. It is not the province of the novelist to invade regions such as these. His business is, to portray our perishable passions and interests, our loves and enmities, our aspirations and our defects. With such materials the most absorbing narratives may be constructed; narratives which will take their place in our permanent literature, and for ever continue to afford pleasure and instruction to those who are in search of them.

Specimens of Petrarca;

SELECTED FROM HIS POEMS ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY T. H. SEALY.

(Author of "The Porcelain Tower," "The Little Old Man of the Wood," &c. &c.)

The Sixth Canzone.

[A dialogue between the poet and Laura, when she appears to him in sleep. She dissuades him from tears, and counsels him to follow in the path by which she has attained to eternal happiness.]

I.

When my sweet comforter and most faithful friend,
To afford me some repose and stay my tears,
Upon the left verge* of my couch appears,
With sweet discourse, to salutary end;
To make me pale whilst fear and reverence blend,

* "Why," asks Tassoni, "upon the left side?" And he adds, "Perhaps because the left side of the poet's bed was turned towards the door of the chamber;" (it would hardly be necessary for a spirit to come in at the door) "or perhaps because he was in the habit of sleeping on his left side, and she placed herself there that she might look him in the face." Other commentators have suggested that it might be because the heart is on the left side; or because things of good omen, according to the ancients, appeared upon that side. The last interpretation may receive some confirmation from a passage in the third canzone of the same series, where, in a vision, Laura is represented under the form of a wild creature with a human face, appearing from the *right*; and in this instance the augury is evil, for she is chased by hounds, which presently destroy her.

"Whence com'st thou, kindliest spirit, now?"
·aws a little bough
m, and one of laurel, from her breast,
ays, "From calmly blest
s of the Empyrean, and from those
there have bliss, I come to heal thy woes."

II.

ire and by words I thank her care,
nble guise, and then demand: "But whence
est thou my misery?" She responds,
"From hence
wave of weeping which thou wilt not spare—
ıtmosphere of sorrow—through the air
ıp to heaven, and there disturb my peace.
ıch, that I should cease
misery, grieves thee; from a world of strife;
·each a happier life:
ɔause for joy, didst thou but love so well
ce thy wont, by word, by act, to tell."

III.

:: "Only for myself I moan,
here in darkness and in woe remain;
e that *thou* the paths of heaven would'st gain,
a thing to sense the clearliest known.
·od and Nature, how would they have sown
ıch of virtue in one youthful heart,
hat the holy part
·e on earth should find its guerdon there?
ıon, 'mongst spirits, fair!*
e lofty worth to us awhile was given,
all too suddenly, then, recalled to heaven!

IV.

se than weep what here have I to do,
ɔ, and sad, who, without *thee*, am nought?
hat the cradle and the breast had brought
ɔrm of life, ere woes of love I knew!"
she: "Why weep, why waste thyself in dew?
better far to lift thy wings from earth,
things of mortal worth:
And these sweet fallacies, ever thy fond theme,
To balance with just beam:
And follow me, if truth be in thy vows;
Gathering, thereby, high prize of similar boughs."

V.

"I wished to ask, what mean those two green sprays?"
I then resumed: and, gently, in return,
She thus: "Solve thou, thyself, what thou would'st learn,
Who with thy pen hast given the one such praise.
VICTORY the *palm*: and I, even in young days,
O'ercame the world, myself: the *laurel*, sign
Of TRIUMPH, is also mine,
By grace of that GREAT LORD who gave me force.
Then thou from error's course
Turn, turn to HIM—HIS saving health implore,
That we may yet meet, when thy race is o'er."

VI.

"Are those the fair, fair locks, the entangling gold,
That yet," I cry, "enchains my heart? Are those
The eyes that were my day?" "Oh, why suppose
Such things," she cries, "as idiot worldlings hold!
A naked soul am I, of heaven's blest fold.
That which thou seekest, long years since, is clay.
But, thy lone griefs to allay,
Is given to me this semblance; and *that*, too,
Its beauty shall renew
In greater beauty; and more dear be she
Whose piteous sternness saved her soul and thee."

I weep; and her sweet hand
Wipes off my tears; and, this soft balm applying,
She blames herself for sighing,
With accents that might make even hard rocks weep;
And, after these, *she* fades away, and *sleep*.†

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nguished for thy beauty, even amongst the spirits of heaven.

† "Postea discedunt pariter somnusque, Deusque." So Ovid says, in his *Metamorphoses*; and Dante: "Poi ella e'l sonno ad una se n'andaro."—*Tassoni*.

The Miser's Will;

OR,

Love and Avarice.*

AN ENGLISH TALE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DISCOVERY.

The next morning Frederick Wilson having breakfasted, and arrayed himself in a costume which became his now elegant and gentlemanly mien, and without for a moment thinking of returning to his duties—for his money seemed to him an inexhaustible sum—started on his way to visit the Cartwrights, and thus obtain some explanation of Mary's sudden disappearance on the previous night. The house reached, he gave a modest and even hesitating knock, which however was rapidly answered by a neatly-costumed servant girl.

"Whom do you please to want, sir?" she inquired with a curtsey.

"Mrs. Cartwright, is she at home?"

"I will see, sir; what name shall I say?"

"Mr. Wilson," he replied, somewhat astonished.

The girl closed the door and hastened up stairs.

"A change has taken place," muttered our hero.

"Will you walk up, sir?" said the girl from the landing.

Wilson complied and was speedily introduced into the drawing room, where he found Mrs. Cartwright, who surrounded by handsome furniture, and neatly dressed, received him, as he thought, somewhat coldly.

"I am glad to see you looking better," said Wilson.

"Thank you, I am better."

"I hope no illness caused Miss Cartwright to leave last night so early," he inquired timidly.

"A slight indisposition. But I am sorry I can't detain you, Mr. Wilson—I have to go out—I will convey your kind inquiries to Miss Cartwright."

Wilson, too much astonished at this reception to say anything, stammered forth good morning, and retired in the utmost confusion. Passing the servant, he paused: "Is Miss Cartwright at home?" he said.

The girl hesitated.

"Here," and Wilson slipped half-a-crown into her hand.

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name, my pretty girl?"

"Emma, sir," replied the girl, with a laugh and a blush.

"Emma what?"

"Emma Walters."

"Very good; be my friend, and you shall not repent it."

Next minute Wilson was in the street. Without entering the shop, where he saw H. Smith, apparently unconscious of his presence, standing dispensing behind the counter, he hurried along and speedily reached Oxford-street. As he entered within it, a carriage turned the corner and drew up. Within it sat a woman of surprising beauty and richly clothed. She was apparently looking at the name of the street. Wilson looked at her, and their eyes met. There was something in this look which struck both, for the lady blushed and Wilson looked confused, and was apparently about to hurry away.

"Excuse me, sir," said the lady, leaning from her carriage. "but my coachman is very stupid, he is a Frenchman, and knows not London. Where is Berners-street."

This was said in good English, but with a slight French accent.

Wilson, still his eyes fixed on her lovely countenance, pointed it out.

"You are very kind, sir, and from thence to Pall Mall."

"Really, madam, I fear you will scarcely recollect my directions."

"Ah! excuse my foreign frankness, but if Monsieur would show me."

"Oh! madame," replied our hero, quite confused.

"You are too kind," said the lady, with a bewitching smile; "but allow me to offer you a seat."

The young man half bewildered with what had passed at the Cartwrights, and still more at his strange and incomprehensible meeting with so lovely a personage, found himself seated beside the charming Frenchwoman, ere he could think twice. Thanking the fair occupant, and sinking back upon the soft cushions, Wilson was about endeavouring to rally his wandering thoughts, when he saw Mrs. Cartwright leaning on the arm of her pale and sad-faced daughter, coming up the street, their eyes fixed upon the carriage. Wilson, he knew not why, turned pale, and leaned his head upon his hand.

"Why, Monsieur," exclaimed his companion, gaily, "this is quite a romance of the olden time. One would say, Queen Margot carrying off a Bretagne knight."

"The comparison is well applicable to you," said Wilson, endeavouring to rally, but his face almost belying his words.

"You are gallant; I had not thought your nation guilty of such lightness."

* Continued from page 224.

"And yet you know us well; you speak our language like a native."

"You flatter, sir; but I have lived much with one English person, my mother."

"Ah! indeed; and do you reside now in England."

"For the opera season?"

Wilson raised his eyes inquiringly to her face.

"You belong to the company?"

"Ah, sir, and do you ask me that; I thought you recognised me."

"No!" exclaimed Wilson, in unfeigned surprise; "I never was at the opera."

"What!" exclaimed the lady, with wide-opened eyes; "are you not Mr. Graham, brother of Captain Graham, introduced to me after the opera last evening."

"No, my name is Wilson; pardon me if I have intruded."

The lady laughed heartily.

"This indeed is an adventure," she cried; "but as we have met, and you have been so polite, allow me the satisfaction of thanking you in my own house—besides," she added, gravely, "ask me no questions, but I would know you better."

"Mysterious this," laughed Wilson, "but I am too polite to ask a lady for reasons."

"You are sarcastic, Monsieur."

"Not at all, or if so, uuintentionally."

Gradually the fair stranger, whose name she said was Eugenia, drew the young man into conversation about himself; and flattered by the interest apparently exhibited, he told her all, even the minutest details connected with the events of the last few days.

"You love this girl?" she said, with a stern smile.

"I do."

"Frederick Wilson," exclaimed Eugenia, "she shall be yours, put faith in me. But come, sir, you are very gallant to tell this to a Frenchwoman, who has violently laid hold of you, and is bearing you away into captivity in her carriage."

"Truly, madam, it seems strange; but not more strange than our meeting."

"Nothing more simple," replied Eugenia.

"How, madam? The days of romance are over."

"But I was waiting for you."

"For me, madam!" exclaimed Frederick, colouring violently; "really I—"

"Mr. Wilson," replied the young Frenchwoman, gravely, "put no false constructions on my words. But waiting for you I was, and with a purpose which one day you will know; you are a much more important personage than you think yourself. But mind one thing. Whatever I may *have been*, I am *now* your friend."

"Madam," again exclaimed Frederick, still more astonished, "I cannot understand."

"Nor will you just now. Leave it to me, and be sure you have found a true friend."

"I believe you; but all this trouble about a poor orphan, who never knew his parents."

"Never knew your parents!" said Eugenia, fixing her eyes with curiosity upon him.

"I never did."

"How were you brought up?"

"At a village in Devonshire, where, until eighteen, I remained with a Dr. Granger. About this time he died, and with a few pounds in my pocket, I came to London to seek my fortune."

"And did the Doctor know your parents?"

"I believe he did, but died too suddenly to make me acquainted with the fact. Besides, I was away at the time, and he was attended by a stranger, who left ere I returned."

"Young man," said Eugenia, warmly, "you have enemies—enemies who fear you; now men are not feared unless in them is power to injure those who tremble at their name. Some wrong has been done you, *we* will find it out."

"*We*, madam!"

"Yes, Mr. Wilson," replied she, "*we*. I think I see it all; if so, I have a right to aid you."

"But can you give me no clue."

"I would rather not. My head already whirls with the prospect that flashes before me. The awful career of crime and guilt seems to be now clear and undoubted; and you can upset it all, give happiness to hearts now sad, and defeat the machinations of villany."

"I!"

"Yes, you; whom I was to be made an instrument of ruining."

"You, madam! I cannot think it."

"You shall soon know all, but here we are at my house. Come in; it is necessary to my plans you should be often here."

Despite the young man's affection for Mary, he did not the less reply that the necessity was a very charming one indeed, and imposed no very rude duty upon him.

"We shall see, Mr. Wilson. But know that you will be always welcome."

The apartments into which Wilson was ushered were small, but furnished in the peculiar style of elegance which particularly appertains to those who fret their hour upon the stage. There was a charming piano, a harp, music in abundance, pictures of celebrated singers covered the walls, while everywhere were signs of the presiding spirit of the place—the taste of a woman.

"Where is Madame Berly?" inquired

Eugenia of the servant who preceded them.

"She is in her room, mademoiselle," replied the waiting-maid.

"Call her, then."

"I hope I do not intrude."

"Oh, no! you are expected."

Wilson looked surprised and bewildered.

"More mysteries. Miss Berly, I beseech you keep me no more in suspense. What plans are connected with me?"

"One of vast importance to the plotter, and still more to you."

"You are soon back," said a tall and commanding woman, of somewhat stern countenance, as she entered the room.

"Yes, and after meeting with success, as this gentleman's presence will testify."

"My daughter!" exclaimed the mother, with an air of surprise and terror.

"My mother, I see through all the objects of *our patron*. Unwittingly, indeed, did I set about the task assigned, but when this gentleman, with a frankness which is the first charm of his character—"

Frederick bowed and blushed simultaneously.

"Told me his history and hopes, I saw all. Excuse me one moment, sir," and the actress drew her mother aside. "Look in his face, and tell me, mother, if you see no likeness in him to one much loved by you; I even can trace it."

"Great God, child!—ah! yes. The very hair and eyes. Eugenia, I am sure—"

"But hush, mother, we have yet much to learn. I begin to know that our suspicions have been all along correct. He knows of the husband's place of concealment."

"Could it be he who has caused all this?" said the mother.

"I could lay my life on it. Mr. Wilson, my mother invites you to dine with us," continued Eugenia; "and while we wait, pray give us some account of your young days?"

"A stranger," continued Madame Berly, "you may think my questions impertinent, but, be assured, I ask them not idly."

"I am sure of it, madam; and will answer with pleasure."

"You remember your arrival at Dr. Granger's?"

"As if it were yesterday. I was nearly ten years old. My mother had just died."

"Do you remember her?"

"Oh, madam, her portrait is engraved upon my heart."

"It does you credit," exclaimed the lady, kindly. "But how about your journey to the Doctor's?"

"The evening after the funeral, which was attended only by strangers, a man came and took me away. We travelled for several hours, and when it was quite dark, we arrived at a school; here I was put, and never quitted it for eight long years."

"Have you seen that man since?"

"I sometimes fancy that I have—lately."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but it seem to be in my dreams."

"Frederick Wilson," exclaimed Madame Berly, "the hand of God is visible in this; to Him give thanks. A little caution, and the schemes of years will be overthrown."

With these words she rose, took from the mantlepiece a closed miniature, and suddenly opened it before the young man's eyes.

"My mother!" cried Wilson, turning pale.

"My sister's child, come to my heart," said the elder lady.

"Madam," exclaimed our hero, more and more bewildered every moment.

"Yes, my nephew," replied Madame Berly, with tears in her eyes, "and it is against you that he would have had us conspire—against you that he would have us be false."

"My dear cousin," said Eugenia, wiping her fine eyes.

"My dear cousin," replied Wilson, "but for Heaven's sake explain all this?"

"Maurice Herbert," said Madame Berly, "for that is your name; your mother married—against the wishes of her friends, and particularly against the wish of her brother, Henry Cartwright Hastings, my brother—Captain Herbert. He died soon after your birth, and your mother, deserted and denied by all her relations, died of grief and poverty. It is said, her brother made search for her, employing one who had his entire confidence; this man said that he failed to find her, and we all believed him. That man took you to Dr. Granger's, and yet to us reported you dead before your mother."

"But with what object?"

"Many; for oh, now do I see it all. But the name—quick, the name," continued she, suddenly, "of this girl whom you love."

"Mary Cartwright."

"Your uncle's wife and child, hid in *his* house. Oh, villany, villany. I see it all."

"Another cousin!"

"Yes. But now, dear Maurice," continued the lady, "let me recommend you caution. You know H. Smith?"

"I do," replied Maurice, blushing.

"Well, of this man beware—he is your enemy."

Our hero, with terror on his face, related his connections with the benevolent apothecary.

"And to this man I owe money," he cried.

"Never mind, it must be paid, but not just now—it would excite suspicion."

Madame Berly then explained to our hero, that, about two years before, Mr. Hastings, after many years of happiness, had suddenly disappeared, no one knew whither, leaving his wife and child utterly helpless. They, too proud under misfortune to seek the aid of friends, had retired into obscurity, living only on a small pension, which reached them from the absent husband through the medium of H. Smith.

The cause of the husband's flight was not known, though a hint had been given by the apothecary that it was caused by a belief in his wife's infidelity, originating he could not tell how.

"But now, dear nephew, I see it all; this man, this black and heartless villain, in the hope of gaining Hastings's wealth (for they have been sworn brothers from youth) has caused all this. It was he who poisoned the husband's ears; he who kept you out of the way, for fear you should inherit his wealth; he it was, who, thinking you unrecognisable, would have had Eugenia wed you to take you away from all chance of being discovered—who lent you money to have you in his power—"

"Yes, madam, I see all; clear as the noon-day sun," replied Maurice Herbert; "but thanks to you—thanks to you, my dear cousin, we will upset all these conspiracies."

"We will; but first to find Mr. Hastings."

"You are right, madam," said Maurice; "this is our first task."

"Then, dear Maurice," continued Eugenia, "the Cartwrights must be let into our secret."

"Thanks, dear cousin, but how is this to be done?"

"I know not why," said Madame Berly, "but Smith wishes us to spend an evening with the Cartwrights, bringing you as an intimate friend."

"I see, madam, I see; to make them believe me false in my professions to Mary."

"Ah! this accounts for his promised dowry of a thousand pounds upon our wedding-day," replied Eugenia, blushing at the part she had been tempted to play, even towards a supposed stranger.

"Rely upon it," said Madame Berly, "Mr. Hastings has hinted his wish to make his sister's son his heir."

"I his heir!" exclaimed Maurice.

"Yes, child, and heir to more than fifteen thousand a year."

Chapter VII.

THE MISER'S WILL.

No. 7 was in the habit of receiving H. Smith only at the house, where we have before described them as having met, he remained in perfect ignorance of the other. No. 7, accordingly, every Saturday night, the night of Smith's visit, left his chosen residence, and returned to that which the apothecary believed to be always occupied by him. But the recluse put no faith in man, and though the chemist was the only one he had trusted for two years, it was but a doubtful confidence.

About midnight, the usual time selected for his visit, H. Smith was again at the door of the house, and in a few minutes within the room occupied by the recluse. It was empty, but a blazing fire, two candles, an open book, showed that he was close at hand, and Smith sat down to wait.

Before him lay a desk, and on it a large sheet of paper.

"What can this be?" muttered the apothecary.

He peered cautiously round. Not a soul was at hand.

"Let us see."

He moved towards the desk, and at once recognised the form of the document.

IT WAS THE MISER'S WILL.

The heart of H. Smith leaped to his mouth, and becoming paler than usual, he glanced round the room once more, and then down the open page.

"My God!" he half cried aloud, as he saw his own name sole legatee to all the vast property of the recluse. The will was properly signed and witnessed, but by whom the apothecary had not time to see, as footsteps sounded without, and the recluse entered.

"Good evening, Habakkuk."

"Good evening, Henry."

"Any news?" said No. 7, sinking into his chair, and methodically folding up and secreting the important document in a small ebony box.

"Put this on the shelf," he continued, ere the other could answer.

"Little news," said Smith, whose emotion was so great he could scarcely utter a syllable.

"There never is now," replied the other, testily, "I pay enough though. Do you know, Smith, I am sick of this life. I shall turn miser in earnest, and leave all I have to my heir."

"And who will he be?"

"One who deserves my love and affection," said the miser, with a faint smile.

"And pray who may that be, my friend?"

"If you cannot guess, Smith, it surely

will not be I that shall tell you," said the other, quietly.

"Well, well! I am not curious!" said Smith, with affected carelessness, "so that you enjoy it living, let who will have it when you die."

"And my wife, Habakkuk?" said the recluse sadly, even tenderly.

Smith started.

"I have had no news this week."

"And of my nephew, no trace yet? I would fain make him some small amends for what I made his mother suffer."

"None," replied the apothecary.

"Then good night, Habakkuk, I am tired, and shall to rest."

With these words the recluse rose, candle in hand, to show his companion out.

Smith would have demurred, intending to have asked for money, but dazzled by the brilliant fortune which awaited him, hurried away without another word.

The street gained he breathed more freely.

"Everything goes as I could wish. The will is made, and in my favour. *They* are safe enough; while *he*, thanks to Eugenia, who detests the stage, and will make any sacrifice to leave it, will soon be far away, feeding pigs on the banks of the Seine. Glorious future!"

And he hurried home to dream of fifteen thousand a year.

Meanwhile No. 7 had left the house after him, and was hurrying in the direction of his retreat in the Borough. Gaining the inside of the house in the usual manner, he found Count Marino and Jenkins keeping guard.

"Well, master," said the latter, "any work to night?"

"None; you can go to bed."

"Thanks."

The recluse hurried away, after informing his satellites that he should require their services early in the morning.

"Oh," said Jenkins, as soon as he was quite out of sight, "hand us the bottle?"

The room in which this strange couple were was the kitchen. An old, decrepit, and tumble-down place, like the rest of the house, but now rendered habitable by a large fire, and sundry other comforts, with which the men were supplied in abundance. On a table before them were cards, a bottle of brandy, pipes, and other luxuries appertaining to their class.

"Wheugh," said Jenkins, "I have hardly got my breath yet. I thought he would overtake me. His legs are like a horse's."

"And so he has another house?"

"A mansion, a first vater," replied the other.

"Well?"

"That's where he keeps the coal——"

"The what?"

"The mocassea."

"Oh, the rhino."

"You twig now?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't see myself why we shouldn't make our fortunes."

"He promises he will make them."

"With, I suppose, enough to spend in a week. I mean a real fortune, some thousands, my boy."

"How would you make this fortune?"

"Easy enough. Enter that house, as we did this, and next week we will be on the blue water; heigho for New York!"

"Jenkins," said Count Marino, "enough of this. Once you led me into such crime, and we failed. Enough; I go no more. Besides, this man has given me money—I that would have robbed him of all; and my home is once more bright, my child is well, and in hopes of an honourable alliance."

"With a penniless, runaway clerk."

"It may be, but who has good friends. Once settled, they will forgive him."

"Just as you please; your private affairs are no business of mine. Then you will none of this adventure?"

"I will none of it, Jenkins."

"Perhaps you are right, and we may make more by serving him."

"I care not, but enough of crime for me. A means of making an honest pound is before me, and I will not refuse it."

"Bravo, Rhino," said Jenkins, with an affected laugh; "but let us drop the subject."

"With pleasure. What about the Japanese Minstrels?"

"Oh, I had almost forgotten the poor devils. I must announce them for next week."

"Do you think they will do, Jenkins?"

"No, Jenkins would say, no; but Signor Paulo Laffochini will tell you, yes. Dress up the first street beggar you meet, call him a Persian, Armenian, Ethiopian, a Red-Indian, set him to do anything, and he will succeed. Foreign talent is appreciated in England."

"In England only, Jenkins?"

"Oh, no; everywhere. In England we are no worse than our neighbours. Every country loves that which is strange, novel, and hence exciting. Bah! give me a capital, and I would make a fortune with it. I would have an Anthropophagi, or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders; I would have giants from Tartary, pig-tailed Chinese, and dwarfs from Timbuctoo, and not one should have left the sound of Bow bells!"

"Are Cockneys the best hands to work with?"

ye, are they, worth fifty of any
."
Cockney sees with half an eye what
r man takes a week to discover. Ah,
ow long should I have been
g a Japanese minstrel out of a Berk-
lod?"
vonder, with your talents you have
eady made your fortune."
kins sighed, and did not reply. He
have said, his talents once fearfully
plied, had rendered after efforts hope-
ad that now his hopes were confined
bye-ways and back alleys of the
He could not come into the light.

Chapter VIII.

E NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

Monday morning H. Smith sat at
eakfast table. Before him lay the
mp and unfolded newspaper. His
vas still revelling upon the delight-
covery which he had made, that he
be the heir to all the fortunes of his
ed and unhappy victim. A smile of
h wandered on his lip. All his
as yet, went well. Maurice Her-
vas in his toils, while that Eugenia
with her peculiar fascinations, suc-
ensnaring him, he doubted not.
his moment Count Marino was an-
d.
, ha!" said Smith, with a peculiar
"you are come at last. I thought
st."
u have not wanted me, I hope."
t particularly," replied H. Smith.
this Frederick Wilson, have you won
money yet?"
t a stiver."
w is this?"
will not play."
, ah! does he grow prudent already.
me he be sent away."
d pray," asked Marino, curiously,
is your peculiar interest in the lad
take so much pains to ruin him?"
ce when have you learned to ask
ns," said H. Smith, almost fiercely.
ask none, if they be disagreeable,"
ned the Count, with much humility.
d of Heaven!" cried the apothecary,
pale as ashes, and falling back
speechless in his chair, "what is
aning of this?"
he top of the second column of the
was the following advertisement:
Maurice Herbert, son of Captain
rt, who died about the year 18—,
ply to Messrs. Paul and Oakam, he
ar of something to his advantage."
very next was as follows:
Mrs. Cartwright Hastings will apply
to Messrs. Paul and Oakam, she will hear of something to her advantage."

Then again:

"If Mr. Henry Cartwright Hastings be still alive, his address will much oblige; if he himself should see this advertisement, he is earnestly requested to call on Mr. Richard Stuart, Gray's Inn Square."

"Count," said the apothecary, trembling violently in every limb, terror-stricken and pale as a ghost, "I am taken suddenly unwell. I must have rest. Will you call on me this evening? I shall have work for you!"

The Count bowed and retired, returning at once to No. 7 in the Borough. As soon as he entered the house, he went up into his room.

"Well?" said the recluse.

"He has seen the advertisements; at all events something in the paper frightened him terribly."

"Were they in a good place?"

"Very," said the Count, who had unfortunately glanced at them, without reading them, thus losing sight of the third, for he had only interest in two.

"It works," exclaimed the recluse. "Great God! and is there to be then an end of all this. One little week, and we shall see!"

And he walked his small room in rapid strides.

"Where is Jenkins?"

"Gone home, sir."

"When does he return?"

"Before dark."

"As soon as he comes, send him round to the lawyer's; we shall then see who has called."

"Yes, sir."

"And did you hear nothing else?"

"Nothing, sir, except—"

"Except what?"

"Mr. Smith, for some reasons I know not of, is bent on the ruin of a youth, a young man about twenty-one; he has known him but a few weeks, has lent him money on a note, has lent him money at cards, and," continued the unhappy man, hanging down his head, "has employed me to win from him his all."

"The name of this youth?" cried the recluse, standing erect and menacing before the Count.

"Frederick Wilson."

"His appearance—his employment?"

Marino gave every detail of which he was cognisant.

"What? How did you say he became acquainted with this youth?"

"Wilson protected from insult a young lady, very poor, who lives with her mother in Smith's house."

"Her name, man?" cried the recluse, an awful fire beaming from his eyes; his cheek livid, his hair dropping big drops of cold perspiration.

"Mary Cartwright."

"And I must not kill this monster!" groaned the other, sinking back in his chair.

The Count looked on in silence.

"And the mother, describe her?" said No. 7, in a hollow whisper.

"I never saw either," replied the Count.

"God of Heaven, the monster! And I, blind fool, how have I been tricked. But it is neither to late for revenge nor reparation."

"Have you got any further orders, sir?"

"None," replied the recluse.

The Count then went below, leaving his employ alone.

All that day did the unfortunate man walk up and down his room. But that revenge was now the uppermost feeling of his heart, he would have flown at once to the house which contained his wife and child. But he felt that the wrongs of years were not to be lightly punished, and he wished, if possible, to have the serpent who had stung him in his power.

Meanwhile H. Smith having disguised his appearance as much as possible, went out to pay a visit to Messrs. Paul and Oakam, and Mr. Richard Stuart.

Thus Smith saw all the advertisements.

Maurice Herbert saw only that emanating from Mr. Richard Stuart, which was cut out for him by the newsman who indited it.

Mrs. Hastings saw none.

(To be continued.)

ON OLD AMYNTICHUS, A GARDENER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

By JOHN EDMUND READE, Esq.

(Author of "Italy," "Continental Impressions," &c.)

Beloved earth! receive into thy breast
The old Amyntichus, reclined in rest;
And, for the works he consecrated thee,
Now recompense his filial piety.
He planted thee with olives, and he bound
Thy brow with myrtle, and vine-tendrils crowned:
He covered thee with harvests, and he drew
Through thy ploughed furrows, waters, to renew
Thy arid breast; he planted trees that bear
Fruits, and the flowers whose blossoms scent the air.
Grateful for his past works, which still have been,
Cover his forehead bald: and still be seen
Over his grave thy grass of richest green!

ON SOPHOCLES.

FROM THE SAME.

May the rose bloom for ever undecayed
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid!
May the vine, teeming, round his head be bound,
Honouring the bard; and laurel boughs surround
Him by the Muses as the Graces crowned.

ON PINDAR.

FROM THE SAME.

"Eagle! that, rising from the tomb,
Dost, soaring, fix thine eye
Upon the abode of gods, yon starry dome:
Say, whither dost thou fly?"

"I am Pindar's soul: I soar
Up to yon Olympian steeps:
The human form on earth I wore,
My father-land, my Athens keeps."

ON THE STATUE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT BY LYSIPPUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Well hath Lysippus rendered back the sir,
Yea, all the form of Alexander there;
What character upon that brazen mould
Is stamped: what energy bursts uncontrolled!
He speaks—and, looking up to heaven, doth cry,
"This earth is mine; thou, Jove! may'st rule the sky."

Thou gazest on the stars, my own life's star!
Thyself a purer, lovelier being far:
Oh, that I could be yonder infinite heaven,
To which thine eyes are raised, thy heart is given;
Then would mine eyes in myriads round thee shine,
And multiply *their* gaze, while meeting thine.

---

rimage to the Fountain of Arethusa;

OR,

ND A LEGEND OF SYRACUSE.

BY CHILDE CHILPERIC.

hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem
Gallo, sed quæ legat ipsa Lycoris
nt dicenda. Neget quis carmina Gallo?
a fluctus subter labêre Sicanos,
a suam non intermisceat undam!"

felt the magic power of times
the human mind so deeply, as
it entered the harbour of Syra-
er places I had beheld, invested
e interest of historical associa-
men had fought and bled and
ory or for liberty; where acts of
deeds of prowess had been done
h-hearted and ambitious soldier,
itizen who scarcely looked for a
ond the smiles of his domestic
l accepted rather than courted
ise of his countrymen, and the
ours destined to carry his name
e latest posterity. My feet had
he dust which chokes the streets
i, and awoke the echoes which
o thousand years before had
ed by applauding thousands in
buried theatre of Herculaneum.
s occasion—I know not why—a
r thrill of enthusiasm gushed
ay frame, as I gazed on scenes
heroes of old time had tri-
nd suffered, and thought how
le hearts had once thronged
distant hills, and throbbed for
ne there.
ow become a vulgar pleasure to
famed in classic lore. And
is customary to answer, that the
re really alive to the true de-
ich pilgrimages, but that fashion
nt lead the mass, who are more
material enjoyments than the
sation they seem to seek. But
s the very pride of learning?
be a scholar to feel interest in

Who does not know it as the
and the burying-place of great
nen? And this knowledge must
long as genius and virtue, and
fforts of humanity to assimilate
Creator, are held in honour—to
y pulse beat quicker at its ap-
proach, to flush our cheeks with emotion, and to dim our eyes with tears of sympathy and joy. At such times we feel an affinity with the greatness we admire. By pondering over its actions, by dwelling on all that is achieved, we seem to draw nearer to it, we raise ourselves towards its level, we associate ourselves with it and with its reward. By blowing up the embers of departed worth, we catch for a moment the reflex of its brightness on our countenances.

The associations of poetry are of a different character. They vibrate less powerfully through the mind; but, appealing to more tender and less masculine feelings, induce a pleasure perhaps inferior in purity, inferior in the power of inciting to action—inferior, in short, in moral effect, but exquisitely soothing, and possessing something of a divine influence in dispelling every melancholy and gloomy thought. History is full of tragic reminiscences: it tells of the crimes as well as the virtues of human nature; it records the pangs as well as the triumphs of our forefathers; it sternly reminds us that death besets us on every side, and lies in wait at the end of every path; it is fond of dealing with the decrepitude of states, exhibits with more vividness the rise than the fall of empires, delights in pictures of cities taken by storm, of nations dispersed, of families destroyed; it refuses to conceal the failings of the wisest and the best; and if true to its mission, forces upon us the unpalatable truth that man, though made in the image of his God, has in all ages done his best to destroy the resemblance—he distorts his own form in wickedness, and mangles that of his brother in envy. Poetry draws a different picture, paints with its own colours, throws a varnish over the whole scene. Joy is on its lips, love in its heart—it has nothing to do with our weaknesses or our littlenesses; it tells its own story in its own way, uncurbed by the stern events of reality; and instead of reminding us where we are, leads us in spirit to the land whither we should wish to go.

It was for some such reasons as these that, after giving a thought and a sigh to the Athenians whose prison and whose tomb could in the distance be descried, and running rapidly over the list of events and personages connected with this once celebrated place, I passed with pleasure to

the rich fictions of the poets. Far in the distance, pencilled against a sky of intense blue, rose Etna, reminding us of the valley near its foot where Persephone, whilst sporting in the prime of youth and beauty, was snatched away by her grim husband Death. Of this simple tale, and the poets who had embalmed it in imperishable verse, I could not choose but think. Visions too of Hybla and its honey, floating like molten gold in combs of silver, flashed across my mind. And then the pastoral poets, with Theocritus at their head, led forth before my view a bevy of their fairest creations; and scenes of sylvan beauty, of woods and uplands, alive with bleating flocks, swarmed through my brain; and catching my breath and treading lightly, lest the rustling of the leaves should reveal my presence, I beheld the shepherd wooing the maiden of his choice beneath the discreet shade of the elm, and the oak, and the fruitful beech, and the hanging willow by the margin of glassy brooks or quiet lakes, or with the rippling sea shining beneath the arch of leaves beautiful and serene; but in vain soliciting the attention of those who within the depths of each other's eyes beheld all that was lovely and worthy to gaze upon in the whole universe.

The lightning step of thought had glided over all these things, as our vessel, moved by the almost thought-like swiftness of steam, cleft the last half-mile that lay between us and the far-famed port of Syracuse. For a while, the rush of vulgar sensations, the crowd of vulgar passions, incident to the entrance of a Sicilian, Italian, or indeed, in some degree, of any harbour, dissipated my loftier cogitations. We rounded slowly at reduced speed the point of the ancient Ortygia, and entered the lake-like expanse of water which it shelters from the sea. Never was there a more splendid site for a great city! And yet that vast plain once crowded with houses, and streets, and squares, and palaces, and temples, and hippodromes, and theatres, and fortifications, is now restored to the plough; and the once gigantic hive of population has shrunk within the narrow dimensions of a little island once its smallest quarter. There are few hills of any height in the neighbourhood of the port; but Epipola, immortalised by the tragic pen of Thucydides, breaks the horizon; and far, far away, the giant form of Etna, which seems magnified instead of diminished by distance, towers towards the heavens. At the bottom of the harbour, the mouth of the Anapus is seen, and its sedgy course may be traced for some distance over the plain. Syracuse itself, though now an insignificant place, is not of a mean aspect. The white stone houses are grouped together in a picturesque manner; and the church, built on the site of the ancient temple of Minerva, and bearing little resemblance to an ordinary Christian place of worship, crowns the whole.

A large boat, manned by some twenty custom-house officers, accompanied us from the entrance to our anchoring ground, watching us intently as we moved along, though whether for fear we should artfully project illicit goods or ideas into the town seemed doubtful. In all Sicilian ports, they are more solicitous about contraband doctrines than contraband merchandise; they are more fearful of admitting a ray of knowledge from the enlightened nations of Europe, than anything bearing a tax in their tariff. At Messina, before being allowed to land, I was closely questioned as to whether I had any *books*, any *political journals*, or any *letters of introduction*; and it was only on my giving a satisfactory negative, that my *profane* feet were allowed to touch the shore.

We had no sooner dropped our cable, and began letting off the steam, than a huge crowd of boats, swarming with ragamuffins, surrounded us, and a din of curses and vociferations, unexampled except at Naples, assailed our ears. When *pratique* had been obtained, a shoal of soi-disant guides boarded us, all of most execrable aspect, and all brandishing testimonials of good character in proportion to the villanousness of their countenances. And here I will take the opportunity of giving my readers a piece of general advice:—Never follow a guide who bears a testimonial of good character. Avoid him as you would the plague; and take up with the unpretending rogue who bears about in his pocket no such license to cheat, and who perhaps has not added to his other crimes that of forgery.

A sleek-looking fellow, calling himself Jack Robinson, addressed us, offering to take us to the quarries, to the Ear, to the theatre, to this place and that place. Now

e had resolved never again to place our-
lves in the hands of a professional guide;
show us a recommendatory document,
erefore, was to show us the letters of
ellerophon. We gave them an interpre-
tion of our own.

This said Jack pulled from his breast a
andful of greasy papers, all certifying
at he was the perfect model of a guide;
at he was possessed of every good qua-
ty under heaven; that he was honest,
ber, and industrious. I am not quite
sitive that it also stated him to be the
st of fathers, the best of husbands, and
he best of sons; but this he told us him-
elf. For a moment I felt, as the French
ay, "attendrit." I raised my eyes to
aze with delight on this inimitable cha-
acter; but,

"Look on his face, and you forget it all."

logue was stamped upon his brow; deceit
nd cunning gleamed in his dull grey eye;
lsehood lurked on his lip; sycophancy,
truggling with impudence, might be traced
every lineament. Oh, inimitable Jack
obinson!

It was impossible to get rid of this fel-
w. He had fifty reasons for being im-
ortunate; his heart expanded as we re-
elled him; he sympathised with us strang-
rs as it were thrown by chance on that in-
ospitable coast; he felt it his duty to tend
ur footsteps; no mercenary motives ac-
uated him: "Give me what you please;
you don't like a shilling, give sixpence;
you don't like sixpence, give twopence;
you don't like twopence, give nothing."
Ve took a prejudice, however, against
im, because he was so well recommended;
nd calling a respectable-looking Charon,
scaped, as we thought, from his clutches.

Landing in a Sicilian port is really a
oment of delirium. At the foot of the
dder, a crowd of fellows struggled for
he honour and the profit of landing us.
he rush was tremendous; the bawling,
wful; up and down we went, now thrust
nto one boat, now dragged into another,
ow slipping between two; stumbling,
aggering from gunwale to gunwale;
ushing away one man, beckoning to ano-
ner; now losing, now regaining our foot-
ng; now finding our hand in a man's eye,
ow feeling a boy's head bobbing against
ur stomachs; and at length, as chance
ould have it, plunging into the wrong
boat, and shaking our fists in the face of
the respectable individual we had sum-
moned, and, because he remonstrates with
us, swearing he was a rogue and a cheat!

In the midst of all this, I saw a dark
form and a sinister countenance glide by
in awful silence; and when I had at
length safely arrived at the wrong desti-
nation, who should I see sitting beside me
but the indefatigable Jack Robinson!

We could not chuck him into the sea, so
were compelled to submit to his company.
He appealed to our feelings, represented
himself as the father of a family, and fi-
nally, as a finishing stroke, informed us he
had served on board the English fleet many
a long year ago, and then received his
nickname. Determined to pay him back
in his own coin, we told him that we had
made a vow (as we had) never again to
put ourselves in the power of an Italian
guide.

"Then let me not go as a guide," said
the inimitable Jack, pressing his hand to
his heart, "but as a *friend!*"

There was no resisting this; and we
sullenly yielded to his importunities, and
allowed him to follow us, not, however,
without compunctions of conscience on our
part. Let me finish his story at once: he
guided us over all the ruins; we treated
him better than he could have expected,
indulged him copiously in wine, were kind
to his little boy who accompanied him, and
at the end paid him of course exactly what
we should have done had he not offered to
guide us for nothing, and had we sought
his assistance. Bowing to the ground, he
thanked us; but sneaking away, went to
find some of our fellow-passengers, to ma-
lign and turn us into ridicule; and had the
audacity to come on board the steamer,
and, not imagining that we could under-
stand his Sicilian jargon, collected a crowd,
and began to amuse them at our expence.
When he had concluded, he turned to my
companion R * * * * * * *, who, though
he looks as meek as a dove, has a spice of
pepper in his composition; and, with the
blandest of smiles, held out his hand to
receive that of his newly acquired friend.
What was his surprise at seeing a foot
raised instead! Accustomed to that kind
of treatment, he understood the state of
the case in a moment; and clapping his
hands behind him as a defence, the inimi-
table Jack Robinson disappeared amidst a

shout of laughter, and was soon pulling off for shore.

The streets of Syracuse are narrow, paved with stone, and much resemble those of ancient Pompeii. The houses would have a very gloomy appearance, on account of the paucity of windows, were it not for their white or light yellow colour. At the time when we landed, most of the inhabitants were enjoying their siesta, and the place appeared almost deserted. Our first visit was paid to the ancient temple of Minerva, of which a few pillars only remain, embedded in the walls of a church. At the bottom of the square or place where this is situated, we perceive a narrow street, which we were about to pass, when accidentally the name struck us: "STRADA FONTANA ARETHUSA."

I had forgotten the story of this Grecian nymph; but now the whole flashed before me. Here then was the spot whither she had fled from the rough embraces of Alpheus, and where she expected to spend in safety, free from the pleasing anguish of love, the remainder of her days. In pity of her lonely condition, the goddess turned her into a fountain of pure and limpid water, or rather gave her power to disappear at pleasure, and mingle her existence with her own peculiar element. For at night in that umbrageous cave she might have been seen, counting her long tresses by the gurgling stream, or slumbering in peace by the margin of the rocky basin. Though so far removed, her lover did not despair of finding her; and exerting all his strength, soon effected a subterraneous passage beneath the broad sea that divided him from his beloved; and rising in a tremendous gush of water, caught her taking her rest by the fountain side. And ever since, a stream of greater volume has rolled forth from the rock; and though earthquakes have divided it and rendered it less pure, it still to this day flows with extraordinary copiousness into the Syracusan harbour.

Eager to see this celebrated fountain, we hurried down the street, and soon came to a low thick wall, over which we were told to look. It formed one side of a large triangular hole, about thirty feet deep and some twenty yards long; the opposite side was formed by the city wall, whilst a large house rose at the end. Sand and gravel half choked up the bottom; but on one side was a large clear pool, fed by a powerful stream gushing through a narrow arched channel in the living rock. We had not expected the somewhat extraordinary sight that now presented itself. A number of women, pretty nearly in the costume we are accustomed to ascribe to the nymphs, were busily engaged in washing themselves and the clothes; and though at first a little disturbed by our appearance, continued without much interruption. None of them were remarkably pretty; but most were well made, and allowed us to see it. A young girl, however, of about eighteen, very handsome, with large dark eyes and jet-black ringlets, came down to the brink while we were there; at first she hesitated, then looked coy, then fierce, and then boldly undid her garters, pulled off her stockings, tucked up her garments, and plunged in!

Very much shocked, as in duty bound, we proceeded to the cave through which the water first passes. It is a small, dark, damp grotto, with a basin in the centre. Here we found other bathing nymphs, some of them of most repulsive appearance, who leaped out, and crowded round us, with palms opened in a most significant manner. We did not taste the water, though assured it was perfectly potable, and encouraged by example.

The history of the variations of this fountain are curious. In ancient times, whilst the habitation of Arethusa, it was sweet of course as the nymph herself; but when her spirit had fled, it gradually deteriorated; and even in the time of Athenæus, had lost much of its excellence. Formerly, too, it was full of fish sacred to Diana, "which whosoever took is dead since;" it was believed, at least, that if anyone touched them, even in times of famine and war, he incurred great calamities. This is not the place to enter into the rationale of such superstitions; but observe how well they were in this case adapted to circumstances. Men would not be driven, until at the very last extremity, to meddle with these *sacred fish*; and then all the evils likely to occur at such times would be attributed to the sacrilege committed.

It was in the horrible earthquake that happened on Easter Sunday in the year 1100, that the fountain of Arethusa, according to Mirabelli, lost its sweetness.

On this occasion, great devastation was committed; the greater part of the city was destroyed, and all the people assembled in the church were killed, the priests who were celebrating mass alone excepted. Various other earthquakes are mentioned by Tarcognota, Buonfiglio, and Pirri; all of which increased the saltness of the water. In 1506, it was completely dried up; but springs, like murders, will out, and it made its appearance for a time elsewhere. Returning, however, partially to its ancient bed, it has continued to experience numerous vicissitudes, passing from fresh to salt and from salt to fresh. In 1813, Capodicci found it once more dry for a season; but it returned brackish as before. At present, however, I believe it is potable; for, as I have already said, our guide invited us to drink, and indulged himself in a good draught. The reason why we declined the honour shall be given in the words of a gallant Frenchman, the Abbé de St. Non: "Dans ce basin le linge le plus sale est lavé par une troupe de femmes plus sales encore."

Turning from the actual inspection of this place, we ran over in our minds the various allusions of the poets, and endeavoured to account to ourselves for the deep impression which the name of Arethusa had made upon our minds. At first, we were tempted to attribute the whole to the natural and irresistible charms of verse; but then came the question, how was it that many other names, less seldom mentioned, had left a much fainter imprint? We were driven then to the belief that we had read some passage in Pindar, Virgil, Ovid, or Claudian, at some peculiarly favourable moment, when every chord in our frame was rightly strung, when unusually delightful circumstances surrounded us—perhaps when we were in the first flutter of a first passion. However this might be, it was with intense delight that we wandered back in imagination over the flowery field of poetry, seeking amidst its most sequestered nooks, under tufts of more gorgeous hues, for this single wild flower. We have no sympathy with laziness, and therefore refrain from culling a bouquet, and clapping it under our reader's nose; but as we first taxed our memory and at a future period spent some days in the Great Library of the Knights at Malta feeding on the story of Arethusa, we say to those who would experience equal pleasure, "Go and do likewise."

But not satisfied with the ancient legends, we made diligent inquiry after more modern ones. Our guide could give no assistance, and for some time we were left in the lurch. At a future period, however, a manuscript in old Italian, mixed with dog-Latin, came into our hands. It was found in a picture-dealer's shop, among some chips and shavings, which nearly choked up a sort of antique chiffonier of carved oak. What we had the conscience to offer for this piece of literature, we are ashamed to confess. It came into our hands; and then we started the question, "What use can we make of it?" As to publishing the original, it was out of the question; it seemed, therefore, necessary to attempt a translation. But how was this to be done? Nothing could exceed the irregularity of the versification, which was generally a sort of mixture of all kinds of meters, seldom deviating into true harmony. The author, as an exceedingly brief prefatory remark announced to us, was a certain Father Matthew, who, after having led a very gay life, had retired to a convent in the neighbourhood of Syracuse, and amused himself with literary pursuits. Occasionally, he wrote as a man of the world, but often as a monk. Though he attempted tales, the narrative seldom formed the principal portion. Every occasion for a sermon was seized upon; not an opportunity for "improvement," as the phrase is, did he suffer to let slip. The manuscript before us comes to the support of this remark. It contains two stories, the first of two thousand lines, the second of three thousand seven hundred. The first relates the sad fate of one Roland, struck in modern times, according to the poet, with Nympholepsy; and the second records the achievements of a young crusader. We shall attempt an abridgment of Roland's adventures, leaving out the interminable moral and philosophical reflections, the citation of ancient authors, and most of the violent diatribes against the tender passion. Some few of the last we retain, because they reveal that Father Matthew had not succeeded in stifling the old man within him, and that if he had ceased to love, he well knew what love was. The passage beginning, "And maidens who had loved him," in the origi-

nal, at least, contains a touch of nature worth all the fantastic figures we have retained, and some we have omitted.

THE LEGEND OF ARETHUSA'S WELL.

Though great the joys of love, it brings still greater woe;
Many the tears that lovers shed, many the pangs they know;
For passion paints the world too fair, the future makes too bright,
Peoples our nights and haunts our days with visions of delight.
Man fondly thinks, when first he feels love thrilling in each vein,
That he for aye will happy be, and ne'er will grieve again.
Be not deceived; for never mirth we taste without alloy—
Grim sorrow, crouching low to earth, treads on the heels of joy:
We spread our arms to clasp the form, so beautiful and fair;
It fades, it vanishes, and lo! grief's spectral shape is there.

* * * *

Young Roland, by the margin of the wave
That melts in murmurs on Sicilia's shore,
Stood to behold the wanton waters lave
The bright-hued pebbles which themselves once bore,
To deck their favourite coast. His mind was free
From every thought of sorrow, and his frame
Glowing with health. Upon his brow had he
Ne'er felt the blush of anger or of shame.
How glorious is a man of such a mould,
With nature's bloom upon him yet, a child
In all the ways of evil, but as bold
As the strong lion in his deserts wild!
He gazed as one to whom each moving billow
That glanced towards his feet could tell a tale;
As, why the winds had sought so soft a pillow,
When fleets of homebound ships were under sail;
And why all nature at the set of sun
Wore such a beauteous aspect; why his breast
Swelled with delight, now that his work was done,
And once again had come the hour of rest;
And why—but no—he thought not of the morrow;
His present bliss sufficed; and all his mind
Did from that hour of tranquil beauty borrow
Delight which throned princes cannot find.

* * * *

Why starts he from his pensive mood?
Why that impassioned gaze?
And why that flood of mounting blood?
Why stands he in amaze?
Along the strand, come hand in hand
A troup of damsels fair,
Seeking amid the yellow sand
Bright shells to deck their hair.
Their eyes are like the early star
That sheds its golden ray
From its throne afar, where angels are
Down on the birth of day.
Glance from their lips, as rubies bright,
Quick as drops of falling rain,
Smiles of delight, that take their flight
Only to come again.
Onward they move, like the clouds above
Waft by the evening breeze;
Onward they glide, like the rippling tide
Of the deep-blue summer seas;
And one tall damsel, 'mid the crowd,
With mien majestic rose;
Though haughty and proud, his head he bowed
To her, as the queen of those;
And never again he raised it up,
As glorious as of yore;
He stoop'd to drink love's poisoned cup,
And he was free no more.

* * * *

Who paces on the yellow sand,
Pressing his brow with feverish hand
To still its mutinous throbbing? Say,
Can this be Roland, who that day,
Free of all care and sorrow, trod
The earth like any demi-god;
Who wore such glory on his brow
As martyred saints around them throw?
Now, pale and haggard, he doth tread
Slow as the watcher of the dead,
Or wildly hurries to and fro,
As a chafed beast in his cage doth go.
There he hath been since set of sun;
The moon more than half her course hath run,
And shineth now on tossing seas
And tempest-agitated trees.
He heeds her not, for through his soul
New thoughts, new passions wildly roll;
That day before his dazzled sight
Had passed a vision of delight;
It came, it went, but left a trace
Which time itself could ne'er efface.

* * * *

early morn was shed,
of that long night had fled,
step reluctant, slow,
ital spot he turned to go.

* * *

outh, from love yet free, I pray
ken well;
words of wisdom, list to the tale

beauty's face, but bend your eyes
;
n-born with joy, to sorrow love
rth.
e voice of passion, but unto hea-
y;
nd fasting, children, love may be
away.
ns, turn to holiness, nor seek the
to snare;
se locks in fillets, bind up your
hair;
arb demurely move, like saints
ters dim,
t those floods of wanton fire that
deep eyes swim;
warbling through the groves; oh,
ot on the plain;
our feet in running streams; but
reach in vain;
ld woman seek to lose the power
earts to move;
not on them, children mine; *for*
gaze, you love!

* * *

Roland gayest of the gay;
gladness glides his life away;
e cheers his time with blitheful

slow the hours drag wearily along.
ach eve, by margin of the wave,
lone, nor fears the storm to brave;
hrobs the lightning through the

red thunderbolts unheeded fly;
oaming seas assail the shore,
ods from the burning welkin pour,
ests with their brazen voices roar.
treads, with ever watchful eye,
that lovely vision to descry,
till; but doomed to feel the smart
ntment rankling in his heart.
he hears, or thinks he hears, a

low, that bids his soul rejoice;
e its reward at length must find,
d fortune must at length be kind.

His home deserted, and his friends forsook,
For the strange joys of that sequestered nook,
Of madman gains this silly youth the name;
Some deem that love and madness are the same.

* * * *

A year hath winged its rapid flight,
A year of pleasure and of pain;
To some 'twas dark, to some 'twas bright,
But spring hath come to all again.
Tears that were shed are dried away,
As 'neath the sun the dews of night;
And pangs that men felt yesterday,
Are now forgotten quite.
Still Roland nightly seeks that strand,
And there alone again is he,
Bathing with tears the yellow sand,
Despairingly, despairingly.
What voice salutes his hungry ear?
What accents charm his sense?
Oh, hope and fear, what forms appear,
To lure poor Roland thence?
The self-same troop of maidens snare
With dance and sprightly song;
And she herself, who won his love,
Doth beckon him along.

"Oh come, oh come,
To my fountain home,
Where I've tarried this live-long year;
Follow on, follow on,
Ere the hour be gone;
Follow on, follow on, without fear.

"There, there shall you rest
On a goddess's breast,
And list to its passionate sighs;
There, there shall you find
Love, joy, peace of mind,
For with kisses I'll close your eyes."

* * * *

The gates of moated Syracuse, that city famed in story,
Were opened that night, by the moon's pale light, saith the watchman pale and hoary.
They rolled aside with a heavy clang, yet no mortal touched the key:
He looked in terror forth, but nought his aged eyes could see,
Save one tall form he thought he knew, that hastily ran by,
And seemed to scan the formless air with keen and glowing eye.
He passed; the gates on creaking hinge rolled back; but some men deem
That all he saw was phantasy—a vain and idle dream.

Yet this I know, when morning came, poor
Roland was not found;
They sought him in the city, and in the
country round;
They sought him at Epipolæ, they questioned
every cave;
They sought him on the salt sea-shore, they
dived beneath the wave;
And maidens who had loved him and wooed
his smiles in vain,
Now laid aside their feigned scorn, and
sought him o'er the plain;
And many a friend whom jealousy had
severed, now once more
Locked hand in hand, a pensive band, sought
round the sweeping shore;
And through the paths where once they
passed with proud averted eye,
Now, side by side, fair rivals glide, and
heaved alike the sigh.
Hills, valleys, woods, and sedgy streams, re-
sounded with his name;
They sought him, but they found him not;
called, but he never came.

* * * *

Many springs had passed away,
Many summers wing'd their flight;
'Twas a merry holiday,
Earth was fair, and heaven was bright;
Birds were twittering everywhere;
Every breeze was perfume laden;
All seemed joyful. Where was care?
Not in the breasts of youth or maiden.
"Come to the grotto, let us stray,
That I may breathe my vows to thee,"
A lover to his maid did say;
"Come boldly, trust thyself with me."
Where Arethusa's silent stream
In twilight cave doth dimly flow,
Like the pale waters of a dream,
These youthful lovers softly go;
And there, whilst murmuring accents fell
In passion's low and trembling voice,
From lips they say could mould them well
Into a heart they made rejoice,
They found upon that happy day,
Though oft before they whispered there,
As Syracusan gossips say,
A ring that Roland used to wear!

"Syracusan gossips, indeed!" cries a holy transcriber, in a crabbed marginal note. "It is handed down on good authority, that Father Matthew was himself the hero of this epilogue: as to the adventures of Roland, they are no doubt as true as the ancient story of Arethusa; but I am surprised that that so grave a man should have woven such a trite legend into an excellent moral discourse, full of choice learning."

When I can find a publisher who will bring out the original in its full splendour, the public will be better able to appreciate the above remark. For my own part the story interested me, because it referred to the fountain of Arethusa, not exactly from its intrinsic merit. It is evidently an adaptation of a fairy tale, now common all over Europe; and it must be confessed that to a person of classical taste, the connecting of one or two modern inventions with the sublime creations of antiquity is highly shocking and objectionable.

The Money Bag.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN.

The Arabs, whether wandering over the desert or confined in cities, are all more or less remarkable for their lively, naive, and ingenious mode of telling a story. My Arabic teacher, a native of Grand Cairo, but descended, I believe, from Syrian ancestors, possesses in a striking degree the storytelling faculty; and when my attention to his learned dissertation on verbs and vowel-points begins to flag, he is always provided with some pleasant story, which he relates in a kind of *Lingua Franca*, not over intelligible, but sufficiently so to allow of my feeling a deep interest in what he says. In many instances, I believe, the principal interest arises from his manner of narrating, and the gestures and turns of countenance, if I may use such a phrase, with which, like a true oriental, he accompanies his tale: but there was one story which struck me as being rather curious in itself, and I am persuaded that could I relate it half so well as he, the reader also would be of my opinion. It is called "The Money Bag," and has frequently, he tells me, delighted an audience of bearded orientals on the banks of the Nile. It will be less successful, I fear, on those of the Thames; but I will repeat it, and make the experiment.

In the last war between the Turks and Persians, a young man of the latter nation was taken prisoner, and, contrary to the general practice of Mussulmans, reduced to slavery. His master was a rich old Turk, who lived in a retired way, in what may be termed a villa, upon the western banks of the Tigris, a little above Bagdad. Like all other Turks he was a soonee, and considered it to be a part of his creed to believe that all sheahs were predestinated to be bad men in this world, and damned in the next; and

consequently, although Shamak, his Persian slave, was in reality a Mussulman, and every day repeated a thousand times that there was no God but God, and that Mohammed was the prophet of God, old Kamar regarded him as a genuine imp of perdition, whom it was allowable to curse and maltreat whenever it might be judged necessary. Shamak, however, like our own Sir Kenelm Digby, was a man who, if he were dropped from the clouds in any part of the world, would quickly command a degree of respect and admiration, and soon succeeded in impressing upon the mind of the Turk a very favourable idea both of his person and character.

By degrees Kamar, reflecting that his slave had a soul, and might perhaps be snatched by his ministry from the fate of all obstinate sheahs, began to converse with Shamak on the subject of the Koran; but generally lost all patience when the obstinate young heretic evinced, either by words or gestures, his respect for Ali. However, as disputation is delightful to all men, and especially to those who are always in the right, as all masters are when they argue with their slaves, Kamar never failed to return to the debate, whenever he found himself alone with the young man; and sometimes took him along with him in his journeys to Bagdad, Hillah, or Modain, whither he would occasionally go, chiefly for the sake of moving about.

On one of these excursions, which happened to be on the eastern side of the Tigris, they were suddenly encountered by three Koordish robbers, who, taking no notice of the slave, unhorsed the old man, and throwing down their spears, alighted to plunder and strip him. Being nominal subjects of the king of Persia, they were in some sort the countrymen of Shamak, who saw clearly that by joining them in their present affair he should recover his liberty. Kamar, however, was an old man, and, in spite of his argumentative humour, had been a kind master. Besides, he was now the weaker party, and, though he said nothing, he seemed to look imploringly towards him. Without consulting any other feeling than that of pity, Shamak at once determined to rescue him, and snatching up the spears of the robbers, he unexpectedly attacked them, ran one through the body, and put the others to flight. Then assisting the old man to mount his horse, he leaped upon one of the Koordish steeds, and led the way as rapidly as possible towards the Tigris, which they crossed, and were in safety.

The first impulse of Kamar's heart was to liberate his slave, and send him home laden with presents to his friends; but he soon changed his mind, when he reflected that he should thus deprive himself of a faithful and brave domestic, whom he now regarded almost as a friend. He was in fact too much attached to him, to think of parting with him, and knew of no method to unite gratitude with prudence. With a sort of wisdom not at all uncommon, he, however, concealed from his slave the good opinion he entertained of him, and the plans he was meditating for bettering his condition, lest he should presume upon his goodness, and render himself less worthy of kindness. There was one thing in Kamar's house, which Shamak had discovered by mere accident, which rendered him less anxious, perhaps, than he might otherwise have been to obtain his liberty. This was the old man's daughter, Fatme, who, like all young ladies of her age, entertained a more generous philosophy than that which swayed her father.

To see and to love Fatme were the same thing; for her beauty was of that Circean kind which takes the reason prisoner. She was about eighteen, an age at which women in the east are like the full-blown rose, mature in loveliness, and just at that point where we could wish that time would allow them to remain for ever. Her meditations, too, were just then busy in solving a problem of which we all attempt the solution once in our lives, and generally with too much success. At this happy conjuncture, her eye, the purveyor of love, fell upon Shamak, who was formed by nature both to excite and to experience the most powerful emotions. His figure was slender, but well-turned, and light and agile as that of the barb: his features were handsome, and his eye, grey like that of Achilles, denoting the mixture of fierce passion and controlling intellect which distinguished his character, occasionally indicated that a thoughtfulness, almost approaching to melancholy, had seized upon him. His cheek, too, was pale, and somewhat hollow, as if the tooth of sorrow had been gnawing at it. With such a person, far better calculated than a form clothed in the purple light of love to awaken lasting passion in the breast of a woman like Fatme, Shamak possessed a soul of fiery stamp, which led him to think that to aim at the heart of a princess would not be to aspire. Even before his misfortune, he had cast a scrutinising and bold eye over the structure of society, and convinced himself that mankind were of one family, and that, select whoever he might for his consort, it would still be marrying in and in, as the phrase is. Therefore, though now in the condition of a slave, he found no change in the temper of his soul, whose wings had not been, and could not be, shorn by captivity.

When he first beheld Fatme, a glance sufficed to inform him that he had discovered the only woman on earth who could command the unconstrained worship of his heart; but whether fate, which ha

predestined that he should love, had also ordained that his love should be fortunate, was another question. He saw distinctly the difficulties which his unfortunate position threw in his way; but there was no remedy. He already loved.

Fatme, on her part, who, though she had seen numerous young men, had never before experienced the slightest disposition to love, was astonished at the existence of the new feelings which had sprung up in her heart. The seeds of love, like those of plants, may, it is true, be warmed into a spurious kind of vegetation by artificial means, but can never be properly ripened until they feel the influence of the real sun. That Shamak, who was now her father's slave, had once been a soldier, she knew; and she, moreover, suspected from his appearance, that he had also been a person of some distinction. It was therefore no degradation to bestow her affections upon him. Had there been degradation in it, there was no help—her affections were fixed.

In most cases, the historian of love has to describe the tyranny of parents, and the stratagems by which inventive youth contrives to elude the mandates of despotism. But in this instance the father was no tyrant. He loved his daughter, the more deeply, perhaps, in that she was his only child, and the continuation, as it were, of the being of a woman who had once been every thing to him, and was now in paradise. He could not perceive, however, without pain that she looked with affection upon his slave, not because the young man was of mean rank, for of that he was not informed; but because he was a sheah, and therefore condemned to be damned. He believed, also, that all Persians were of mean dispositions, liars, traitors, hypocrites; and though Shamak had probably saved his life, and certainly had saved his purse, still this might have been from a mere temporary ebullition of humanity, not from any innate goodness of heart. He determined, therefore, to reason with his daughter upon the subject, and to turn her from her purpose by kindness and confidence. And with a woman like Fatme, he could not have followed a course more likely to succeed.

When Kamar questioned his daughter respecting her love for Shamak, she confessed it; and added that he was the only man on earth whom she could love as a husband. From this the old man concluded that they had disclosed their thoughts to each other, and vowed eternal fidelity; but when he expressed his suspicion to his daughter, he learned with surprise and pleasure that they had never yet spoken of love, scarcely of anything else; and that the heart had hitherto made use of nothing beyond the language of the eyes. From this he drew a favourable omen, and began by reasoning and persuasion to undermine the foundation of love. At length he hit upon the very point best calculated to shake the affection of Fatme: he affirmed that whatever she might imagine to the contrary, he was well assured that if it were within his reach, Shamak would gladly relinquish her for his freedom, and the power to return to his family and first-love. At this idea Fatme's cheek became pale, and, after a brief pause, she replied with solemn vehemence, that if she were once convinced of this she would herself furnish him with the means of flight, to rid herself of his looks—but that she could not believe it. "God is great!" replied her father. "We will try the sheah, and if he prefers the sight of you to his freedom, by the soul of my father, sheah as he is, I will yield up to him the child of my bosom, the delight of my eyes, the daughter of my *Mendeli*." And the tears started into his eyes at the remembrance of the wife of his youth, and of all the love he had once felt for her—nay, still felt, though the black, impenetrable portals of the grave now hid her from his eyes. Fatme also was affected, even unto tears, and solemnly assured her fond parent that if the young man proved to be what he suspected him, she would tear his image from her heart, even if her life should come out with it. Kamar was satisfied, and leaving her to compose herself, went out to invent some method to prove the love of Shamak.

He who has loved and lost the object of his affection, will understand the double tie by which Kamar was bound to his child, and will be able to appreciate the feelings which actuated him on the present occasion. The mode he adopted was to throw suddenly in the way of Shamak the means of transporting himself over the frontiers, and escaping from slavery; and he inwardly resolved, like a brave and honest man, to abide religiously by his promise, and give his daughter to his prisoner, should he appear to deserve her.

In the neighbourhood of the villa there was a shady walk, leading down between trees of lofty growth and magnificent appearance, to the edge of the Tigris, where Kamar, contrary to the custom of the Turks, frequently walked for recreation. Few other persons ever visited the spot, though it was not inclosed within Kamar's ground, and might be entered by any one; but the country in that part was thinly peopled, and walking far is not the fashion. Shamak, however, constantly followed his master in his walks to this spot, and as it was particularly gloomy and solitary, would frequently stray thither alone, "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." One evening, he had, as usual, strolled to

the spot, and lingered there until it was late. The moon was riding high in the cloudless heaven, and throwing her long silvery wake over the bosom of the Tigris. As he drew near the stream, his eye wandered over the interjacent plain to the distant hills of Persia, beyond which lay the home of his fathers, the room where he had been born, and the maternal eyes that had shed tears of pleasure over his infancy. His father, whose stern affection had watched over his early years, was there, and his brothers and sisters, some of whom were infants still; and they were now gathered, perhaps, round the paternal hearth, talking of their proud and daring Khosrou (for Shamak was merely the name of his servitude), and reasoning upon the probability of his death or return. The spirit of his childhood came over him at the thought, and tears of anguish, not of shame or repentance, filled his eyes; for he had gone to the field at his father's command, and with his mother's blessing, and drawn his sword for his country, in whose cause every brave man in every country is proud to shed his blood. As these ideas were darting like flashes of fire over his brain, he kicked against something with his foot, which gave way and rolled on before him, jingling over the pathway. He looked down, and in an instant saw that it was a money-bag, which his ear had informed him was full. With a feeling of indescribable delight he snatched up the treasure, and felt, as he grasped the heavy gold, and shook it to ascertain its weight, that he now possessed the key to his father's house, the deliverer from bondage, the balm which heals the pangs of affliction. The cloud of slavery floated away from his spirit, his step became lighter, wings seemed to grow from his body, he felt as if he could clear the broad river at a bound, and free himself for ever from the commands of Kamar, which, gentle as they were, were yet the commands of a master. He could have wished, however, that an opportunity had been allowed him to bid the good old man farewell, and to thank his daughter for the kind looks she had cast upon him. But he was resolved to see them no more, to put it no longer in the power of fortune to sever him from his road of honour, from his country, from his home; and as the dear thought rushed into his mind he wept with joy, and hugged the money to his bosom, blessing it, as if it had been some living friend. Then he held up the bag, which he now observed was sealed, as if it had belonged to some traveller, in the moonlight, to assure himself of his good fortune—but with the action his delight was checked. "Some poor wretch," thought he, "has passed this way, and perhaps lost his all—perhaps some merchant or traveller, who was hastening home after long absence, with the hard gain of many a year, to solace his wife and children, and provide for his old age. And shall I seize, like a robber, on his little patrimony, and pierce his heart with a dagger, because my soul yearns for liberty? May I rather perish in captivity, and never more see the eyes of my father! Lie there, base mammon, and do thy duty to thy lawful master —my soul shall free itself without thy aid." And with the word he threw the money on the ground; and sat down to observe whether the owner would discover his loss, and return in search of it.

While he sat reflecting upon what had occurred, the idea of examining the seal of the bag by the light of the moon, which was as bright almost as day, came into his head, and he once more took up the bag to look on the seal. No sooner did he cast his eyes upon it than he discovered the name of his old master Kamar, and his ideas took a new turn. "The money," thought he, "is the wages of my servitude, which Providence has thrown into my hand to recompense me for the misery I have endured. I will accept it, fortune, and employ it in a holy cause. I will snatch it from the hand of a soonee, and scatter it over the frontiers of Persia, to aid my return to my father's house. Yet this money may, perchance, be a portion of Fatme's dowry, and she, when she hears that I am far away, will think of me with bitterness, as the canker of her fortune, the selfish destroyer of her prospects, the torturer of her heart.* And can I, indeed, live far away from Fatme? Are not my hopes like the brood of the dove, and her eyes the parents that nourish them? Can I live in any air that is not perfumed by the odour of her sighs? What, though she has not spoken, have not her eyes, the messengers of her soul, declared her love? Doth not her voice assume a gentler tone when she pronounces my name? And my own heart, is it not the best interpreter of the oracle which dwells in her breast? I love, and my soul is incapable of nourishing a despised passion! I will return to my fetters, and burst them in the face of day! I will not fly *like a slave!*"

Meanwhile Kamar had sought his daughter's chamber, and informed her of what he had done, adding that while they were yet speaking, the sheah, having found the money, was no doubt on his way to Persia, and laughing at his old master's beard, and his daughter's eyes. Fatme, deeply agitated by the words of her father, after striving for some time to repress her emotion, exclaimed, with passionate vehemence. "May my soul perish if he has fled! My father, it is not the part of a believer

* The music in the street, melts my soul to tenderness, while I write this.

in God, of a soul diffusing charity like a sweet odour, thus to cast dirt upon the head of the unfortunate. If you are weary of Shamak, let him depart—but let him bear with him his good name, to rejoice the heart of his mother. Let him depart, I say; but as Allah shall judge me, he will bear with him over the hills of Persia thy daughter's heart, which, though incapable of a disobedient thought towards thee, will thenceforth be closed to the image of man, as the flower which folds up its leaves at the departure of the sun, opposes a closed bosom to the wandering breezes of the night." And as she spoke, her cheek grew pale, and her whole frame was shaken by emotion, as an aspen is shaken by the wind.

"Allah yayssen! God's will be done," replied her father; "if he return, thy father shall be his father, and thy home his home. If he depart, his misery be upon his own head."

Both father and daughter now grew silent, as if by mutual agreement, and paced the room in agitation, expecting, and, it should be added, wishing for the return of Shamak. At the footstep of every slave who passed through the long passages in execution of his domestic duties, or approached the apartment to inquire the will of the master, their hearts beat with expectation, and their anxiety every moment grew more and more painful. The moonlight which stole in through the long casement, gradually made the circuit of a large portion of the apartment, and the hour of retiring to rest was already long passed, yet neither father nor daughter appeared desirous of seeking repose. Both, in fact, were too deeply interested in the return of Shamak to render sleep possible—and they seemed determined to remain where they were till day, should he not return. As it grew later and later, the fears of Fatme grew stronger and stronger, though she never for a moment totally relinquished hope; and the father, far from triumphing in the accomplishment of his prediction, looked at her with a mixture of pity and anger. All the slaves in the house were now gone to rest, excepting the nurse of Fatme, who never retired before her darling foster-child, and who sat at her door, like the sphinx at that of an Egyptian temple, guarding as it were the treasure within. It was now past midnight, and the fears and hopes of the lady were wrought up to the highest pitch, when a slow heavy footstep was heard approaching the room, and a moment after Shamak was led in by the nurse, with the money-bag in his hand. Approaching Kamar, and bowing respectfully, he presented him with the money, explaining where he had found it—and was about to tir

"Stop, Shamak," said the old man, "answer me one question: hast thou a father living?"

"God is great," replied the slave; "I trust I have."

"Who is he?"

"Thou art master of my services, but not of my secrets."

"Answer him, Shamak, as thou lovest thy own soul," said Fatme.

"At your bidding, I answer, lady," replied Shamak; "my father is governor of Kermanshah."

"Stay," said Kamar, "reply first to another question: hast thou a wife?"

"No."

"Hast thou seen the woman whom thou couldst love as such?"

"I have."

"And is it my daughter?"

"It is."

"Then take her, in the name of God, and my blessing rest upon you."

All were silent for a moment, and the old man added, "Thou art then Khosrou Khan, and not Shamak?"

And he answered: "I am he."

Then the old man fell upon his neck, and wept over the young warrior—and the remainder of the story may be conjectured.*

THE PAUPER CHILD.

'Twas Christmas Day, the sun shone bright,
Spread was the festive treat,
To which the poor came with delight,
Their Christmas fare to eat.

All faces there with pleasure beam'd,
Save one unhappy child;
With pale wan countenance, she seem'd
As though she never smil'd.

Methinks I gaze e'en now again
On that young face so sad,
Expressive of such heart-felt pain,
When all around were glad.

Untended by a mother's care,
Her parents both were dead;
A workhouse home she now must share,
And eat the pauper's bread.

Poor little child, thy early hours
Are overcast with gloom;
May still for thee some sunny flowers
Around life's pathway bloom.

CLARA PAYNE.

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* Some indefinite length of time ago, this story appears to have seen the light in some quarter or other. The readers who then perused it may not be sorry to meet it again, while those to whom it is new will perhaps thank us for reproducing it.

Lava Agriculture

AND

her Curiosities of the Azores.

These islands, nearer to England than deira, and containing within themselves ie of the most extraordinary natural iosities in the world, are yet less known n regions distant many thousands of es and containing nothing either cu- ıs or note-worthy. The history of the ores is enveloped in obscurity. We are ormed that about the middle of the enth century, they were discovered Joshua von Berg, of Bruges, who, in a age to Lisbon, was by stress of weather ven to them. On his arrival in Lisbon boasted of his discovery, upon which Portuguese at once set sail, took pos- ion, and called them the Azore or uk Islands. The settlers were a pa- e race, who cultivated the soil, bartered produce with traders from Lisbon, and d in harmony and peace, until in a mo- ıt of ambition Spain pounced upon them, overrunning the place with soldiers, uced the Portuguese to a state of slavery. ırtly, however, the Azores became the ige of the Spaniards of Moorish ex- ction, under whose influence civilisation gressed, opulence took the place of erty, and seminaries of learning became nerous. Driven out, however, on the re- ession of the Portuguese power, the nds without these energetic colonists re- sed into gloom and despondency, with consumptive population and a corrupt ernment—a state of things which has much varied to the present day. With brief historical outline we pass to the nders of art and nature, reserving the nners of the people for some future e.

The first appearance of the island of St. haels, as it greets the eye, is singular. e beach seems like ramified pillars of alt, the trees crowning it, from the ness of the soil, being stunted, and ex- ding their roots horizontally along the face of the ground. Originally St. haels, the principal of the group, and brated for its oranges, appears to have n a lovely plain covered with aromatic nts; it is now a series of hills and moun- ns, none of primitive origin, but of dual volcanic production. Earthquakes, den blasts and explosions, were in early es frequent, while many extinguished anoes still exist, with others in sub- d but active operation. The whole ntry is covered with lava, in some places earing in craggy eminences and in rs in a state of decomposition, forming tile and productive soil. Where the ructive agent ran without interruption, it filled up inequalities and formed a love- ly champaign country; where it was im- peded, it left islands and hillocks which present the singular appearance of being covered with blooming vegetation encom- passed by mountains of volcanic ashes. How the ingenuity of man contrives to overcome these obstacles may be learned by giving some account of a residence and farm established by Mr. Reed, formerly British consul. A traveller having paid him a visit, admired his taste in selecting so delicious a spot, and was surprised to learn that it was the most barren place in the whole island, a mere surface of lava, but now diversified by shade and opening, level and raised ground, garden and pas- ture, vineyards and orange trees. How this miraculous change was brought about is thus simply explained by a process, which has changed the whole rugged superficies of lava round Ponta del Gada into improved land. We for the sake of brevity take Mr. Reed's plan. The farm he purchased for one dollar an acre, consisted of two regions; the fertile or decomposed lava, and the barren or vitreous and indurated lava. He com- menced operations on the naked, rugged surface, and from some calcareous matter, blended with this mass of hard rock, pro- vided himself with limestone; and from the fragments of lava blasted from rocks, and dug from quarries, built his house. The decomposed land, yielding to the plough, was then sown with Indian corn, small beans, and wheat; the solid lava, with oranges and vines.

The lava being somewhat cleared by the building materials, and the cavities filled up with the redundance of craggy emi- nences and vitreous and friable rubbish, the surface is marked out and holes per- forated. Where the lava is shallow and seated on a stratum of vegetable earth, the holes are made with the crow or pickaxe, and the plant is at once placed in a bed where it can shoot up and extend its fibres. Where the lava is deep, the holes are blasted with powder, and the plant set in decompo- sed matter and decayed vegetable sub- stances, the roots insinuating themselves into cracks and crevices. The orange and vines flourish better in this manner than in deep and luxuriant soils, in which it is ex- posed to storms, whereas the natural para- pet round the young plant shelters it, until it is able to bear the brunt of the weather. The roots too are screened from the vio- lence of the sun, which is also unable to pierce their rocky covering, and imbibe the moisture. When once the lava is planted, there is no more labour, and one man can improve twenty acres, dressing the shoots, and renewing the waste of vege- table earth. The value of these planta- tions is immense, as single orange tre[illegible]

have been known to produce 40 to 60,000 oranges, more than thirty pounds in value.

Another remarkable feature in the curiosities of these islands is at Villa Franca, known as the Porto do Ilheo. In ancient times, there stood an island in the sea, about three quarters of a mile distant from the former harbour. In process of time, a vortex opened, which discharged dreadful torrents of lava, and showers of cinders and sand; by degrees the island rose to two thousand feet above the level of the sea, the conflagration excavating cavernous hollows, when suddenly, by the pressure of the waters on some weak point, the sea rushed in and extinguished the volcano. The introduction of the new element was attended with most beneficial results. A sudden explosion took place, which rent asunder a side of the vortex, through which a vessel could pass, thus forming a natural port or harbour, to which vessels of easy draught resort, both in case of distress and for the purpose of careening and refitting; it having often saved six vessels at a time from total loss. The greatest depth is eighteen feet and the shape circular. Very similar to the causes which produced the Porto do Ilheo, was a phenomenon which took place at the western end of the island, when public attention was called to the sea, from which a tremendous volume of smoke was seen to arise, though apparently thick and dense to an extraordinary height. At intervals a dark muddy substance was hove up to ten, and sometimes to twenty fathom. During the day no flame was visible, but at night the awful contest between the elements struck the senses with wonder. The flame did not always ascend very high, perhaps not more than twenty feet, but at times the fire accompanied the smoke to a most prodigious height, carrying up substances resembling stone or metal. On the fifth day a tremendous explosion took place. The fire ascended like a host of sky-rockets, and the burning lava, that flew to a prodigious elevation, was not extinguished until it plunged again into the ocean. Previous to this occurrence there was eighty fathom of water at the spot: there is now not many feet, and an island will probably soon arise.

Leaving Villa Franca, and passing through much lovely scenery, over hills and through valleys, the traveller comes to the valley of the Furnas, covered by pebbles, which when held in the flame of a candle, emit a sulphurous smell, and a smoke of intolerable stench, losing while burning in weight but not in bulk. Near at hand is a lake abounding in fish, particularly of the gold and silver species. Passing over the baths and Red river, we come to the whirlpool, which is thus described by an anonymous traveller, and is one of the many wonders of the islands: "This singular phenomenon is not caused by an eddy, or counteraction of water in a deep river, but is miraculously expressed in the centre of a clear spring, wherein a muddy lavatic substance rises perpetually to the surface, and whirling round with a quick rotatory motion, forms a vortex of such power, that it defies the resistance of any animal that falls within its action, and sucks down with rapidity and greediness everything which chance or curiosity places in its way. These objects never more appear; and where the object is purposely thrown in, and tied to a cord, the sensation is similar to that which is experienced by the mariner who sounds in a deep sea; the line flies from the hand, and the lead while drawing up appears of an enormous weight. An authentic story is current here respecting this wonderful vortex, which is a melancholy demonstration of the fatal powers it is known to possess. The spring in which it exercises its dominion is celebrated for water-cresses of the finest sort. One of two girls who came to gather this vegetable, inadvertently slipped into the influence of its rotatory motion, but not being absolutely in the vortex, her companion flew to her assistance, seized her by the hand, and held her above danger till their united cries brought some villagers to the spot, but it was only to witness a scene of horror and death. The companion lost her hold before aid could be administered; and the poor sufferer, after whirling round in the presence of her bewailing friends and relatives, uttered a scream of agony, and finally vanished from the sight. On casting anything considerable into the vortex, the rotatory motion increases; and on endeavouring to withdraw the object, the action amounts to perturbation and rage. It is considered as idle to fathom it: two hundred fathom having been tried in vain! The water of the spring is clear and pure; the lavatic fluid is thick and impure; it does not amalgamate with the water; it rises to the surface and descends again by laws apparently unknown to man."

The next object of curiosity in this island are the Caldeiras. The Vale das Furnas presents to the eye shady groves, green pasture, flavid fields, streams of the purest water, fruits of the most delicious flavour, and air of the most balmy fragrance, while the Caldeiras is a dreary waste of volcanic sand, without shade or shelter, scorched by the rays of the sun, and intersected by deep ravines and yawning craters, where, instead of refreshing breezes, the most suffocating vapours are spread, and boiling waters, rising from the trembling earth, threaten to overwhelm

he affrighted beholder. The Caldeiras of he Furnas are discoverable by vast columns f boiling water, by the air being impregnated with sulphur, and by the overhanging atmosphere receiving the burning apour in the form of clouds, which exhibit beautiful variety of eccentric figures and acid tints. The water is so hot as to boil an egg in two minutes, but so sulphuric and searching as to impregnate vegetables with an acid rendering them unfit for food.

For several yards round, slight vapours issue from the earth, which leave traces of a sublimed sulphur, exhibiting colours in which green, yellow, and azure are predominant. In the principal Caldeira the water is cast from several hundred valves, rising and falling as if ejected through the spiracles of whales. The heat is intense around. Separated from this by a bank of volcanic substance is the muddy crater thus described: "It is an object of stupendous horror that appears to appal the mind, and startle the intellect at first sight; and yet after reason or experience removed the first impressions of my fear, I made it also a foundation of pleasurable enjoyment. It is the same with fire ruins, hurricanes, a stormy sky, a troubled ocean, a wild beast in chains, or a dead monster, which, either from their natural magnificence or extraordinary novelty, become subjects of agreeable contemplation, after they have been acknowledged at once dreadful and harmless. The vortex of the muddy crater is on a level with the plain, and leads to a vast cavern, where its mineral and metallic contents are in a continued state of ebullition, and which it unceasingly endeavours to discharge through the vortex, and with a violence and uproar more powerful and mighty than the waves of the sea when they seek for admission into the recesses of their shores. But strange as it may appear, the volcano has a limited domination; its lavatic matter swells and rises to the exact periphery of its vortex, but never overflows. It is, however, generally known in the valley, that the state of the atmosphere has a visible effect upon this crater, and that it possesses a very strong presentiment of every change in it. It has been discovered that it possesses this quality in a more eminent degree than any barometer in the island. When the weather inclines to rain or wind, its noise increases from the dashing of waves to the roar of a hurricane; and when the weather is disposed to moderate, the roar subsides to the sound of waves beating against the strands of the sea. Nor is it slightly prognostic of the changes which are about to take place in the air. The barometer foretells the state of the weather only for about twenty-four hours, whereas there is a certainty that the weather will continue fair three or four weeks, when the noise of the crater subsides. And such is the infallibility of this natural barometer, that it has never been known entirely to subside before the most perfect equilibrium of all the constituent parts of the air indicates with certainty that this great decline of detonation will not be made in vain. There are also artificial causes which operate a change of this wonderful phenomenon: stones thrown into the vortex are succeeded by an increase of noise commensurate with their magnitude, and cold water cast in excites an effervescence and uproar almost too horrible to be heard or to behold. Under this experiment, and during heavy rains, the lava swells up with impetuosity to the vortex of the crater, and emits a spray of the heat, colour, and consistence of boiling lead. The ground for several yards round is intensely hot, and no vestige of vegetation can be traced. The vortex of the crater is about forty-five feet in circumference, but as it is hourly wasting by the ebullition of its fiery contents, its magnitude will ultimately expand and absorb the Caldeiras of clear water, which at present play round its tremendous gulph."

Near at hand is the Perforated Rock, formed by the unremitting action of a hot spring beneath it, which it covers like a dome. It is about six feet in circumference, four feet deep, and perforated with holes in such a manner that its surface resembles a sieve, through which the hot water emits itself with great force. This is perhaps the only instance of a rock perforated by the perpendicular action of water beating upwards. Hot and cold streams rising at hand, with baths of every temperature, complete the picture of this wondrous locality. The Pico de Fer, a huge volcanic mountain, with lead and iron mines neglected as much from fear of spirits and goblins as from want of capital, forms another object of curiosity, as well as a fissure in the hills, between that and Formoya, where the mountain is split from the summit to the base, and the traveller proceeds from one valley to another without the slightest inequality. The geologist has here an admirable opportunity of observing the various strata, and how all is dispersed by nature in the manner most useful and congenial. On the top of all is vegetable mould, composed of various substances proper to imbibe and conduct moisture to the roots of trees and plants; under this are sands and pebbles to carry off the superabundant moisture; and that this may not run off too fast, a thin strata of clay interfered to stop it; and finally these thin layers are supported by layers of harder and more ferruginous substances.

Between Porto Formoya and Ribeira

Grande, a route adorned by flowery meads, verdant hills, villages, and villas all erected on land originating in fiery eruptions, is a subterranean fire, discovered by a light vapour shooting out of an aperture twelve inches wide. After shooting out horizontally, it suddenly ascends to a considerable height—in the day being a very light colour, at night presenting the appearance of a faint flame. If the orifice be stopped up, a noise is heard like water boiling with great violence, and small columns of confined vapour burst through weak places, so highly electrical, that instead of ascending in columns, they fork or dart about zig-zag, like lightning. It is thought dangerous by the guides to keep the passage pent up long, and equally dangerous to listen with the ear against the mountain to the rumbling noise within, as subtle vapours are apt to steal in and disturb the brain. Beyond Ribeira, the traveller is directed to a Caldeira which merits a detailed description, as well because of its intrinsic curiosity, as because of the extraordinary appearance which it presents at night.

On arriving at the summit of one of the mountains which have to be crossed to reach it, a column of white vapour is discovered rising from the centre of the cone of a volcano, one side of which being rent from the summit to the base affords the means of seeing the vapour rise in columns or streams, and also serves as a passage for the spectator to enter without impediment into the body of the cone. The scene is grand and sublime, while the heat is so intense, and the ground so hot, as to make standing still impossible. But the eye views with wonder, says a traveller, "the configuration of its borders, the internal sides, the form of the immense cone, its bottom, on which I stood, and its vortex, to which I looked up from a depth of about three hundred feet. In the centre of this astonishing theatre, the boiling water rose, as if from several apertures, and to a various height of from six to seventeen feet, tapering off in the regular and beautiful gradations of the ears of a sheaf of wheat, and forming a base, but undulating and transparent. The circumference of the crater, in which this grand exhibition is displayed to so much advantage, is two hundred and fifty paces, and the vapour which ascends rises with great velocity into the external atmosphere, and forms a relucent cloud over the vortex of the cone. The upper edges of the cone or crater are indented in several places, and the internal sides inclined at different angles, in different parts, and abound with concretions of diversified colours and fantastic shapes. From what I observed, I considered that the concretions were principally composed of salt and sulphur and the muriate of ammonia. I also perceived that in the lapse of time the crater had undergone many changes, and that there must have been in it formerly an abyss as well as a funnel: whence it may be deduced that the crater was once infinitely higher, and that its summit or original vortex having been precipitated into the gulph by some terrible eruption or shock, diminished the height of the crater, and blocked up the mouth of the abyss. The constant ebullition and action of boiling water at the bottom of this volcanic abyss, makes a noise similar to the waves of a stormy sea, and the vapour which issues from it, when condensed by the cold of an elevated atmosphere, descends in heavy dew to the earth, and preserves it, even in the ardent heat of summer, in the most luxuriant fertility and verdure."

But the greatest curiosity of the island is yet undescribed. Having reached a lofty summit some miles beyond the Caldeira just described, the traveller perceives the mouth of a volcano representing a gently inclined plain about half a mile in circumference, from the centre of which arises a conical mass of lavatic matter incrustated with salts and sulphurs of different colours, or rather a variegated funnel rising from a verdant base, giving vent to the terrific gulph beneath, whence arise confused noises of boiling and running waters, and a continued murmur like the roaring of the sea during a storm. Innumerable columns of boiling water, immense volumes of sulphurous vapour, poured forth; and the latter, lighter than the surrounding air, rose with great rapidity, until coming to a more dense atmosphere, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a track in the air, guided by the wind; sometimes, it is said, forming clouds of unusual brilliance, and sometimes resembling a fierce flame shooting across the skies. One great feature in connection with this locality is the facility it offers for minutely examining the violent effects of internal fire to which the region owes its present state. From the vortex of the cone, the original operation of the first eruptions was discernible; instead of rising in a strait line, it must have rose to a great height, and moved in various directions, covering the country within range. This is manifest by the character of the lava. In some places it bears the aspect of rivers issuing from the summit of the crater in various directions; in others it presents an irregular surface, studded with huge lavatic rocks; the horrid chasms too caused by the original eruptions are also to be seen, forming valleys more than three hundred feet deep. The whole region around is covered with hardened lava, scoriæ, and stones, proving that the volcano must have been burning for ages, and that it might

ıave cast forth its torrents of liquid fire, ınd shot up its fiery rocks and smoke unıil this day, had not an opposite element ıained access to the horrid abyss, and onfined its action to the perpetual boiling f waters. With the account of a night ıassed in this wild and savage place—full f great descriptive force—we conclude our resent sketch of the wonders of the Hauk ılands.

"Exhausted by the fatigues of the day, ıy mephitic vapours and excessive heat, re resolved to pass the night on the periıhery of the crater, and return the ensuıng morning to Ribeira Grande. The ıight was highly interesting. Several ıeautiful picturesque effects were proluced, which were not common to the day. The huge summer clouds which are formed ıy the action of the sun on the surrounding ıcean, collected round the brim of the vorex, and blended their watery bodies with he sulphurous and mineral vapours which vere already like so many other mounains piled up on top of the volcano. The ılack stormy clouds passed swiftly over, ınd at times covering the whole, or a part ıf the bright column of vapour, at other ımes clearing away and giving a full view ıf it, with the various tints produced by ts reverberated light, formed such a scene ıs no power of art can express. When the ıurcharged clouds passed for any time ıway, the vapour rose in puffs from the 'ortex as clear as can possibly be imagined, ınd succeeding each other hastily, increased n volume and size to the amazing height ıf five thousand feet in the air, or till their ırightness and height were intercepted by ılouds of greater density and darker hue. At this interruption, or at the very moment ıf union between the clouds and the vaıour, a bright but pale electric fire is obıerved playing briskly in zig-zag lines, a ıhenomenon probably occasioned by the ılouds having acquired a great degree of ıeat in coming in contact with vapour 'ormed by volcanic fire. At some interrals, when the moon was obscured, and when the clouds forced the vapour to roll lown the sides of the volcano, there was a nixture of colour in the clouds over the ırater, a ruddy dismal light, which augmented the horror of the region, and made ı most uncommon and surprising appearınce, while at other intervals, when the ılectric shocks caused the clouds to disperse, or when the wind was sufficient to ıarry the clouds from the summit of the ırater, they would retire by degrees, and form a black and extensive curtain, which makes the finest contrast imaginable with the splendid vapour which then rises without interruption to the view. These are the most remarkable circumstances which I could collect concerning this uncommon subject of natural curiosity. The appearances I have mentioned continued the whole of the night, at the close of which the scene was entirely changed. No sooner did the sun dispel the clouds, than the vapour arose in a conical form, and as the wind was westwardly, it directed the vapour of the eastern horizon, where the sun gave it the appearance of ignition or clouds of fire, more diversified and beautiful than can be conceived."

The Three Suitors.

Patty Leslie was an orphan, living with an aged aunt in the village of Eastbourne. With the precise locality of the place our readers have nothing whatever to do; suffice it for them to know that such a village did exist, and that Patty lived there. Every one loved her. No one could resist her bewitching smile, her merry glad-hearted laugh, and the happy glances of her bright black eyes. The ringlets of jet that clustered round her snowy brow, and fell in dark masses over her neck and shoulders, as she shook them off her face every time she burst into one of her merry laughs, added a fresh attraction to her countenance. No sport could proceed in the village, without her aid; May Day had no queen, if she came not; the dance was dull to all, but more especially to Arthur Melville, the lawyer's son, who, in order to have the privilege of dancing with pretty Patty, often joined in the amusement going forward, to the no small astonishment and pride of the young people of the village.

Everybody thought it a matter of course that Arthur loved Patty, and *vice versâ*. Not a single person ventured to dispute the fact, for it had been whispered that he had been seen frequently at the cottage, carrying either books or flowers for her gratification, and some one had also actually met them walking out together.

One morning, the whole village was thrown into a state of considerable excitement by the announcement that a grand post-chaise had stopped at the inn. "Who has come?"—"what was it?"—"have you seen them?" were the questions passed hurriedly to and fro, while many stragglers went on excuses down to the inn, to ascertain the precise nature of the new arrivals. Their disappointment was great. No one had descended from the post-chaise but an old gentleman, very yellow, very cross, and very much muffled up. No one else? Was it possible? Where was he going? What had he come for? All alone too. An hour passed, when suddenly the old gentleman was seen to emerge from the inn, preceded by the ostler, who walked

near him, apparently answering a multitude of questions, for he pointed now here, now there, and occasionally threw his thumb over his shoulder, as he directed the stranger's glance towards the churchyard. Many stole to the windows, and pulled aside the curtains to see him pass; while some came out to the doors, and children, disturbed from play, gaped with open mouth as he passed on, and stopped at length opposite the door of Patty Leslie's cottage, from which at that moment emerged the tall figure of Arthur Melville, who could not refrain from casting a scrutinising glance at the new comer, in whom, however, he had no reason to dread a rival.

"This is the place, sir," said the ostler.

"Thank you. Now you may go," said the stranger, giving him his reward.

"Thank ye, your honour;" and away sped the ostler, well pleased with the generosity of the new comer.

Patty's laughing eyes were already engaged in quizzing him through the window, well stocked with geraniums and other flowers. But when he knocked, she ran trippingly to the door, and admitted him, making, as she did so, a low curtsey.

"Is Miss Leslie at home?"

"Yes, sir. Aunt, aunty dear," for the old lady was rather deaf, "a gentleman wants to speak to you. Please to walk in, sir. Will you sit down? Here is a chair."

The aunt had by this time risen and put on her spectacles, through which to scan the stranger more at her leisure.

"Martha," said the old gentleman, in a rather softer tone than he had spoken before, "don't you know me?"

"Know you? Why—let me see, sir. Oh, isn't it Mr.——no, it can't be. Well! Patty—here!"

"I don't think she can help you," said the stranger, smiling, "for I suppose she couldn't have been born when I left this place."

"Sure I know the voice," and the old lady pressed her thin and trembling hand to her forehead, as if to recal back the fast fading scenes of her early youth. Then her eyes became suddenly moistened with tears, and she threw her aged arms round the stranger's neck, and wept for joy.

"My brother Robert—my dear brother, that we thought dead."

"Yes, indeed, Martha, your brother," said the stranger, returning her embrace; "but none are here to welcome me besides you and——"

His eye rested on Patty.

"Why don't ye come forward, child? I had almost forgot you. Here's your uncle, child; your own uncle; ain't you glad, that thought you were so friendless?"

"She shall not be friendless now," said Mr. Leslie, taking her hand kindly; "she's like poor Edward's wife."

"Her mother."

"Yes, I saw her once before I left. Was this the only child?"

His sister shook her head.

"Oh no, Robert; they all lie up yonder; she's the youngest. When poor Edward died, he left her to my care."

The stranger gazed a moment or two out of the window, as if engaged in musings on the past; and then the three happy relations sat down, and over a comfortable tea, prepared by Patty, talked long over their prospects.

The risings and subsidings of emotions in very aged hearts are feeble. They burst slowly into life, manifest themselves weakly, and pass away quietly, whether awakened by joy or sorrow. So Martha Leslie listened, now with a tear, now with a smile, to her brother's relation of his adventures. He had returned to England a wealthy man, and expressed his resolution of adopting Patty, of taking a large house in the vicinity of the village, and having his sister as housekeeper.

All these arrangements were very quietly effected. Patty, though very grateful to her uncle for his kindness, was the least overjoyed, since she could not bear the idea of exchanging her happy village life for one passed in grandeur at the manor-house. All her expeditions to the woods must be given up, the dance on the green, the companionship of her friends, and, above all, her walks with Arthur Leslie.

"Him I won't give up," she mentally protested, "until he gives me up."

The very morning on which this prudent resolve was come to, Martha Leslie summoned her niece into her room, and with a very grave face bade her sit down, for she had something to say to her.

Patty did as she was desired, and prepared to listen with a very demure countenance.

"You know, my dear," said her aunt, taking off her spectacles, and wiping them with the corner of her apron, "that a change in circumstances makes a change in everything."

The old lady paused, awaiting a reply; but as her niece made none, and only looked on the floor and pouted a little, she continued:

"Now what I mean to say is this—Mr. Arthur Melville I am going to speak of, my dear."

"Yes, aunt."

"Well, he is a very nice young man, a very respectable young man, and in fact, I may say, a very good young man."

"Yes, aunt."

"I always thought he was," said Miss Leslie.

"Yes, aunt, and so did I."

"I am happy to hear you say *did*, my dear, for I was going to say that it would be much better for you not to give him any sort of encouragement now, under present circumstances. Don't you think so?"

"No, aunt."

"Why, my dear? I shall think you are mad."

"Why, aunt?"

"If you don't agree to what I say. But you must not listen to me with that smile, because I don't like it at all. I only encouraged Mr. Melville's attentions while you were poor, when I thought he would make a good match, and make you respectable, that hadn't a friend. Now it's quite a different thing. And I say, miss, that neither I nor your uncle will ever hear of him any more. I am sure I don't know *what* he would think of me for encouraging you."

"So, aunt," said Patty, looking really serious, "now, because I am richer than Mr. Melville, I am to give him up?"

"Yes, Patty."

"Well, I only know that I am my own mistress so far, that I won't marry anyone else."

"Oh, that's all very fine *now*; only wait till a tall rich gentleman comes and asks you."

"Aunt, you are very unkind indeed; but," she continued, "I know no one can force me to give him up."

"Go away, Patty, you are an ungrateful girl; go, and don't let me see you again all day."

"Thank you, aunt," said Patty to herself, as she hastened to obey her injunctions, and put on her bonnet. One minute carried her to the bottom of the garden; in another, she crossed the little paddock beyond; and a few moments more, and she was in the wood, roving by his side whom they had forbidden her to see.

A few days passed thus, and opposition only seemed to make a person endowed with a character like Patty's more determined, when one morning her uncle joined her in the garden, and, after a few questions concerning the progress of her flowers, abruptly asked her:

"Should you not like to be married, my dear?"

"I, uncle? I?—oh, amazingly," and she burst into a merry laugh, "if you let me choose for myself."

"Oh, yes, my dear, you shall choose for yourself."

"May I, uncle? Indeed you mean it?"

"Yes."

"Then *I will*," and she laughed again.

"So you shall. Now make yourself as pretty as you can in the next few days, and we shall see."

And the uncle looked particularly knowing as he spoke.

The village was soon thrown into another fit of excitement by the following remarkable occurrence. About a week after the date of the above conversation, a gentleman on horseback, with a travelling portmanteau behind him, arrived at the inn precisely at ten o'clock in the morning, and inquired the way to the great manor-house. He was tall, thin, and gaunt, and seemed about fifty years of age. His question answered, he passed on. Half an hour afterwards, another gentleman, with only one leg and a half, rode up and inquired the way. This was quite sufficient to arouse curiosity in so small a place, where everybody's minutest actions are scrutinised, and where everybody knows everybody. But tenfold was that curiosity increased when another gentleman, considerably disfigured by the remains of scars and wounds, and boasting some fifty summers, arrived, covered with dust, and also requested to be shown the way to the great manor-house.

At that place a scene of the greatest ceremony was being performed. These three gentlemen were friends of Mr. Leslie's, whom he had selected as likely to make one of them a suitable husband for his wealthy niece. And on the morning of their expected arrival, to pass some time on a visit to Mr. Leslie, Miss Leslie, superbly attired, and looking as stiff as a walking stick, sat in the drawing room with Patty at her side, very simply dressed, waiting to receive the expected guests.

"Don't laugh, my dear, in that very ridiculous manner," said Patty's aunt.

"Oh, let her laugh, by all means."

"But, brother, supposing they should come?"

"Well, they will like her all the better for that."

Just at this moment the first visitor made his appearance, and by the time his welcome had been given, and a few reminiscences had been gone over between Mr. Leslie and Mr. Burford, the new comer, Mr. Scalding, the second suitor, was ushered in. Last came Major Gunner. The whole party having assembled, and all introductions over, Mr. Leslie's proposal to the gentlemen of a walk round the grounds being accepted, afforded Patty an opportunity for giving vent to her laughter.

"My dear, you quite vex me with your rude behaviour."

"Oh, aunt, I cannot help it; indeed, I cannot," and she laughed again. "Oh!

oh! one of these three! What delightful men! I must be Mrs. Burford, Mrs. Scalding, or Mrs. Major Gunner."

"Very nice names, and I am sure the Major is a particularly nice young man!"

"I shall certainly choose the Major, for the sake of his title, most certainly—oh, yes—he really is a most charming young man."

"I am glad you like him," answered her aunt.

Patty, before the day was over, took an opportunity of relating to Arthur the events of the morning, and giving him a description of the three suitors.

"You will not be tempted to forget me, for the sake of the Major, will you, Patty?" said Arthur.

"I will, if you ask me anything half so ridiculous," said Patty, with a toss of the head.

"And your fortune? Shall you not regret it," continued Arthur, who happened to be in one of those moods so common with some people—a teazing mood, "when you are the poor lawyer's wife?"

"Yes I shall. That is the answer you deserve, and none other you shall have. I must go now and dress for dinner, and make myself charming for the Major—so good bye."

And without waiting one instant, off she ran, leaving her lover half pleased, half displeased, at her behaviour.

A fortnight had slid rapidly away, and no one could detect to whom pretty Patty afforded the preference. She behaved with equal complacency to all three. If she bestowed a smile on one, she was sure to pass it on to the others too, so that her uncle and aunt, as well as the unhappy gentlemen, began to despair. Mr. Leslie at length spoke to her upon the subject, and desired that either to her aunt or to himself, she would intimate her preference.

"Well, uncle, I tell you what I will do. I will go into the garden after dinner, and if you will send them all one after the other out to me, I will give a rose to the one whom I think I prefer; and this will," continued she, casting her eyes upon the ground very modestly, "be, I think, a very good plan."

"Yes, my dear," said her uncle, patting her on the head; "I will do as you wish."

The dinner passed. Patty's eyes looked brighter than ever, as they always did when she was meditating mischief, and at length she disappeared from the table, and went into the garden. She had not waited long before the Major sauntered out, and, with a happy smile, advanced to meet her. They all three liked the young lady extremely, but they liked her fortune far better.

After a few minutes passed in chit-chat, Patty plucked a half-blown rose, and exclaimed, "Sir Major, look at this beautiful flower. Will you have it? But I dare say you would not prize it, if I gave it to you?"

"Prize it!—I would keep it for ever—"

"And a day! I suppose: but will you wear it this evening?"

"If it will please you."

"Yes, it will. By the way, have you seen the cascade at the end of the walk leading through the shrubbery?"

"No; will you show it to me!"

"Oh, there's no occasion to show you; if you walk straight on you will be sure to find it. I will come to you shortly. Now go, or I shall take back the flower—I assure you it is well worth seeing."

The innocent Major most obediently marched off, thinking this a most delightful method, on the part of the young lady, for making an assignation. Mr. Burford now came out, and slowly strode down the gravel path towards Patty, who was engaged in admiring a rose which she had just picked.

"Just in time, Mr. Burford, I know you are fond of flowers, and here is one for you."

"Very pretty," said Mr. Burford, "like you."

"Thank you, Mr. Burford. Are you fond of scenery—landscapes, and all that sort of thing?"

"Very."

"Oh, then, will you just walk down after the Major; he has gone, on my recommendation, to see the cascade. I am going there soon—I know you will like it."

Without another word Mr. Burford followed her directions, and placing the rose in his button-hole, as his rival had done before him, walked away.

Last came Mr. Scalding, bowing, smiling, and laughing towards pretty Patty, as she walked, apparently unheedingly, to and fro.

"Ah, Miss Patty, always amongst the flowers—sympathy I suppose—like they say sweets to the sweet; eh, Miss Patty?"

"What did you say, sir?" inquired Patty.

But it was too much of her to expect that Mr. Scalding, the hero of the cork leg, was going to repeat his speech.

"May I ask for a flower from that bouquet in your hand?"

"Oh, by all means—here is a rose."

"The emblem of love," said he, fixing it in his button-hole, quite proud of his acquisition.

"I hope it may prove so. Have you seen the cascade? Your two friends have gone there—won't you go?"

"If you will go with me!"

This was a consummation which Patty by

no means desired, but she obeyed with a good grace, in order not to excite suspicion. When she had reached the end of the walk, she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! pray go on; I forgot something." And away she bounded back, and slipping by another path to the wood, sought refuge in the society of Arthur from the rage of her aunt, the mortification of her rivals, and the ill-temper of her uncle.

Arthur could not help laughing as heartily as Patty herself at the mischievous trick she had played.

"I shall hear of this in the morning," said she; "but I don't care."

The morning came, and with it a summons to the library. Patty knew this meant a lecture, so taking her pocket handkerchief with her, she obeyed the call, fully prepared to use it to hide her laugh or her tears, as the occasion might require. Mr. Leslie looked stern, and bade her sit down, with a very serious countenance, while he proceeded to explain to her that both he and her aunt were extremely angry with her, and had come to the determination of making her choose that very morning which of the three gentlemen she would have for husband.

After a few minutes' pause, occupied by Patty in stifling a laugh, and getting up a sob, she replied:

"If I *must* have either, sir, why I—I like the Major best."

"That's a good girl; I admire your choice. Kiss me—why you can cry and laugh with equal facility. I am so happy; the marriage shall take place immediately."

"Uncle!"

"Yes, my dear; I'll go and tell your aunt."

The marriage was determined on. The happy Major was happier every day, while the others submitted with a good grace to what could not be avoided. A splendid trousseau was provided, with which Patty expressed herself much delighted; and the morning of the wedding-day was ushered in by a bright blue sky and glorious sunshine. The bride was dressed, and the assembled guests were waiting her appearance in the drawing-room. But the patience of all was at length exhausted, and Miss Leslie was despatched in search of the young lady. No bride, however, was to be seen. All was consternation. Where could she have concealed herself? Her uncle immediately conceived that it was some harmless frolic on her part, and bade them have patience. But at length it became evident that no bride was forthcoming; and Susan, the housemaid, rushed in with the intelligence that Fanny, the lady's-maid, had also disappeared, and that Tom, the gardener, had come from the village with the intelligence that a post-chaise had been seen whirling rapidly along the high road. Pursuit was resolved on instantly; but ere the party could sufficiently collect their scattered senses, the fugitives were far on their way, and were actually married by license at the next town before Patty's enraged uncle came up with her.

Matters being thus brought to a crisis, Mr. Leslie thought the most prudent plan was to forget and forgive; and after a little scene of crying and kissing, the bride and bridegroom returned to eat the wedding feast prepared for the gallant Major and pretty Patty.

People of Character.

BY JOHN HERAUD.

The importance of a good character is one of those practical truths which are generally acknowledged. But there is still something more important—to have a character, at all events. "Most women," said Pope, with a sneer, "have no characters at all;" and men of whom the same can be alleged, are usually condemned for effeminacy. The world requires decision of character from those who are candidates for its favour. Like the fair, it countenances the brave. The world has a reason for it; notwithstanding it looks itself so strong and bold, it needs protection. The world, large as it is, is fragile. It is held together by the rottenest ligaments. It is a bundle in which every unit has a separate self-interest at war with its neighbour. It threatens to fall asunder every moment. Nothing keeps it together but an affected ignorance on the part of its members of this lamentable fact. The great thing, then, is to preserve appearances; and thus it is that the world prefers those who can put the best face on the matter, and lend it the character that itself wants.

There is another reason for the world treating with respect people of decided character. It is afraid of them. It dreads lest some day they may tear off the mask, and expose its hideous deformity—to itself! The possible discovery of a falsehood is a thing to stand in awe of—the world would avoid detection. It therefore finesses and conciliates the man or woman of determination, whose straightforward behaviour threatens an *eclaircissement* that might be

unpleasant. Who would have such emptiness published abroad, as want of character implies? It involves the worst of bankruptcies—the barest of insolvencies. It is nothing less than beggary and destitution.

Yet, after all, the world has a character—but it is one which your true man of the world is anxious to get rid of—it is a bad character. This, too, is one reason why it likes people of decision—it would be judged of by the company it keeps. This is the motive that ALGERNON has for inviting men of letters to his table. He himself has no taste for literature; he has, in his own, nurtured a merely agricultural mind, that has lived on the fat of the land, and become as obese as his body. It carries weight, and is not without native force; but it has grown too unctuous, too ripe, and become too tender, through self-indulgence, to sustain resistance or exert reaction. But he has heard lately much of the influence of literature and of the power of knowledge; and how that the class to which he himself belongs has been reputed to be stupidly indifferent to their productions and professors. Of this reproach he would fain get rid; and, accordingly, on certain formal occasions, condemns himself to listen to conversation which he cannot understand, and of which he retains no impression. In this way he supposes that he proves himself to be a glorious exception to his order, and surely laying the foundation of an honourable distinction. But the sin of his class nevertheless adheres to Algernon; he is ignorant and cannot be instructed. The reputation which he would fain derive from his literary dinner parties, he seeks to employ against those very interests which all letters, and science, and history, have demonstrated to be for the welfare of man, and the promotion of human intelligence—interests which are identified with those of learning and philosophy. In his heart, Algernon despises equally both literature and commerce; wise in his secret scorn alike of both, since both alike are essential to free states, and in most, such for instance as Florence, have flourished or perished together. But in England, as in France, literature has become an acknowledged power, and Algernon would willingly employ it as an agent against the long-continued and growing interest of trade, which he has been insanely taught to consider as the natural foe of landed possession. Literature, he has been told, is an advocate, which, for a fee, may be purchased to fight the battle of either side. Infatuation! for, in all cases, the victory is ultimately awarded to truth and justice—and, albeit, the *literateur* may sometimes be bribed into partizanship, the instrument he wields has a charmed operation, and even when describing an eccentric orbit, moves in harmony with universal laws, and can only conduct to a preordained conclusion. Herein is manifested a purpose in literature, and this character, reflected on its possessors, makes them respectable (though it would be hard for such persons to say why), in the eyes of its would-be and self-interested patrons—the dull Algernons of the age.

But Algernon is but, after all, the type of the world. Like him, the world is well to do, has grown rank on corruption, and is misguided by the absurdest prejudices. The world has at length been told that this with it is most certainly the case. It now, accordingly, affects to patronise literature, and has it of all kinds, cheap and dear, plain and embellished; literature suited for all classes of society, all degrees of intellect, superficial or profound. Well and good! But the world expects to be flattered in return—to be spoken well of—to have its errors quoted as truths—and its authority referred to as supreme. Woe, however, to the literature of the day if it condescends to this! The books which have survived the period of their production, and earned a permanent reputation for their authors, have been those which have fearlessly exposed and opposed the wrong and the evil of the times they illustrated. Here it is that decision of character is most required—on the literature that would live, it must be most unequivocally stamped. Let the literary man look to it.

But if this consideration be so important in relation to literature in general, it becomes more so, touching that species of literature which, whether owing to its cheapness or other causes, is intended for the largest possible circulation. Here it is indispensable that the literary man should speak out—he must appeal to the purest oracles, and accurately deliver their responses—he must not listen to "the equivocation of the friend that lies like

truth," but to that popular voice, which is not of the world, but of heaven. What then is the world which we stated to bear so bad or indifferent a character? Does it not include the millions, who now, periodically, seek intellectual nutriment, as daily bread? Oh, no! The world we have described is pampered and overfed: the knowledge-seeking millions are hard worked and ill-subsisted. Moreover, it names itself—every unit of which it is composed, says, "We are the world;" and in recognising a fellow unit, roundly asserts, "He is one of Us." The millions of whom we speak have no natural tendency to acknowledge any such corporate bond; hardly have they been taught the utility of co-operation—each man has stood apart from his brother man; and all have so little understood the true principles of combination, that when they have practically attempted the thing, they have made the most fatal mistakes. It is now the highest task of literature to instruct the multitude of the labouring and middle-classes how to associate safely and beneficially, that the world, in its highest places, may be triumphantly antagonised, and yet none of the real interests of the community disturbed. The appropriation of the term "world," by the parties alluded to, is equivalent indeed to the assertion, that "the world, in its largest sense, was made for them;" the assertion of the right of union by us who labour with head and hands, is no less than the declaration of our belief, that "it was made for us, also," —that "nature's table is not yet full," and that we should, and may, have a seat at her banquet. We will, therefore, no longer permit "the world" to comprise within itself an exclusive circle. There are "livers beyond its limits"—these must and shall be regarded. Nor will that jealous and narrow circle be at all thereby injured; but contrariwise (to use a Gospel expression), benefited. By throwing down the barriers in which they have entrenched themselves, they will admit new experiences, with the means of adding to their own wealth—and acquire such an improved and sagacious power of distribution as shall inevitably bless him who gives as well as him who takes, and unite all classes of the community in the charitable bonds of a common fellowship. Not long ago, and such prospects were pronounced, not unjustly, Utopian—they are now the ordinary topics of discourse with the learned and the prudent. Let not, therefore, the literary man hesitate, but bravely rise to the due sense of his privileges and the purpose of his mission. In every way, he should look upon himself as a person of character, and take a decided part in the cause of progress, as the great present demand of man and of society. Let him, in this, be even in advance of his age—the prophet of the popular tendency, and not its mere servile follower. Thus shall he best rise to individual dignity, and most effectually serve his fellow-creatures. There is noble work for him now to execute—more noble than at any other period of the world; "whatsoever," therein, "his hands may find to do, let him do it with all his might."

THE LAMENT OF ANDROMACHE OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

Do I hold thee, husband mine,
Only stay of Troy divine?
Do thy comely temples rest
Once again upon my breast?

Wherefore droops thy glorious head—
Can it be that thou art dead?
Will the cases never rise
From thy spirit-glancing eyes?
Hector, Hector, look at me;
Look at thy Andromache!

When, amid his burning town,
Reft of kingdom and of crown
By the ruthless Aeacide,*
Eëlion, my father, died;

When the same relentless foe
Laid my seven brothers low,
When Artemis' relentless dart
Pierced my sorrowing mother's heart,
Hector, all still lived in thee,
For thine own Andromache!

Sweetly on the murmuring deep
The rippled silver moonbeams sleep,
When clouds wrap in the moon's pale light,
Where is then the semblance bright?

As the richly clustered vine
With graceful weakness does entwine

* Achilles, grandson of Aracus.

Round the elm-tree's knotted roots,
And rugged bark her slender shoots,
Hector, Hector, so to thee
Clung thy poor Andromache!

As the mountain's massive shade
Shelters in the quiet glade;
As the genial dew that yields
Moisture to the thriving fields.

Can the semblance still be bright,
When is quenched the parent light?
Can the vine without her stay
Her juicy clusterers display?
Hector, Hector, without thee,
What is lone Andromache?

With thee has ceased the city's trust;
With thee are trampled in the dust
The hope and strength of god-built Troy;*
With thee, the promise of our boy.

My full heart bounded, when the crowd
Hailed his birth with clamours loud;
When they named him "city-king,"†
Till all Ida's glens did ring,
Hector, Hector, 'twas for thee
That they blessed Andromache!

Now, ah me! most wretched now!
In vain I kiss this clammy brow;
When Jove decreed to quench their light,
Would he had drowned my eyes in night!

Can it be that this cold clay
Was once my husband—Ilium's stay?
Is this the gallant and the good,
Whose single arm the foe withstood?
Hector, Hector, woe is me,
Widowed, lone Andromache!

Still beyond this passing state,
In commune with the good and great,
In holy fields that never fade,
Dwells my matchless warrior's shade.

Though no more thy stalwart arm
Shall fold me in embraces warm;
Though no more thy heart shall beat
'Gainst my own in concert sweet;
Hector, Hector, there with thee
May wander thy Andromache!

ACLETOS.

* "God-built." The legend tells that Laomedon, king of Troy, secured the services of Apollo and Neptune for the building of his walls.

† *Astu-anasc*, "city-king," a name bestowed on Scamandrius, the young son of Hector, by the people of Troy.—*Iliad* vi.

The Eagle's Nest;

OR,

THE LONE STAR OF THE WEST.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.*

CHAPTER XIX.

A SORTIE.

It was somewhat late ere the garrison, on the morning after the evasion of Blackhawk, was on foot, and as the young sailor happened to be one of those who overslept himself, he found that he, Alice, and Margarita, had to breakfast alone, the rest being already scattered around the walls on the look out. Alice was pale, while her eyes showed signs either of much weeping or a long and sleepless vigil. Blake, who for many reasons now watched Alice with more attention than he had previously bestowed upon her, remarked the circumstance, nor could he keep what he saw a secret.

"You seem unwell," he said, with much tenderness.

Margarita looked fixedly at him, while her colour came and went. Alice without noticing this smiled languidly.

"This unhappy state of things presses on my spirits, truly; I was not formed for war and bloodshed."

"No," interfered the Mexican, "but this bold bad man they have taken, will not his death put an end to this struggle?"

"They will not take his life," replied Alice, sadly, "they dare not, and they cannot."

"Why?" asked Edward, curiously.

"He is far beyond their reach, Mr. Brown. I told him, Mr. Stevens—that is, my father, it must not be, and in the night I opened his prison door."

"You have acted more boldly than wisely, I think Miss—Miss Alice," said Blake, "but why such interest, may I ask, in this robber ruffian?"

"I take little interest, Mr. Brown, in the bandit. He deserves death, I fear, but not at *their* hands. But excuse me, if I am not confidential. I own I have other reasons—they will be spoken, they must, but not yet."

A loud cry from without now caused the trio to rise from table.

* Continued from page 254.

kerously cleared out, I snore."
/e all the voice of Big Griddle.
r coon, I *con*ceive. Sloped like a
John—behind a pretty consi-
lick set of keepers, he had, I
ay'd 'em possum, and no mistake.
ted for papers, I'll be bound, but
t like a corsair, I calculate, and
e. Warnt there be doin's down
er parts. I pity the pigs, I do.
roast pork, i' the wind by the

)n," squeaked the shrill tones of
eachery. Find it out, and hang
. No mercy, I say, no mercy."
iole party was standing round
loor of the robber's prison. On
old was Stevens, his eyes flashing
)n, his face colourless, his thin
ering with emotion. His hand
is gun, and he was wrapped in
he thought, however, more black
ls.
' he said, without paying atten-
e exclamations of Jones, whose
sappointed malice, mingled with
embling, was pitiable.
his man Alice paused, and turn-
with a firm but stern and me-
w, she touched him lightly on
er.
' he said.
you hang me as well as kill my

in the name of God," cried Jones,
d nearly falling, "who would
"
freedom to Harry Markham,
efore am the traitor,"
girl?" cried Stevens, on whom
l his eye with warning.
I am steel-trapped, chawed up,
leg to stand on," said Big Grid-
u arnt the very spirit of Mrs. G.
If I only wanted pig for break-
it for supper. It's jist the way
. You'd have made a corpse of
, darn his skin, and the gal saved
Ha! ha! good idea that. Ha!
k me, or I'm bound to bust a
pokin' fun and no mistake."
said Stevens, who had caught
sion of Blake's eye, "perhaps
he better. This man's blood at
vill not be on our hands."
here," cried a look out from the
he block.

"What news?" replied Stevens.
"Ingins," continued the look out.
The whole party sprang towards the terrace, which overlooked the prairie, and there, on the edge of the forest, in rich panoply of war paint, and mounted on their small but sturdy nags, came a hundred warriors of the Comanche tribe, and Chinchea in advance, guiding their steps. Their spear heads flashed in the morning sun, their gay plumes waved, and tinkling rang the little bells that hung everywhere on their cumbrous harness, as they galloped forward in all their savage bravery.
"Give them welcome," shouted Stevens; "quick to the block, and up with the red flag of England; and you, Jones, hoist out the white here. Make haste. Open the gates, lower the bridge. Now, then, blaze away, my hearties, and try your lungs."
A rattle of musketry and culverins followed, with a hearty shout that re-echoed again and again from the dark and gloomy forest.
The savages halted in some astonishment, and then comprehending through Chinchea the meaning of all, dispersed, and came galloping with many a halloo and many a yell towards the fort, within a hundred feet of which they halted, a few chiefs detaching themselves, and making with Chinchea for the gate.
The whole garrison received their welcome deliverers with alacrity, and every form of Indian etiquette being observed, they were ushered into the principal room, and a feast laid before them, while a small barrel of whiskey was sent out to be distributed among the many.
The greeting between Blake and Chinchea was sincere and hearty. They sat together at the board; and after some ordinary discourse, the Indian drew his white friend aside, and related his many adventures on the road towards the camp of his friends.
"And what has happened to my white brother?" said Chinchea, when, having concluded, this conversable Indian had listened to his friend's remarks.
"Many things, Chinchea; more than I can tell you now. But I shall want soon the advice and counsel of a brave."
"Chinchea is ready," said the Indian, naively. He knew his own virtues, and thought of them with pride, without any of the false shame so often affected in the

world. If our virtues or vices be worth anything, or if we be not mere animals of the earth, the class which eats, and lives, and drinks, and sleeps, and dies, because others have eat and lived, and drank, and slept, and died before them—we know them well. If our virtues predominate—they never wholly prevail—we know it well, and know too the innate feebleness of our souls, though never whisper pass our lips. *Gnothi Seauton* is far oftener obeyed in secret than the world knows of. Discerning reader, are we not right?

"His brother knows it," continued Blake, "and will tell him all when the time comes."

"Good," assented the Indian. "My brother likes not this place. Will he go to the wigwams of his red friend?"

Now Blake knew that Chinchea was finding an excuse to return to the side of his dusky love, and celebrate the wedding so long desired; and certain emotions within himself made him anxious to second his friend's wishes. Nothing makes us more generous to our friends than when serving them is also serving ourselves.

"Chinchea is right. I like not this place. The air to me is close and unwholesome; it smells of the charnel-house," replied Blake, gradually growing excited; "for days doubts and fears have filled my mind; now there is no doubt, and I must stay and find out the secret of innocent blood being foully taken, and most base wrong being done. Chinchea, the secret of my life is here. Providence led my footsteps hither to unmask the evil doer, and its will shall be accomplished."

"Who has taken the scalp of a friend of my white brother," said Chinchea; "the tomahawk of the Comanche shall take his in return."

"No, no! Chinchea, I will not have his life taken. In the hands of those who have right to judge will I place him, if my suspicions prove just. I may want you yet, my friend, and you will not fail when the time comes."

"Let my brother speak, and it is done," said the Indian, calmly; "until then, Chinchea is dumb as the ring-snake. He is not a woman—he can hold his tongue."

"I know it, my good friend, and have no doubt," replied Edward, taking his hand, and pressing it warmly.

Philip Stevens approached.

"Well, Mr. Brown, are you for a sally? We propose scouring the woods in search of the enemy, who will now, doubtless, beat a retreat."

"I am ready at a word," replied Blake.

"The white man is hasty," said Chinchea; "let the scouts move first, and see that the enemy lie not hid in the grass, to fly up and bite like snakes."

"You are quite right, Redskin. Whom will you despatch?"

"None yet. Chinchea will wait until the night is come, and then will go himself."

"You will take a white man with you?"

"Yes, him."

"I am quite agreeable," responded Blake, the person selected; "but let us go at once. Your cavalry can easily pour down to the rescue at the least alarm."

"Good, my white brother is very wise, and Chinchea will go."

The party was now arranged in proper order. The whole body of Indian horse were drawn up close to the Nest, while the whites were dispersed amongst them, leaving Big Griddle, Pietro, and the Mexicans, with the women, to guard the cattle of the outlaw. The next requisite was for the two spies to gain the wood where it was entered by the stream, without being detected by any of those who might be watching their movements from the edge of the forest.

Chinchea at once devised a plan, and having given full directions to Blake, proceeded to put it into execution. Selecting a dozen of the very fleetest horsemen, and those most gaily caparisoned, he and Blake, having stripped themselves of every unnecessary article of clothing, mounted behind two, and standing in the rear of the troop, so placed themselves as to be unseen. These men, properly instructed, then swept madly down the slope, taking various directions, and skirted the wood as if in search of enemies. The two who bore the burthen of the outlyers, constantly darted in and out of the thick brushwood, as if suspecting proximity to those they sought, but presently the whole gang, at a given signal, darted back and rejoined their companions.

Chapter XX.

THE ONSLAUGHT.

On an old log, covered with Spanish moss, and thickly studded at bottom with fungi, and in a spot surrounded with thick brush and tall waving trees, close to the shallow waters of the running stream, sat Chinchea and Blake, about five minutes after the departure of those who had safely deposited them at the point selected by the keen eye of the war chief. Slowly at their feet, rippling in the still sunshine over its golden-coloured sandy bed, and bearing by light loads of dead leaves and grass, flowed the stream. Warbling birds were heard on every side, while the hot sun suffused the atmosphere with burning light, that of itself made buzzing sound in the ears. All else was dead. Not a voice broke the calm of that spot.

"This serene and grassy spot, my brother," said Blake, "would make me fain think that the pirates have fled, and that we shall no more be troubled."

"The bad man hides when braves are near, but he comes back with droves, like the wild horses of the prairie. Blackhawk is not gone."

"Have you any proof of this, or is it a mere conjecture?"

"My brother will see; but it is time to move."

Making a sign to Edward to follow him, he entered the stream, whose pellucid waters, however, but slowly hid the trail as they swept over their footsteps in the sand. In this way they advanced some hundred yards, when Chinchea halted.

"Hugh," he said, "good! They are found!"

Edward followed the direction of his finger, and saw a canoe drawn up on the shore, the paddles of which were yet wet with their recent work. The chief, after cautiously eyeing the whole of the surrounding brush, approached and examined it with attention. In an instant the flashing of his quick eye, the dilation of the nostril, and the calm air of satisfaction, proved that he had made an important discovery.

"What is it?" said Blake.

"Blackfeet," said Chinchea, "the squaws of the hills have joined the white thieves. A foot comes; we must hide."

Quick as thought the two friends disappeared behind a bush, just in time to avoid being seen by three Indians, who were just returning with a fat buck on their shoulders to the boat, which had been their former means of transit. Two were full grown warriors, the third a lad of some twelve years. Ere the Blackfeet could throw down their load, their enemies were upon them, cutlass and tomahawk in hand, to avoid the discharge of firearms; and taken by surprise, the struggle lasted not a minute. The warriors fell lifeless, the lad was a prisoner.

"We will eat of the venison," said Chinchea, entering the canoe, "in the camp of the enemy. They cannot be far off."

The chief stood up in the stern of the frail boat, while Blake and the youth propelled it forward. The warrior's eye was fixed on every point. Roving from side to side, it pierced through trees and bushes, and close indeed must have been the ambuscade which escaped his keen observation. No discovery, however, for some time rewarded his diligence, and at length entering a small but deep basin, where the water lay in a natural cavity of rock, with a small island in the midst, they halted.

"My brother will stay here until night," said the Indian; "we shall then find the enemy. We will burrow like prairie owls."

The island was a mere tufted stone of large dimensions, on which a little stray earth had served to support a few thick bushes, which sufficiently served the purpose of concealment. Several huge pieces of rock, piled up in rough confusion, made on one side a kind of rampart, and an inlet of some few feet in width, between these and the main stone, served to draw the boat out of sight. Blake remained in the canoe, as sentinel over the lad, whose arms, as a further precaution, were bound behind him, in case an attack, when attention might be drawn off.

About an hour before sunset, a trampling sound was heard below the diminutive lake, proclaiming the presence of both horse and foot. Blake and his Indian friend raised their heads. In an instant they saw how fatal had been their selection of a place of concealment. The enemy they sought were about to camp within twenty yards of their position. On one side of the stream came a dusky column of [illegible]

skin warriors in the hideous and even horrible war costume which peculiarly distinguished the treacherous Blackfeet; on the other (for they could not trust themselves together) came the motley gang of Black hawk's.

"It's all over with us this time, Chinchea," said Blake, sinking beside his friend into the canoe.

"We will escape," replied Chinchea, calmly. "The Blackfeet are squaws, they will smell a warrior, and think it but the resin from the pine trees."

Having looked carefully to their arms, and threatened their captive with instant death should he betray their presence, not a word was spoken until nightfall.

The sun went down to rest amidst an unearthly stillness; there was not a breath of wind; the very air seemed influenced; the sky was veiled by a milky whiteness that seemed to reflect the heat; and though there were no clouds, so thick was the haze not a star shone in the limpid waters of the rocky basin; the forest trees were motionless, as if they had been painted on the hanging curtains of the night. Their summits moved not, not even beneath the weight of chanting birds; even the natural motion faintly distinguished on ordinary occasions without wind, was not to be seen. The long moonlight shadows fell damp upon the earth, and upon the waters, while far off rose in a straight column the smoke of the Eagle's Nest.

The effect upon Blake was painful; he seemed to live amid fire; the glare of noontide heat was upon him, though the sun had long been down.

"We shall have a heavy storm, Chinchea," he said.

"Thunder," was the calm reply.

A splash in the water made them both start. Their captive had, while they had been examining the signs of the night, though bound, rolled himself out of the canoe, and was making for the shore. The Indian, with a stern brow, at once seized his rifle, and prepared for the deadly struggle which he knew must now ensue; Blake did the same. A sudden idea seemed to strike the Indian, for seizing his tomahawk he drew the bark canoe on the rock, and, to the great astonishment of his companion, began hacking it to pieces. Placing them where a blaze of light would not fall upon them, and betray their exact position, Chinchea added some dry bushes and the paddles broken into bits. Beneath all he placed a little loose powder, and dry moss torn from the rock, as well as a small piece of paper, which Blake had round a supply of food handed him by Alice.

Scarcely had these preparations concluded, when a sudden bustle in the two camps proclaimed that the news was spreading. Voices were heard distinctly in the deep and sombre silence, and lying low upon the rock, the two friends saw dense masses collecting on the nearest shore. This was about eighty yards away, while the other was two hundred, and too deep to permit the chance of the enemy wading.

"My white brother will shoot after me," said Chinchea, quietly, "then the Indian will load. Watch the water, they will swim if they dare."

"I will," replied Edward, who could not forbear a bitter smile at the idea of combatting two hundred men.

But the Indian himself was not more determined. At this instant a very low and irregular sound came from the opposite shore. Chinchea started, and raising himself gave as lowly the well-known growl of the Panther. Four dark figures at once plunged into the water, while the Indian, quietly turning the other way, discharged his rifle at the crowd who stood in council on the strand. A shrill cry and a dozen balls flying over their heads showed that the shot had told, and several, pushing out a canoe, made furiously towards the rock. The night was clear enough to distinguish ten men in this boat, and the lad who had betrayed them standing up.

"Shoot one of the rowers," said Chinchea, quietly, "and then load."

Edward Blake acted as directed, and the canoe, the oars-man being wounded, whirled half round.

Ere they could again start fair, the four dark figures stood in the narrow gap beside the Indian and Blake. It was Smith, Captain Doyle, and two Comanche warriors, who having left the Eagle's Nest at nightfall, had penetrated to the enemy's camp, and overheard the discovery of the fugitives, whom they immediately determined on joining. This reinforcement gave renewed courage, and Chinchea resolved on availing himself to the full of the advantage thus gained.

Every gun was levelled at the boat; but

ere they were discharged, the Comanche fired the train leading to the fire-beacon, and then the united volley was poured upon the canoe. Petrified at the unexpected force on the rock, and the greater part wounded, two being killed, the boat's crew fled, and landed amid furious outcries at the deceit which they accused the lad of having put upon them. It was in vain that he protested having told the truth; he was not credited, and killed by his revengeful countrymen after lingering tortures.

Meanwhile the bark fire sparkled high, and the blaze, unimpeded by the wind, rose curling and wreathing, as if about to follow the upward flying smoke, and the little band knew it must be seen at the Eagle's Nest. To distract, therefore, the attention of their enemies, they kept up a constant and running fire of three, which was answered as steadily, the artillery of heaven soon joining in the action. In the far off—and on the prairies, the thunder storm howls at a tremendous distance—they could hear the rumbling of the thunder, and see the flashing of the lightning. But more immediately the besieged noticed the storm around them.

After a short conference, the besiegers divided themselves into six columns, and seeking various spots where there were fords, they entered, and advanced steadily, in all cases headed by white men. Stern and steady was the fire of the little band, as they crouched upon the sand back to back, and side to side; not a word was spoken; nothing was heard but the pouring of powder into their guns, the driving home the ball, the click of the cock, and then the belching forth of the fire flame, pregnant with death. They were all calm, though their fate seemed sealed, and awaited the approach of their enemies in a sullen silence. But they came slowly. Six times they reached the centre of the stream, and six times fell back before the steady and coolly delivered fire of its defenders.

Suddenly this ceased, and a stillness, as of night itself wrapped in shady slumber, wrapped round the huge rocky fragments. Believing the enemy's powder exhausted, on came the whole gang, gaining unopposed the so much wished for goal, in time to catch the figures of the retreating garrison rising from the watery way by which they had fled.

"Back every man of you," shrieked rather than said Blackhawk, plunging with an almost superhuman leap into the depths of the lake, "back, or ye are dead men."

All obeyed or sought to; but at that instant the match burning nearly at a level with the water, and dependant from a hastily closed up cavity, which had alarmed the outlaw chief, took effect, and the contents of six large horns of powder sent the rock in ten thousand fragments into the air, with a terrific and awful report. Shrieks and yells rose too upon the night, and then all was still as death. Hastily surveying the damage done, it was found that more than twenty men had been killed, while as many more were wounded. Meanwhile the bold knot who had thus terribly punished their enemies, were too far off to make attempt at capture of any avail.

"Stand to your arms, lads," cried Blackhawk, "and round me quick." His gang congregated close.

"Listen and act. In five minutes the Comanche hawks will be on us. Let the Blackfeet bear the brunt, you disperse secretly as if gaining your camp, and meet me at the blasted cedar on Skull Creek."

In another instant the survivors of the robber gang were apparently dissolved into thin air. Not one was to be seen.

Scarcely had this base desertion of their allies been effected, when the thunder roaring above, and with the lightning flashes filling with electric heat the before hot air, until all nature seemed a huge oven, there came bursting, like black riders of demon clouds, the Comanche band upon the devoted Blackfeet. Giving a re-echoing warwhoop, these rallied boldly, and being desperate, they made the storm more horrid still with their loud cries and desperate courage. On pressed the Comanches and white men, all cry for parley from these being answered with insults.

Retreating slowly, the thinned band of Indian warriors reached the edge of the lake, fighting all the way, and leaving many a mark of their redoubtable valour. But the God of battles was against them, and overpowering forces broke every hope of escape. Blake was the first white man to withdraw from what was becoming a

massacre, and his example soon led his countrymen away. But the red-skins had no such feelings; their glory was not so much in victory as in the extermination of their enemies, and not one Blackfoot escaped to tell the tale, save one or two prisoners saved by the interference of the whites. This interference had however an object in view.

Chapter XXI.

SKULL CREEK.

By a low and carefully concealed fire sat the gang of Blackhawk, now reduced by desertion and death to twenty men, but the leader was not among them. For hours had they waited his arrival and he came not, until at length they began to fear some misfortune had befallen him. At this none would have grieved, but that they felt the loss of a head. Brute forces, they knew only how to act; to think, to contrive the plan, is a labour for the many —a labour they gladly avail themselves of those who take the labour off their hands. Hence Cæsars, Napoleons, and other scourges of the earth. They who would do good in the world, would do so by making men think and act for themselves; hence the difficulty of their mission. Man is a lazy animal.

Two men alone seemed not to partake of the general feeling of regret which the absence of their captain caused the rest to manifest.

These men, of course, were his trusty and confidential lieutenants, Pedro and Carcassin.

"Caught at last, *ma foi*, I always said his time would come. Poor dear captain, he was so very headstrong," said Carcassin, in a mock grave tone.

"By our lady he was a brave fellow though," replied Pedro, "but somewhat tyrannical."

"Pedro, you are right. Decidedly he was tyrannical; we must elect a chief who will be more indulgent."

"One born in a warmer clime," said Pedro, proudly, "and who has commanded men of honour in his time."

"Pshaw. One who has learned by experience and study how to rule men."

"One would fancy you still in your cassock," said Pedro, sneeringly.

"Do you mean to deny my right to take the lead, now that Blackhawk is decidedly gone?"

"I do," replied the hot blooded Mexican, "but let this decide."

Drawing his knife, the outlaw sprang to his feet.

"Done," said Carcassin.

The whole band, however, interposed, and insisted on the captaincy being decided amicably, while the friends of both appeared pretty equal.

"Let us toss," said Carcassin.

"No," replied Pedro, "let us leap, let us shoot."

"Bah," said the ex-priest, "let us play at *ecarté*."

"Done."

"Done."

"How?"

"Three in five wins."

"Agreed."

"Produce the cards," continued Carcassin; "you, lads, keep counts."

"Cut for deal," exclaimed Pedro.

"Mine," said Carcassin, and Carcassin, turned up the king.

"Two to one on Carcassin," exclaimed an old robber who leaned over with anxious eye. Gambling had made him what he was.

"I take you," said Pedro. "Dollars of course."

"What do you do, *mon ami*?" asked Carcassin.

"I propose," replied the Mexican in a vexed tone.

"How many?"

"Five, and curse them," continued Pedro.

This time Carcassin counted ten. The next hand he won the game. Pedro counted not *one*. The robbers all betted on Carcassin. Pedro took them.

"Now then," he said.

It was Carcassin's deal.

"I propose," said the French robber, with a disappointed look.

"Play," replied Pedro, with a merry laugh.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Carcassin, "you are in luck."

Pedro won this game.

"Equal. How about your bets?" laughed the Mexican.

Again they played, and this time the run of luck changed again. Carcassin was one a-head.

"Will you bet again?" said the old gambler.

"Two and two," said Carcassin.

"King," replied Pedro.

"The game," answered Carcassin, moodily.

"Equal," continued the other. "Now for the conqueror."

"Mordi! you are right. The conqueror."

"Save yourself that trouble," laughed Pedro.

Despite his apparent light-heartedness the Mexican was pale with excitement, as was his companion, while the whole party of bandits looked on in a dense circle. The game was played on the ground before the little fire, which, slight in its lustre as it was, left all else in obscurity. As they dealt, the cards were laid on one side to separate those which were left from those rejected.

"One point for me," said Carcassin.

"My deal," replied Pedro. "Cut."

The Frenchman cut.

"King," said the Mexican.

But Carcassin made two points: they were equal.

Two more hands were dealt, and each remained with four points.

"This is close; my deal," said Carcassin.

"Who gets the king, wins," said the Mexican in reply.

Carcassin had a nine of spades turned up.

"I propose," exclaimed the Mexican.

"How many?" replied the lieutenant.

"Four."

The Frenchman took four himself.

"Who gets the king, wins," he said.

Neither had it.

"Shall we deal again?"

"Yes."

Again each took four fresh cards.

"This time it is settled," said Carcassin, breathlessly. "You must have the king."

"No."

"Then where is it?"

"Here!" exclaimed Blackhawk, laying it quietly between them.

The gamblers rose to their feet with a look of mingled astonishment and rage.

"Here!" repeated Blackhawk, whose pale face, and stern angry countenance, alarmed the players for his part.

"Long live our captain," cried the robbers with one accord.

"So you were playing for my rank," said Blackhawk, solemnly, but clearly moved by some other influence than that which, at first blush, would have been thought to make him angry; "but you were right; you will have to do it one of these days."

"Well, there is one comfort," said Carcassin, with a small short laugh, "it was a very good game."

"Very," replied Pedro.

"It will keep you in practice," laughed Blackhawk.

"But where have you been, captain?" inquired the Frenchman.

"At the Eagle's Nest," replied the bandit, moodily.

"Ha! and have you made a prize," cried Pedro.

"I came as I went—empty-handed," continued Blackhawk; "but come, let us to council. Something must be done. These wild Comanches are raging through the forest for our blood, and are in too great numbers to be defeated. They have slain every man of the Blackfeet."

"Every man! the *sanglant* varmint."

"Santa Maria," cried Pedro, "but they are pagans."

"True, they are not such Christians as us," said Blackhawk, with an involuntary shudder.

The ex-priest laughed, but made no reply, and the bandit council continued.

Next morning not a trace of Blackhawk or his gang was to be seen in or near the Nest.

RESIGNATION.

BY WILLIAM WISE.

Away, thou weak and unavailing tear;
Dare not to call what Heaven decrees severe;
Submit in silence; good from evil springs,
And hope still flutters on affliction's wings.
Come, smiling cherub, to an aching heart;
Divine Religion come, and do thy part;
From sacred pages some sweet promise bring,
To take from keen adversity the sting;
Some drop of Gilead's balm, the mind to cheer;
Some friendly whisper that shall conquer fear.
Begone, my doubts; in Him will I confide
Who feeds the ravens; shall not he provide?
All his large family partake his care,
And shall not we his kind compassion share?
In misery's cup he mingles, could we see,
A thousand mercies; just and wise is he,
And doeth all things well; but erring man
Complains, yet cannot comprehend his plan

SPRING.

Gone to the regions of the icy north
Is chilling winter, with its dismal train;
Releas'd from thrall, fond nature, budding forth,
Assumes her gay green livery again:
Light are the clouds, though gently charg'd with rain;
Warm shines the sun, with life in ev'ry beam,
Upon the fruitful land, while gush amain
Wide-spreading bounties from earth, wood, and stream,
Such as the mind oft pictures in a fairy dream.

Gladly thou callest forth to his rude toil
The humble husbandman, content, yet poor;
Willing he scatters in the friendly soil
The future harvest; then, his labour o'er,
He trusts in heaven alone to crown his store,
To bid it plenty yield, enrich with sun,
Cherish with dews, and on it blessings pour;
Eager he watches till the harvest won,
Then yielding thanks to God, contented, envies none.

Balmy the breeze that roams the mead afar;
Soft is the breath that wantons in the vale;
Glad is each brook, where bending willows are,
Murm'ring aloud its oft-repeated tale;
Sweet are the flowers that bloom o'er hill and dale,
Wak'd into life by mellow voice of Spring;
Serene the air, and silent each rude gale,
While 'mong the woods the feather'd songsters sing
Sweet sounding notes of joy, their woodland offering.

Ever I love to wander verdant fields,
And chase away the gloomy thoughts that steal;
For calm delight the boundless prospect yields,
And soft emotion doth my bosom feel;
Here let me rest, and unobserved kneel,
Alone, unseen, and from the world apart,
To that Great Being, that I may reveal
How dear, how cherish'd to a grateful heart,
The ecstatic feeling such sweet scenes impart.

W. B. A.

Concerning Sir Hubert Asham's Disbelief in Ghosts;

AND WHAT IT LED TO.*

BY EDMUND OLLIER.

"Is not this something more than fantasy?" *Hamlet.*

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT.

It will be necessary, for the perfect development of this truthful history, that the reader now take a backward glance to a period about seven years antecedent to the events just narrated—or, in more definite terms, to the night of October 20th, 1700.

On that night—it was a wild and boisterous one, and the stern old trees in Sir Hubert's park beat madly against each other, and sobbed, and moaned, and wailed, like things in mortal anguish—two figures sat in a large and antique chamber, talking earnestly. Revealed by the struggling glare of an oil-lamp, and the faint red glimmer of a wood-fire, which had got drowsy and settled sullenly down to sleep in its own white ashes, the room of which we speak presented an appearance far more picturesque than cheerful. The wainscotted walls, which were entirely composed of highly-polished oak, took the wavering light upon their surfaces in ghastly gleams, rendered ten times more strange and spectral by the heavy breadths of shadow by which they were surrounded, and into which, ever and anon, they glided and were lost. Seen under these circumstances, the portraits of grim old warriors dead and gone, which hung at certain intervals from the wall, took ominous and fearful aspects; and, standing out in bold relief from the blackened canvas, seemed watching what was going on with a dreary fixedness of expression. At the further end of the chamber—now buried in shade—was a large window, deeply sunken in the stone-work, which, as the wind went howling by, shook violently in its frame, as though some living thing outside were passionately beseeching shelter from the mournful night.

But the two figures who formed the only human occupants of the room, and of whom one was considerably younger than the other, seemed totally unconscious of any of these sights and sounds. They were evidently discussing some matter of grave importance, on which a great difference of opinion existed.

"Godfrey," exclaimed the eldest of the two companions, rising from his seat, and speaking in a loud and angry tone, "I ask you once again to sign this paper. You

* Concluded from p. 261.

know that I am demanding nothing but my right. You know that this property belongs to me, in all truth and justice; and that your only claim to it is derived from a mere legal quibble. You know, moreover, that I *will* have it, whether you sign or not."

"Then why force me to sign?" asked the other, in a voice whose calmness singularly contrasted with the passion of the first speaker.

"Out of consideration to you. From no other cause, be assured. Your refusal will draw heavy retribution on your own head; but it will leave me scatheless."

"Hubert," said the second interlocutor, not seeming to remark his companion's last observation, "you speak of the property belonging, in truth and justice, to you. I cannot see how you are to support such an assertion. It is true that the codicil to my father's will expressly leaves the property in question to you; but that codicil has not been duly attested by the two witnesses which, as you well know, the law requires: an omission that leaves in my mind strong doubts as to the authenticity of the signature; more especially—hear me fully out, Hubert, before you speak—more especially when, in the body of the will, the property is bequeathed to me, and I am aware of nothing which could have induced my father to change his intentions."

"It is not for me to assign motives," retorted Sir Hubert, moodily. "The signature cannot reasonably be doubted; and you, as a man of honour, ought not to heed the oversight of omitting the witnesses' names. I hope, Godfrey," he continued, eyeing his brother narrowly, "you are not so sunk in baseness as to insinuate that *I* have supplied my father's signature?"

"I insinuate nothing," replied the other, "though your question is a strange one. All I mean to say is, that—irrespective of the omission of the witnesses' names—I cannot believe my father would have showered all his wealth on one son, and left the other pennyless."

"As I have said before," rejoined Hubert, "it is not for me to assign motives; or for you either. Perhaps my father was offended with your wild manner of life; or perhaps—But this is idle talking. For the third time I ask you—will you sign this paper, and yield to me my just right?"

"Most emphatically, no."

"Beware of what you say," exclaimed the knight, in a voice almost inaudible with passion. "I will give you five minutes for consideration: if, at the end of that time, you do not recall your words, by the Heaven above us you shall rue it."

"Hubert," said the younger Asham, starting up in alarm, "why do your lips turn white, and your hands tremble? My God!" he continued, holding up the lamp, "your face is not the same!"

It had changed indeed; and in the tremulous flare of the light looked like some distorted idol. Unable to bear his brother's half-imploring gaze, Sir Hubert turned aside, and strode heavily up and down the room, waking the sullen echoes at each step.

"We had better postpone this conversation till to-morrow, Hubert," said Godfrey, who, knowing his brother's temper, was fearful of the consequences.

"I will have an answer now," exclaimed Hubert, stamping on the ground in the wildness of his passion. "Will you sign the paper, or not?"

"I will not."

Sir Hubert made no reply; but putting his fingers to his lips, gave a shrill whistle. At the same instant, a panel in the wall slid back; and the red glare of torches fell upon a wild group of some half dozen rugged-looking beings, who now came pouring into the room.

"What does all this mean?" inquired Godfrey, looking from face to face in blank amazement.

A ghastly smile went slowly rippling up Sir Hubert's face, and lost itself amidst his black hair, as he replied—"These are seafaring gentlemen, Godfrey, and they are going to take you out to your plantations in the West Indies. They won't charge you anything for the passage—I've taken care of that."

"You surely don't mean to force me away from my native land?" said the younger brother, in a voice half stupified with amazement.

"Somebody must go and see after the plantations, you know," replied the knight, as the same icy smile went creeping up his features like a snake. "If you dislike the trouble, you've only to sign that paper, and I'll go instead."

"I will *not* sign it. Oh God! is there no friend to help me?"

He looked wildly round upon the savage faces that confronted him; and saw that there was no hope. Suddenly, however, he drew his sword, and sprang quickly forward; wheeling the blade fiercely above his head.

"Down with his sword!" shouted Sir Hubert. "Hew him to pieces, if he will not stay! He must not—shall not escape."

They rushed upon him just as he was springing through the open pannel, and hurled him back into the room. In another minute his arms were pinioned, and a gag was thrust into his mouth. Sir

Hubert then motioned the leader of the band apart, and addressed him in a few hurried whispers.

"You are bound for North America, you say?"—"Yes, sir."—"And you're going up the country westward?"—"Into the heart of the backwoods, your honour: we've got a job or two thereabouts."—"Understand then, that I wish this gentleman well-treated during the voyage: but when you get him ashore, mind you leave him where he shall never find his way back again to this country. Do you understand?"—"Ay, ay. Once let us get him into the heart of the black pine forests, and he's as safe as in the tomb."—"Take this bag of gold, then, for your trouble. Now away with him, and be mindful of what I have said."

"Forward, lads!" shouted the pirate, advancing, "and take care of your prisoner.

"There's a breeze upon the ocean,
And a cloud across the sky,
And the moon that skulks behind it, boys,
Is like a dead man's eye;
But who cares for the moon, my boys,
While the flakey foam uptosses,
And the waves upon the rocky beach
Are pawing like white horses?
Then drink to the grey-beard Ocean,
Our grim old friend, the Sea!"

The burden of the pirate's song was caught up and repeated in wild echoes, as the rough band stepped through the open space into the corridor beyond, dragging their helpless prisoner after them. The pannel then slid back into its place; the voices of the men grew fainter, and died away in the winding passages of the house; the old chamber was again buried in semi-darkness; and Sir Hubert sat alone.

Alone with the devil in his own bad heart.

Chapter IV.

The night of October 20, 1707.

Sir Hubert's mansion being situated on the north-western coast of England, the pirates had not far to go before they reached their ship, which lay in a creek quite shut in by beetling rocks. In five minutes more they were out of sight of the land—the night being intensely dark, and the sky covered with heavy clouds.

Six long and weary years passed over the head of Godfrey Asham in the backwoods of North America—six years of hard living and hard working—ere any opportunity of escape offered itself. At the end of that time, however, he contrived to work his way to the frontier, took ship for England, and in the early part of October, 1707, again set foot on his native earth.

He came back an altered man; misanthropical in spirit, and with a feeling of revenge against his brother cankering in his soul. No sweet thoughts of again seeing his home and friends occupied his mind as he stepped ashore, and walked moodily forward, he scarce knew whither. The old familiar places, which he seemed to have left but yesterday, and yet not to have seen for such a weary length of time, brought no delicious memories with them, nor found one sweet, sad echo in his heart. The tree that he had climbed, a boy, and sat beneath, a man, was passed by with the same morose indifference. But when he came beside the village-church, and, glancing up at its ivy-mantled tower, holy and peaceful in the soft blue autumn air, thought how innocently he had once sat within those walls, he turned aside and walked quickly on: for it seemed to smite him like a cruel blow.

He passed into the village, and hired a room in one of the bye-streets. Here he would sit for days and days—scarcely moving from his chair, and hardly ever stirring out of doors—and, brooding over his wrongs until they stood between him and his better nature like a demon, map out his projects for revenge. A thousand schemes were slowly fabricated, and as quickly cast aside, and still nothing presented itself which entirely satisfied him. Often did he sit up far into the night gazing at his own shadow on the naked wall, until in his distempered imagination it took the shape of his brother; when he would rush blindly towards it, and beat it fiercely with his fist.

At length one day he chanced to hear some village gossips conversing on the all-engrossing subjects of Hubert's ghost-scepticism—his mysterious closeting of himself in the summer-house—and Mr. Grimwold's vain attempts to bring him round to his own opinions upon the matter. A bright idea suddenly burst upon Godfrey's mind, and sallying forth into the village, he made strict search for one of those shops in which old iron, or any disused metal article, may be procured. Having found one, he bought a bunch of rusty keys (about half-a-dozen in number); and carefully secreting them, returned home.

The rest of that day he remained locked up in his room, sending his meals away untasted, and brooding over the project which now engrossed the whole powers of his mind. A little before midnight, however, he rose, and taking one of the sheets off the bed, stole noiselessly out of the house.

The village was perfectly dark and silent as Godfrey passed through its deserted

streets; and it was not long before he reached the walls of Sir Hubert's park, and, scaling them, dropped on the other side. He then whitened his face with a piece of chalk; enveloped himself in the folds of the sheet; and set off in the direction of the summer-house, the situation of which he well remembered.

As he was passing through the chesnut grove in which, as we have before stated, the tenement was situated, it smote upon him like a flash of lightning, that on that very night—almost that very hour—seven years back, the event occurred for which he was now seeking redress. It came into his mind so suddenly, so strangely, and yet so forcibly, that it seemed like the palpable voice of his own Evil Genius, urging upon him a still further motive for revenge. It seemed as though the irresistible hand of Fate itself—manifest even in the thick darkness of the place—was pointing out the way before him. It seemed as if Time and Circumstance had conspired to bring about this consummation—this great wrong springing from another wrong as great. The very elements—mad then, as they were upon that same night seven years back—appeared to demand that this "wild justice" should be carried through, and in their clamorous wailings to cry out, "Revenge!"

It was a bad thought, and he knew it; but it had got full possession of his mind, keeping all his better impulses in tyrannous subjection.

Having arrived at the summer-house, he pulled forth the bunch of keys he had bought in the morning, and, trying them separately until he found one which fitted the lock, opened the door and passed into the little chamber. Stepping softly up to the bed, which was faintly visible in the wan moonlight that streamed through the casement, he stooped over the face of the unconscious sleeper, and gazed at it intently.

Wake up, Sir Hubert! wake up, and look upon the dreadful apparition bending over thy pillow—breathing upon thy breath! Wake up, and see the man whom thou supposest to be far away, beyond the fathomless ocean, deep in the black pine-forests—wake up, and see him standing by thy side in the night silence! Wake!

Is he conscious, through his slumbers, of the terrible shape above him, that thus he turns, and moans, and fumbles at the bedclothes? Has the ghostly thing—ten times more horrible for being real—projected its shadow into his dreams?

Satisfied at length with his survey, Godfrey turned aside, and glanced round the apartment. As he did so, his eye fell upon the pistols which Sir Hubert had placed upon a table at the bed's head. He examined them, and found them to be loaded; and the thought came across his mind that, upon his brother waking, he might seize the weapons and shoot him dead, before he could effect his escape. Acting, accordingly, upon this idea, he drew the bullets, leaving the remainder of the charge in the barrels. He then stationed himself at the foot of the bed, and called out in a loud voice—

"Awake, Sir Hubert Asham! Wake!"

The sleeper turned heavily round upon his side; muttered something to himself, which sounded awfully in the surrounding quiet; and fell again into still deeper slumbers.

"Wake, wake, I say! Wake!"

He heard the voice this time, and started up; and lo, at the foot of his bed—full in the white glare of the moonbeams—he saw his brother's face. About every part of the figure, the thick darkness fell in pall-like folds; so that the face alone was seen, grimly standing forth from a livid atmosphere of its own.

The knight raised himself on his elbow, and gazed fixedly at the phantom visage; thinking to see it fade gradually into the moonlight. But the more he looked, the more its outline hardened on his sight, and the more distinct and unmistakeable did its features become. Yet why did it stand there so erect, and motionless, and silent? Why did it take that likeness to his banished brother, which almost froze his blood to look on? Why did it come there at that hour to hag-ride his sleep? How had it gained admittance? Why did it not move, and speak to him?

Notwithstanding his often-boasted theory, Sir Hubert felt his heart beat quicker, and a clammy perspiration burst upon his forehead, and a sense of fear, such as he had never known before, creep all over him. But it was only because of the likeness which the features bore.

"Who are you?" at length he exclaimed, unable to remain silent any longer.

A frantic burst of laughter was the only reply.

"I know this is a trick to frighten me," said the knight, as a recollection of the events of the evening, and the plot which he had discovered, crossed his mind. "By Heaven, I'll shoot you, if you don't speak. Speak, I say!" And he seized hold of his pistols.

Again the same wild burst of laughter, echoing far out in the lonely night; followed by two loud reports in quick succession—a red glare of light—and then a muffling canopy of smoke, filling every corner of the small apartment. Half terrified at his own act, and its probable consequences, Hubert watched the vapour as it slowly curled away, expecting to see some mangled and bleeding body stretched at the

foot of the bed. But when he saw the same pale face staring at him through the moonlight, unmoved, unhurt, and steadfast still as ever, he absolutely shrieked with dismay, and rising up in bed, panted and clutched wildly at the air.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha!" laughed the terrible phantom. "You can't shoot me, Sir Hubert Asham. You can't shoot me. Ha, ha, ha! See here, Sir Hubert! Here are your bullets back again!"

And he threw them on the bed.

"It is a devil!" screamed Sir Hubert, leaping on to his feet, and glaring savagely at the thing whose presence troubled him. "Ghost, fiend, mockery—come nearer, and I'll tear your heart out! Come nearer, and I'll drag you limb from limb! Ha, ha! You're afraid—you're afraid! Ha, ha, ha! Who laughs now? Who's frightened now? Who cares for thy pale face, and thy hot eyes? Ha, ha, ha! I know thee now full well! Thou art the White Horse that the Spectre Death goes forth a-riding on: thy sides are bloody with spurring! Ha, ha! how fast we gallop through the darkness!"

Exhausted with rage and terror, he paused, though still remaining erect; while Godfrey—now seriously alarmed at the consequences of his rash act—stood at the foot of the bed, stupified with amazement. Suddenly, Hubert started back—flung out his arms as though he were wrestling for very life—gave a short, low cry—and fell back upon the pillow.

Dead!

Five minutes after this awful catastrophe, Mr. Grimwold and his two companions arrived upon the spot, and the scene previously detailed took place. On the next day, the circumstances of the knight's sudden death were communicated to the proper authorities, and an inquest was held upon the body; but owing to want of evidence upon the matter (Messrs. Grimwold, Hartley, and Ravenscroft not choosing to appear), a verdict of "Found dead in his bed, but from what causes there is no evidence to show," was returned, and the affair remained buried in the profoundest mystery. Godfrey Asham never came forward to claim his property; but flying on to the continent, ended his days in monkish seclusion.

You may be sure that the Reverend Mr. Grimwold and his two friends never played off any more practical jokes; all three of them devoutly believing, to the latest day of their lives, that the figure which they saw in the summer-house was a real ghost, and not an earthly being like themselves.

THE TUSCAN GIRL.

'Tis vintage time; the fields afar
Are echoing with the gay guitar;
And 'neath the sunny purple skies
Are seen as bright and sparkling eyes;
The Tuscan girl, with playful brow,
Is gathering fruit from every bough.

The dewy morn, with breath of flowers,
Is stealing o'er the olive bowers;
And Leoline, sweet maid of love,
Like Venus, fabled nymph above,
Awakes the echoes with a song
That rolls the Arno's vales along.

Fair and gay the glance she cast
O'er rustic gatherers, as they passed;
And few that caught that sparkling eye,
But loved her, though they knew not why;
And praised each ringlet's flowing curl
Of Leoline, my Tuscan girl.

STUART FARQUHARSON, D.C.L.

Reviews.

King Charles the First; a Dramatic Poem, in Five Acts. By Archer Gurney. London, Pickering.

After having finished the perusal of this poem, we felt at a loss in what way to treat it; whether to enter into a critical examination of its historical correctness, or to criticise it as a poem. The latter course will be better suited to our pages, and give perhaps more satisfaction to our readers and ourselves. The construction of the play displays considerable knowledge of the dramatic art, fixing the attention of the reader from the beginning to the end. The scenes follow each other with rapidity, and cannot fail to interest. The play opens before the entrance to the House of Commons, with a conversation between Hampden and Hyde, in which it is impossible to disguise the earnest purpose of Hampden. Hyde pleads well for Strafford, but the stern Puritan knew his duty to his country too well to yield. Mr. Gurney, however, writing for the king, for his bias is evident, as he dedicates his work "To the Memory of the Church's Royal Martyr," cannot conceive the liberal party to be animated with as pure motives as the followers of king Charles; he, however, displays considerable impartiality throughout the play, and we, for our part, felt more interest in the Puritan party than in their opponents. The scenes at which we are disposed to cavil, are those in which the king is represented as so good, so gentle,

amiable a being, and also where an
is found for Charles giving his con-
o the execution of Strafford. The
g of Charles and the condemned
well worked out, and is filled with
ıe poetry. The king expresses him-
ıth to desert Strafford, who then ex-
:

me—O, my king? Ah, would indeed
rth did know thee, as yon heaven doth
see thee,
saint-like, pure, and good. Yet should
I tell thee
my rude lips, the highest martyrdom,
that was borne on earth by earth's one
king
ngs, is earthly shame and scorn. The
day
come, my king, when thou shalt stand
before
heavenly judgment-seat, and thy ac-
cusers
know thee spotless then, and quail.
My king,
d not speak of this. For me to teach
thee,
a child would prompt a sage. Believe,
ny joy, my highest joy, to die!
w thou canst not doubt. And for thy
fame,
ate of England rests at stake; yet more,
ıte of God's own Church! So I, who else
d die to shield that fame, must bid thee
stain it,
y be for some months, or years, in men's
thoughts, by even that subject life's
surrender,
h ever was thine own!
ng Charles. I know not, Strafford,
o err! Whatever rests at stake,
ı still is truth! I should not quit its
path,
et my hand to that most lying sentence
h thee condemns as traitor.
afford. Sign it not then!
ot this one slight obstacle endanger
State and Church. Grant some
ıission only
hers in thy name. This will suffice,
shield thee from the guilt of seeming
falsehood
ıward truth. Heaven knows and I too
know thee!
more—once more—oh, let me not en-
treat
loving boon in vain! If I have ever
ved thy favours, give me in my death
joy of shielding thee and England's
throne
danger. Sire, such end will be most
glorious,
blest!
ng Charles (after a pause). My Straf-
ford! Fare thee well, then,
ı must be.
afford. I thank thee! and I bless thee!
Oh, may my blessings guard thy royal head!
Bless thou me too!
King Charles. Strafford, my generous
servant,
My noble friend, go thou to deathless glory
In this world and the next! I bless thee,
Strafford;
And when before the Eternal's judgment
throne
We meet, perchance the heart that tortures
now
May think with joy and pride on this dark
hour
For thee and me! Farewell—farewell—
farewell—
On earth, for ever!
Strafford (struggling with emotion). Yet
one word! The world,
Pym and his friends, must know not thou
hast been
With me. Thou must conciliate them, my
king;
For those who should be thine are all too
weak
To shield thee. I must needs some wonder
show,
When I the first more formal tidings hear
Of my near death.
King Charles. So be it, well-loved Straf-
ford!
This too? Oh, worse than martyrdom is
mine!
For thee—thou art—thou must be blest!
And so
Farewell—farewell! [*King departs hastily.*

We have rather overstepped our limits, or we should have had great pleasure in introducing some of the eloquent speeches of young Vane, and Pym, and Cromwell. The battle of Naseby is well executed; the changes and scenes are rapid and exciting. As a whole, and leaving out politics, we are disposed to speak in high terms of the vigour, energy, and poetry it displays.

A Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England, from the Revolution of 1688 *to the present time.* Derived principally from Official Documents. In seventeen Letters, addressed to the young men of Great Britain. By Thos. Doubleday, Esq., author of the "True Law of Population," &c. &c. London: Effingham Wilson. 1847.

The title of this book will not be very inviting to the general reader, who will be inclined to pass it by, without bestowing any attention on the subject. Should he, however, be tempted to look into it, he will find a work somewhat different from his expectations, and which yet comes up to the title. Commencing at that most important period of our history, the Revolution, Mr. Doubleday presents us with a rapid and interesting sketch of the pre-

gress of our country, and gives us much valuable information on our monetary system. As far as we can judge, Mr. Doubleday's views appear generally to be very correct, although he occasionally allows his fancy to run riot, and pictures a very direful prospect before us. We, ourselves, have no such fears of our ultimate destiny. England has already weathered too many storms to be overwhelmed by any derangement in our paper currency.

The chapters on the real value of money are very clever, and deserve much attention. Our author appears to have investigated the subject, and to have mastered the great truths of political economy. The work is addressed to young men, and therefore every question is discussed with much clearness and precision, and will not fail to interest those who desire to obtain a thorough knowledge of history. We say a thorough knowledge, for no one can obtain correct ideas unless he render himself familiar with the undercurrent which affects all great movements. Those who have merely skimmed over history will be surprised to discover the disgraceful expedients which ministers have countenanced to keep up the credit of the stocks. The corruption, the venality, of our greatest statesmen are fully exposed by Mr. Doubleday, although he occasionally applies his lash where it is scarcely deserved. We agree with him, however, that there is something rotten in our state; something which prevents us revenging insults and taking our stand in our proper position, as the most free, the most enlightened, and the most powerful nation in the world. We have succumbed too often. We cannot, however, concur in the belief that it is entirely owing to our financial position. Mr. Doubleday attacks with vigour and effect the monstrous folly of the Peace Societies. As long as human passions have any effect on men, wars must and will take place, and the longer a just one is averted, the worse for the country who suffers the injury. In conclusion, we beg cordially to recommend this history to the attention of our readers, being thoroughly satisfied that its perusal will do good, for its errors are few and far between, and detract but little from its general utility.

Rough Recollections of Rambles Abroad and At Home. By Calder Campbell, author of the Palmer's Last Lesson. In 3 vols. 1847.

The writer of these volumes does not profess to confine his recollections to one part of the earth; he wanders here and there, from Scotland to England, from England to India, from India to Saxony, with wonderful ease and flexibility. By the amusing manner in which some of the letters are written, the author contrives to incite the reader to accompany him willingly in his various rambling recollections, well pleased to be in such good company. But every one will observe in the tales themselves a great display of want of taste in the selection of the plots, and the incidents on which the stories are founded. Horror upon horror is heaped up unsparingly, stories are narrated to us of Bleeding Hands, and sorceresses with serpents instead of arms, witches, and such like material. A horrible story is a very good thing at certain times and seasons, but one tires of it more easily than almost any other kind of fiction, therefore the reader of the present volumes will to a certainty feel disappointed at the great sameness of some of the plots, and meagreness of some of the incidents of the stories. They are however, upon the whole, of an amusing kind, and related pleasantly. The author, though he presents us with a few scenes of vice and the results of wickedness suffers unequivocal signs to escape him, that in no instance does he side with the perpetrator of mischief. Accordingly, while in unmeasured terms we cannot recommend the work as of extraordinary ability, we do recommend it as calculated to wile many a pleasant hour away, whether wandering with the Mahratta queen or taking part in the exploits of the Howdie Witch Cawdor. The story of Ellen Malden is of a peculiar kind, and with it we have some faults to find. If the insult offered the heroine by Mr. Bligh were indeed necessary to the development of the tale, it was not and could not be necessary to throw her again into his way, and make her marry the very person from whose insults her real lover had saved her. We expected of course to find the Captain alive, but think it bad taste to make Ellen Malden marry one after the other, the insulter and the rescuer. Had she remained constant as well as her absent lover, we could have admired the story—as it is, it disappoints our expectations. Another narrative of a domestic kind, which displays some more specimens of bad taste, is one in which the wife of a titled nobleman comes to throw herself on the protection of her first lover. The picture of woman brought down to such a pass is degrading in the extreme. There are however many tales which compensate for the above, and even these will be interesting to a certain class of readers. The author makes some excellent remarks in the course of his work upon the system of educating young ladies for the marriage mart in India, which are well worthy of attention, inasmuch as they expose a vicious and pernicious mode of treatment which perverts all their best feelings, fills their minds with the contemplation of trivialities, frivolities and pleasures, making

a neither good Christians nor good but fluttering butterflies, prepared mplish no duties of life, and utterly lful of the future. We entirely .e with our author, and trust that he :e his views widely diffused.

Pagan and Papal. By an English dent in that City. London, Hamil- Adams and Co.

title of this work explains much of tents. It is an attempt to assimilate elings with which we view the an- city, with those of modern times. uthor has been highly successful, ints with force the scenes which he ours to throw before his readers. ccount of the Madonna, in the first r, displays the efforts of a mind who ply impressed with whatever is beau- r innocent in whatever it sees. Un- any, the author can perceive beauty customs of a people whom he has d, even if they be opposed to the dic- of his reason. To a Protestant, the ip of the Madonna appears almost l; but when you perceive twenty ns of Italians bowing the knee to her with the most devout reverence, one t but be struck with it. The holy r is looked up to throughout the the young breathe in her ear their sorrows, and receive the comfort the act is sure to bring them; the e-aged and the old alike cherish the profound veneration for her, and tes- by their devout prayers. For how- ve may be mistaken in the object, we ely upon it that prayer in earnestness rt always brings comfort, whether it e Hebrew who worships the Jehovah, Christian rejoicing in his pure faith, Mohammedan who, turning his face ds Mecca, adores the Giver of all or the Pagan who throws himself e a block, and offers up the effusions enitent heart to one whom he thinks and responds to his invocations. ver mistaken may be his faith, it s him comfort and solace. We have rather at large upon the first chap- which well deserves notice. The comprises many subjects of much st. The Saints, Image Worship, tmas in Italy, Roman Catholic Mis- , are all considered. The last chapter only one to which we can give any er notice; it is entitled the Feast of ead. It is written with equal beauty e first; but we are compelled to find with one thing, which is, that if the be intended for *general* reading, ex- tions in Italian should be translated; owever beautiful or *à propos* they may the original language, they are sus- le of being rendered with effect into English. The work will be found extreme- ly interesting, and it displays considerable acuteness and power of observation, and is moreover free from those prejudices that deform the works of many authors. It possesses moreover one great attraction— it is very original.

The Works of G. P. R. James. Revised and corrected by the Author, with an Introductory Preface. Vol. XII.—"The Gentleman of the Old School." London, Parry, Blenkarn, and Co.

The twelfth volume of the new series of the writings of this really popular author affords us another opportunity of dwelling upon the merits of this highly interesting work. The title is sufficient of itself to attract, particularly as the name of James is added to it. The character of old Sir Andrew Halbrooke is drawn with great power; his manners are the very impersonation of the true old English gentleman we hear so much about. Not but that we believe that even in these days there is as much goodness, as much virtue and gallantry about, as there ever was, but the mind is apt, whilst contemplating life as it flows onward like a stream, to believe that the further from the fountain the more impure; so in history we learn from traditions and from romance of the virtues of our ancestors, their follies and vices are buried in the dust, and we dwell with delight on what pleases us. So will it be in future ages; the days of Victoria will be as much eulogised then, as the days of Elizabeth are by some people now. But we are wandering from the story, which it is not, however, our design to tell, as many of our readers have no doubt read the book, and those who may desire to do so would not perhaps thank us for depriving them of a pleasure which we have enjoyed. We cannot, however, pass over the effective opening of the seventh chapter, in which Tim Meakes is introduced to the reader. Tim is an old soldier, whose story you may take in at a glance, and be satisfied at the same time that you cannot mistake your man. You find there that character often met with but little appreciated, except in novels—the fine manly English sergeant. Meakes is the type of a large class who fill our common towns and villages, and are unknown and forgotten by those who are paid by the country to look after their welfare. The fine old soldier, however, is not in the position in which too many of our veterans are—he is tolerably well off, and cares but little for the sorrows of this world. Happy with his gun and dogs, he despises the common comforts of man. Mr. James has succeeded admirably in depicting this character. We feel an interest in him the moment he is brought upon the stage.

Edith is well drawn; but our author scarcely succeeds in delineating female characters so well as his male; nevertheless, we have little to complain of; she possesses many of the qualities that are necessary in a person destined to combat successfully with the world. Farmer Bull is also admirably depicted, and so is also the elder Mr. Forrest, a selfish cold-blooded fellow, who would sacrifice every thing to satisfy his own craving disposition. The peace, comfort, or happiness of his wife and daughter, are matters about which he cannot of course interest himself. His objects must be attained, at whatever sacrifice of the feelings of others. As to the general story, we may observe that where it is not highly wrought it is interesting, and cannot fail to please the reader. The present volume is got up with much taste and judgment. The illustration is well executed by Hablot Browne. The size of the work is most convenient, while the paper and type are excellent. The spirit with which the present series is got up, cannot fail to insure it great success, for the admirers of James's works of fiction will now have an opportunity of making the work a household and familiar piece of furniture. The purity and morality displayed in every one of Mr. James's works, are powerful recommendations, for parents can safely place his novels in the hands of their children. That is one of the elements of Mr. James's success; and had he no other merit, we should be inclined to push his works before the public.

The Parlour Library.—Vols. II, III.—"Memoirs of a Physician." By Alexandre Dumas. "Wood Leighton; or a Year in the Country." By Mary Howitt. Price One Shilling.

We shall, in the present notice, confine ourselves to the third volume of this amusing series, because it possesses, in our eyes, far more interesting characteristics than the Memoirs of a Physician. The writings of Mary Howitt possess, all of them, a certain moral tendency which will, infallibly, cause them to be admitted in that circle into which the Parlour Library is more especially intended to penetrate. We make this remark, because what parent would like to listen to her children, congregated round the family hearth, pouring forth the language familiar to almost all French writers of fiction when engaged in their favourite theme—describing the mysteries of the French metropolis to the uninitiated, with the object of amusing those assembled around them? To enter into a criticism of French novels, however, is not now our object. An opportunity will at some future day be presented, of which we shall avail ourselves to the utmost. "Wood Leighton," as its name seems to imply, is a quiet story, and will be more relished by readers who seek for a domestic interest than by such as expect wild and stirring scenes. If there be in Mrs. Howitt's productions some sameness, we become reconciled to it when we reflect upon the pleasing manner in which they are penned. This remark must suggest itself to every one accustomed to peruse her works. And as it is so perfectly obvious, to avoid making it would argue that we were blind to what all the world beside must see. The present narrative opens with a scene between a mother and daughter, in which they are engaged in discussing the probabilities contingent upon the arrival of the young lady's rich old uncle from India, who does at last make his appearance on the scene, and causes several unfortunate events by his strange predilections and tastes. In the first place, his niece must marry neither a sportsman, a widower, nor a parson, and it just happens that previous to the old gentleman's introduction to her, she has chosen to fall in love with a young clergyman, who is, however, dismissed under peculiarly distressing auspices. The intricacies of the plot begin to thicken, and a death takes place. Up to this point the story maintains its interest uninterupted, but just as we appear to be entering upon the unravelment, everything is done for us, and matters are rather hurried up, in order to give place to the authoress for the development of a new idea, an interval of thirty-seven years being skipped over to show how the curse of a large fortune worked. The scenes between Mr. Vigors and Jane slightly lower our estimate of the heroine's character. She knows the state of her feelings towards the young clergyman; she is not unacquainted with his previous unequivocal manifestation of affection, and yet she suffers herself to be bewildered, fascinated by the widower in one night, so far as to permit him to make a declaration the next morning, when the turning of a straw might have decided her future fate. Chance decides, however, for her. Her old feelings towards Brian Livingston are reawakened, and she rejects the widower, who however goes away impressed with a lively sense of her nobleness of character. Not but what he is a well-drawn and interesting character, though even he is too precipitate. Had they been thrown longer into each other's society we do not blame either of them for falling in love, that is to say, if the young lady had felt herself perfectly free, and not bound by any tie to Brian Livingstone. Altogether the story is interesting and well told; there are many pretty descriptions, attractive grouping of characters,

nd effective scenes, which will be relished nuch by every reader of this class of iction. The cheapness of the publication n which "Wood Leighton" appears, is one of its best recommendations, and we accordingly wish it the success which it really deserves.

New Quarterly Review; or, Home, Foreign, and Colonial Journal. No. XVIII.—April, 1847. London, Gilbert and Co.

The present number opens with a masterly and, as far as appears to us, impartial review of three works upon Ancient Greece—viz., St. John's "History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," Grote's "History and Mythology," and Thirlwall's "History." The writer has not evidently skimmed over the surface of the works he is engaged in reviewing, but has dived into their inmost recesses, has investigated what they really contain, and has here presented us with what we may call an able analysis of the information they contain, or rather, we should perhaps say, has suggested an outline of the contents. For to convey in an article, even like the present, any but a faint idea of what volumes, in some instances the result of the labour of years, contain, is of course impossible. The author of the present paper, however, shows himself to be quite capable of handling his subject; now he startles us by his sudden bursts of eloquence—now he leads us along with him by the gentle force of persuasion through the course of his arguments, which are of the most convincing kind. As a whole, it is one of the best articles we have for a long time perused in periodical literature, and will go far in inducing persons to believe what the writer justly says—that it can never be unprofitable to investigate the manners, customs, literature, arts, and sciences, which in ancient times embellished life. The effect of such articles must be beneficial, as it tends to render the general reader in some degree familiar with the subjects treated of in the books themselves. The second article is entitled "Poetry and Criticism," and treats with skill the subjects handled. The author appears fully alive to the beauty of poetry and its high calling, but occasionally, we imagine, rather mystifies himself with regard to the powers and capabilities of many of the writers of the day. The article has one great fault—there is too much extract, although we feel inclined to pass it over on account of the beauty of the passages introduced. We have next an article on "The Castle of Ehrenstein," by James, "Azeth, the Egyptian," and on "Cleveland." The writer appears to have taken a just view of James as an author, though occasionally he perhaps expresses his admiration too highly. Our objection to James is, that there is too much sameness in his characters, and too little variety in his scenes. In noticing "Azeth," we think the reviewer has hardly dwelt with sufficient harshness on many portions of that extraordinary work, although he certainly expresses much when he says: "The hall of pleasure of Amasis awakens the youthful feelings of Azeth, and really would lead any one to imagine that the fair authoress had banquetted with Cleopatra." "Cleveland" appears to be an able work. The article on "Ariosto" is very interesting; the extracts given, which are translated, are beautiful, and generally very vigorous. Mr. James forms the subject of the next article, which treats of his "Life of Henry the Fourth." The writer sums up its merit in these words: "Mr. James's history, for biography we can scarcely call it, is a highly valuable work, forming a real storehouse of facts concerning the age depicted in it, and characterised by a sterling English honesty which contrasts forcibly with the double dealing of most of the principal personages introduced. In Henri Quatre himself, however, Mr. James has no doubt discovered a kindred nature—kindred, that is, in so far as sound sense and downright honesty are concerned; and this fact alone explains to us the preference of such an author for such a subject." From what we have seen of the work, we should imagine that the opinion of the reviewer is substantially correct. Miss Pardoe's "Louis the Fourteenth" forms the subject of the next article. Then follows one on "Chartism," which is very ably written and cleverly reasoned, but which has failed to convince us. "Absolute democracy is but another word for despotism," says the writer. This reminds us of Mr. Disraeli's "grovelling tyranny of self-government." In the sequel of one of the Chartist Poems occur these words, which we extract as they are given by the "New Quarterly:"

> "And flowers will grow in blooming time,
> Where prison-doors their jarring cease;
> For liberty will banish crime—
> *Contentment* is the best *police*."

The reviewer remarks: "Alas! liberty does not banish crime; license can only foster it." What has that got to do with it? The poet does not affirm that license will banish crime, but liberty. It is very unfair to turn the poet's meaning. We are not about to write a glowing eulogium on Chartism, for that would be impossible, but we are willing to treat it as a great fact, which may do much good or much harm, according to the disposition of those

whom the people select for leaders. We have then an interesting article on "Communism," followed by one on "Irish Relief Measures," which expresses many of our own sentiments with force and skill. "The land of Ireland can, and must, be made to support the people of Ireland, by its present owners, if they are willing to undertake the task; if not, by others, whom the law will substitute in their place." We regret that we have not been able to give more space to many of the articles; but from what we have said, our readers will perceive that this number is extremely varied. The "New Quarterly," whilst it takes equal rank with the others in point of ability, far, very far surpasses them in interest and ability.

Hours of Thought; or, Poetic Musings. By J. S. Hardy. London, Harvey and Darton.

The Palace of Fantasy; or, The Bard's Imagery. With other Poems. By J. S. Hardy. London, Smith, Elder, & Co.

We have been induced to notice these works, partly out of courtesy to their author, and partly from their merits; but it is departing from our plans to notice any but new works; we would, therefore, suggest that it would be better for authors and publishers to forward their works sooner, if they wish to insure careful notices. "The Palace of Fantasy" contains many beautiful passages, although it is in many parts quaint and too prosaic. It, however, displays considerable merit, and many portions rise above par. We were much interested in it. Mr. Hardy displays occasionally many elements of the poet, and throws his thoughts into rich and animated verse. We take one stanza, which is not, however, by any means the best, but our space prevents our making longer extracts.

"Oh, Poesy divine, enchanting maid,
What spell is thine, what ardour-kindling soul!
What piercing sight, though dark as owlet's shade,
Can stay thy glance, thy pinions' flight control?
The past and future o'er thy vista roll,
The mind's creative pageantry sublime,
That forms th' ideal shape and living whole,
Thy wizard wand can raise with charmed rhyme,
O'ersweep the bounds of space, and outstrip panting time."

Though in this stanza there are perhaps some imperfect images, yet it contains much strength and beauty. In the "Hours of Thought," there is a beautiful piece on Milton, a part of which we would willingly extract, but by giving a portion we should scarcely do justice to the merit of the whole. From this volume we extract the following pretty song, of whose merit our readers will be able to judge:

"When the moon shines bright on the soft glassy stream,
And sheds on the mountain her silvery beam,
When sweet on the ear the night breeze is sighing,
Like music that floats, so mournfully dying:
We fairies then dance on the smoth shaven green,
Or gambol unseen with Titania, our queen.
Far, far away.

"By the deep haunted dell we fairies trip light,
As we revel beneath the star spangled night,
While mortals are hushed, in soft-slumber dreaming,
Or climb on the ray of the mild moon beaming,
O'er the tremulous dew, that sparkles so light,
We flit to our lov'd pearly haunts with delight. Far, far away.

Many of the pieces are rich and beautiful; we take one more little piece, "On a Tear," a subject that has been treated of so often by poets:

"There is a gem of purest ray,
A crystal treasure rare;
In vain the diamond's lustre may
With that sweet gem compare.

"Not sweeter is the pearly dew,
That weeps upon the thorn;
As when, soft glist'ning to the view,
The trembling tear is born.

"It is in fond affection's eye
That gem's bright rays appear;
It is the sweetness of a sigh,
When moistened by a tear."

Mr. Hardy has been very successful in many instances; we have been so much pleased, as to look forward with pleasure to the perusal of any more of his subsequent productions.

Byways of History, from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century. By Mrs. Percy Sinnet. In 2 volumes. London: Longman. 1847.

These two volumes must be regarded as very valuable additions to our historical literature, since they serve to cast a clear and, in some instances, brilliant light upon

of those interesting and important odes in the history of Germany which e not been so thoroughly investigated ome others. In our authoress's in- uction she makes some exceedingly wd and able remarks upon the impulse ly given to this class of inquiry, and 1 the amount of interest awakened by examination of the institution of those t volcanic forces by which vast regions e at once heaved up to a height ap- ntly beyond the utmost powers of our hinery to attain. The former condi- of the German people, when they re- bled a nomadic race, living by pastu- and hunting, roving about with their ts and herds, and wives and children, ibly strikes our imagination, as con- ted with their present state, tastes, its, and predilections. Yet they have nced but slowly in the career of civi- ion in comparison with some nations; nature slothful, they tarry long behind r neighbours, and move only when ded on by the lash of something akin ontempt, though we are loathe to use arsh a word. In the first chapter of able and interesting work, Mrs. Sinnet eeds to give some account of the les of Germany, and their inmates in feudal times, of which numbers of r ruins still remain standing upon ed crags and inaccessible heights. As y as ten or twelve of these ruins, our ioress tells us, may still be counted in a circuit of as many miles, which ks volumes for the state of a country which such a military aspect was con- ed, as it were. When we reflect upon means by which they were erected, remember the toils of the oppressed antry, whose hands aided in placing e upon stone, they constitute so many ientos of the barbarism and tyranny past ages, and can be associated with pleasant or gratifying recollections. ie were built for defence, and others in sprang up in order to protect the ple from the attacks made by the inha- nts of those already erected. Various poses were served; these castles were retreat alike of robber knights, and ly rulers. A curious and interesting unt of their mode of construction, of walls, subterranean places, halls, kitch- chapels, &c., is given in our author- s pages, from which she proceeds to a sketch of the domestic economy ied on within, Chapter II treats of law, which interests us somewhat less 1 the one which follows on the free s of Germany, which the writer hap- compares to islands moving amidst wide-wasting ocean of violence and anarchy. Mrs. Sinnet describes their slow rise and progress, and discourses with power and eloquence upon the causes of all she relates. In this chapter, indeed, we admire greatly the exceeding mascu- line nature of her style, which possesses, in fact, few attributes of that generally be- longing to woman, except a certain deli- cacy of expression appertaining almost al- ways to their writings. She is nervous, and full of energy; and astonishes us ab- solutely by the vigour with which she fre- quently wields her pen. The fourth chap- ter treats of the "Hansee at Home and Abroad." The Hanse cities often emu- lated each other in the rich and stately style of building in their senate-houses, which were of imposing proportion, and shone in all the glory of gay colours, cop- per and gold; but the smaller houses of the town rarely corresponded with the glow and splendour of some of the more striking buildings, the private rooms of even some of these being small, dark, and gloomy. The work undoubtedly increases in interest as it progresses. In the early history of a state like Germany, there is necessarily much of detail and investiga- tion which may not strike the general reader's fancy; but let him once penetrate as far as its superstitions, and he feels in- terested at once. Around the worship, superstitional or otherwise, of nations, a peculiar interest is cast; and when the writers thereon abstain from too minute and abstruse investigations, it is endowed with an inexpressible charm. We respect the monk and the hermit, or rather their motives, and feel anxious to learn some- thing of their peculiar mode of life, slight- ly different in all countries where monas- ticism has ever prevailed, and borrowing various characteristics from each land. The "Fathers of the Desert" is one of the most interesting of the chapters con- tained in the "Byways of History." We do not pretend, in this brief notice, to con- vey any correct ideas of the whole work, or the riches it contains, but hope next month, in a second notice, to enter further into detail; and while less hurriedly we enter into an investigation of its merits, be enabled to offer a just appreciation of them. It is a book, indeed, which deserves more than a slight and passing remark, since it must be regarded as one of no slight im- portance, and ought to be in the hands of every one who desires to obtain a correct idea of Germany at the period to which our author refers. In concluding our pre- sent remarks, we can, therefore, only pause cordially to recommend its most at- tentive perusal. Mrs. Sinnet has evi- dently exhausted much patient research

in her undertaking, and deserves, were it only on this account, considerable encouragement. The following brief account of the siege of the castle of the Trauenberg is extremely interesting:

"Active preparations were now made for the assault upon the castle. Opposite to it, on the St. Nicholas hill, works had been erected, and the guns of the Wertheimers drawn up and protected by gabions; and rafts got ready under the stone bridge which crosses the Maine, as by this means the river could be passed without injury from the castle, which commanded the bridge itself. On Sunday, before break of day, the drums and fifes of the Franconians were heard, as they moved up the hill to occupy the works, and at four they opened a fire from their great guns. It was found, however, that the distance was somewhat too great, and the guns did little injury; whilst the fire was returned from the castle, not to the hill, but into the town. Another fire was opened from the Augustine convent, which did much more mischief; and on both sides this went on till a late hour in the night. On the Monday morning, it is said, a beautiful rainbow was seen round the sun, while the sky was perfectly clear; the same rainbow which, we may recollect, was seen at Frankenhausen; and the sign was variously interpreted by the besieged, some regarding it as a token of victory, others as a warning of death; for at the moment when it was first observed, a ball struck through a window, and killed one of the officers, who had just lain down to rest on a bed. The peasants, however, invariably rejoiced in it, as unequivocally favourable to them, since, in their various standards united, all its colours were found; and they now went on with renewed confidence. Between nine and ten at night, when it was quite dark, a strong party, mostly of Florian Geyer's men, though unfortunately Florian himself was absent, having been dispatched on a special mission to bring reinforcements from Rothenburgh, assembled in a garden on the east side of the hill on which the castle stood, with scaling ladders, and all implements necessary for a storm; and, when all was ready, they rushed up the hill with great shouts, and made an assault upon the outworks, which they carried, and let themselves and their tools down into the deep dry ditch, and attempted to plant their ladders; but so heavy a fire was poured down upon them from the castle that they were driven back; and when again they rushed on, they were met by torrents of flaming pitch and sulphur, red-hot balls, and stones, petards, and incessant discharges of artillery. From all the walls and towers, from every window and aperture, the castle seemed to vomit fire, and far around in the darkness of the night, it shone a beautiful but terrible spectacle, at which the citizens, thronging the streets of Wurzburg, stood gazing in terror, deafened by the thunders of the great guns and the shouts of those who were carrying on the work of death. But unfortunately the storm had been attempted prematurely, before a sufficient breach had been made; and though hundreds of the peasants lay slain and mangled round the walls, the castle still stood secure, and apparently impregnable. The whole night long the battle rages furiously, the clock strikes two hours after midnight, and, while those in the castle are expecting the third assault, there is a fearful pause. A captain of Lanyknechts leans for a moment from a window to see what the besiegers are doing, and is seen by the light behind him by a peasant lying half shattered and dying in a ditch. With the last strength of his arm he raised himself slowly, took a deliberate aim at the captain, and shot him dead. All night those in the castle have been casting bullets, and as yet, though they have many wounded, they have but three dead. Of the peasants, four hundred lie slain in the ditches and fortifications, though those who fell beyond have been carried off. In the afternoon of the following day the besiegers have made no further progress, they make a sign for a parley, while they carry away their wounded and dead. The garrison, not sorry for a respite, are willing enough to grant the truce, but stipulated that no one approach the ditches. This the peasants refused to agree to, and retired to consider what was to be done, while the wounded lay languishing in every variety of torment. 'Not one was helped,' says the narrative of Thomas Zweifel, 'not one was taken out of the ditches, but they crawled about groaning and sobbing till they died.' The loss of the peasants at the second storm had been terrible, the advantage gained trifling; and their hopes were now a little revived by the return of Florian Geyer, and some cannon and ammunition from Rothenberg; with them came also the news of many disasters, and of the march of Geroge Truchsess and the army of the allied princes through Wirtemberg."

Notes of the Month.

Curiosities of American Advertising.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and an amusing study is advertising man, as he appears in that paper of hundred-fold advertisements, the *New York Sun*. We extract a few: "Wanted, an active woman, who understands cooking for a Protestant family." The American Protestants then have a distinct diet as well as creed. We commend the following to Professor Holloway: "Tried friends the best of friends. Since the suspension of H. C. Thorpe's advertisements, the number of deaths by consumption is truly astonishing; advertisements will now appear for the benefit of the afflicted." Good boys and good girls are in great demand: "Wanted, wanted, wanted, eight good boys and girls who understand getting up ten pins." "Wanted, situations for American and other good girls, at 70, Lispenhaid-street." "Wanted, a boy and crockery store of good address." The store no doubt is in a favourable situation—what relationship there may be between the sister and the young man is a pleasing mystery in the next advertisement: "Board wanted, in a private family, by two sisters, and also a young man, where they would feel themselves at home." We conclude with one thoroughly American: "Wanted, 4000 young men for the U. S. army, to whom will be given good pay, boarding, clothing, and medical attendance; also twelve dollars bounty and one hundred and twenty acres of land."

Borneo, or Kalamantan.

Much has been said about certain writers, among which we reckon ourselves, using the word Kalamantan, in lieu of Borneo. We are happy to find, from the testimony of a man who has sojourned among the natives, that Kalamantan is the proper name: "It may be well to mention that, as far as my travels and observation have extended, the inhabitants, whether Dyak or Malay, are acquainted with no other. Both of these races call it the island of Kalamantan; and to them, whether high-sounding or not, Borneo is the exotic name."

Languages of the Dyaks.

We extract the following from a letter by a four years' sojourner in the interior of Borneo: "I shall speak but briefly of the languages of the Dyaks. It is true these are numerous, but all that is said beyond this should be taken with considerable qualification. These languages, or rather dialects, are not so different or distinct as to be quite unintelligible to each other. The structure of several of them, and hence, as I would infer, probably all, is altogether analogous; a large proportion of the words are precisely, and many others radically, the same; and all of them have a similar relationship with the Malay. Hence any one who has a good knowledge of Malay, can soon master any of the Dyak languages; and, in the same way, a person who has acquired either of the latter has laid a foundation for any or all the others. Nothing is more common than for an intelligent Dyak to go from place to place, understanding and speaking the languages of all. I speak here of what I have seen and heard."

Latest from Japan.

On the 30th of March, 1846, the governor of Nangasaki proclaimed the death of the spiritual emperor at Miaco. On the 12th of July, a French man-of-war, with three hundred men, coming from Hong Kong, anchored at the Lioe-Kioe islands. The commander of the vessel gave notice of his intention to await there the arrival of two other French men-of-war. On the 28th of July, three French sails were seen at sea from Nangasaki, and this caused the bay of the said city to be occupied by a number of armed boats. Afterwards, it appeared that these vessels were the French frigate "La Cleopatra," and the French corvettes "La Sabine" and "La Victorieuse," all under the command of Rear-Admiral Cecille. Notwithstanding the prohibition given to them, these vessels entered the bay, and came to anchor near the Pavenberg, in the view of Decima. Rear-Admiral Cecille sent to the governor of Nangasaki a letter written in the French language, in which he complained of the bad treatment to which the crew of a French ship, which had been driven near the island Jesa by distress, had been subjected, two years ago; asking, for the future, the protection and assistance of the Japan government for French crews which might be thrown on the shores of that empire. On the 30th of July, the squadron departed, notwithstanding the invitation of the governor of Nangasaki to await the arrival of some presents of victuals, and without having received an answer to the letter forwarded. No disturbance took place during the presence of the vessels, although the Japanese remained constantly in a state of preparation for resistance. According to rumour, an American line-of-battle ship and a corvette had appeared in the same month in the bay of Jedo at Oezaga, and had exerted themselves to obtain permission for the Americans to trade; but it was notified to them that Japan only

traded with China and the Netherlands, and nowhere else than at Nangasaki. A Danish man-of-war also, "The Galathea," commanded by the Count Stein Bible Brahe, anchored outside the bay of Jeddo, on the 20th August, 1846, and asked leave to sail inside, but this was declined, in the name of the Japan government, by the Dutch interpreter posted at Oezaga. The Lioe-Kioe islands (which are under the command of the lord of Satsuma, and which consequently belong also to the Japan empire) appear to have been visited a short time ago by European vessels. A whaler, which had foundered near one of these islands, was got off by the assistance of the Japanese resident in the country of Satsuma; and after having been repaired, had gone to sea again. On the 30th of April, 1846, an English vessel, with a crew of twenty men, came to anchor there. A person, who said that he was a surgeon, went on shore at one of the islands, and asked leave to purchase a piece of ground, with the intention of settling there; and offering, at the same time, his services as a surgeon. Being refused, he went back to the ship; but a few days afterwards he went on shore in the night-time with his family, consisting of his wife, two children, and a Chinese interpreter, when the vessel went away. During his stay at the Lioe-Kioe islands, the French rear-admiral had a conversation with the headman of the place.

Great Fire at Manila, capital of the Philippines; and at Jedo, capital of Japan.

On the evening of the 17th of January, a destructive fire took place in Manila, by which fifteen houses built of stone, one hundred and forty of wood with brick frames, and three hundred and eighty-two of nipa, or attap, were reduced to ashes. The origin of the fire is ascribed to the carelessness of the servants in the house in which it broke out. The value of the property destroyed was not ascertained, but it has been roughly estimated at half a million sterling. Every exertion was made to stop the fire, and to give assistance to the unfortunate persons rendered houseless, and in many cases penniless, by it. The public functionaries displayed the greatest zeal, from the governor-general down to the lowest subaltern; and very valuable aid was given by the officers and crew of the French frigate "Cleopatra." A subscription had been opened, by order of the governor-general, for the relief of the sufferers. Last year (10th of February, 1846) a destructive fire broke out at Jedo, which lasted from two o'clock in the afternoon till four o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, and which destroyed all on a space of three Japan miles long and a mile and a half broad.

Ventriloquism.

Our readers have no doubt felt, at different periods of their lives, a wish to acquire this wonderful power; and that desire will much increase, after witnessing Mr. Love's extraordinary performances. His engagement, we believe, at Crosby Hall, has ceased; but wherever he commences his entertainments again, he cannot fail to ensure crowded audiences. His command over his voice is most wonderful; he throws it from any portion of the room with the utmost rapidity, and he appears to sustain a conversation with several persons. The imitation of the cries of different animals is extraordinary; one, in particular—the dog. He commenced with his whining for admission, then growling, then snarling, then rushing off, and, in the distance, we appeared to hear his bark, till at last it died away; the illusion was perfect. The pursuit of the bee was perhaps superior, for the difficulty must have been great to imitate the different sounds until the insect was placed in a bottle. It would be, however, impossible to say which was best, where all was good. The most difficult part was perhaps the imitation of the voice of the man in the box, for it must have exhausted Mr. Love; indeed, we may safely say, that he kept it up too long, until it became at last rather wearisome, for he sustained a protracted conversation with a voice in a box, until he appeared completely tired: we should recommend a slight curtailment of this part, for it becomes painful to the audience when they perceive the exertions he is making. Those who have never witnessed Mr. Love's performances will be much gratified by attending one of his entertainments.

Brunelli's Model of Ancient Jerusalem, Piccadilly.

This model, as it appears, was not originally intended for public exhibition, but was the work of a very talented private individual residing in Dublin, who was in the habit of exhibiting it to such travellers and friends as happened to come to that city. Considering that so much patient labour ought to be fully appreciated, some persons persuaded Mr. Brunelli to have the model brought to London, that it might be placed within the reach of all those who take an interest in such things. As a work of art it is truly admirable, reproducing as it does in miniature an apparently truthful representation of what that beautiful city once was, before its destruction fell upon it. The labour expended upon

he model must have been very considerable, since the most minute points are attended to, and the streets rise, as the old historian Josephus tells us, while all presents a finished aspect to the eye. The walls, however, convey the idea of being rather too low in some parts when compared with the height of the houses. This, however, may not suggest itself to others. The Temple in which Christ taught, that from which he expelled the money changers, the path up which he carried the Cross, the spot where he was crucified, all teem with associations sanctified from our youth upward. We seem to see all the circumstances enacting before us, every spot, every building, every corner almost is endeared to us by some Scriptural recollection, and we feel ourselves in imagination transported to the place where our Saviour suffered. It is impossible to contemplate with indifference even this faint representation of the spots rendered so sacred in our eyes; and that all more or less experience, in visiting the model, some influence from the ascociations connected with Jerusalem, is evident from the deep respectful attention with which the explanation and account of the city is listened to by the assembled crowd. The deepest hush prevails through the room; and scarcely the rustling of a garment, or the drawing of a breath is heard. The interest of such an exhibition must instead of abating increase in proportion as it becomes more widely known; and we strongly advise our readers not to lose the opportunity offered them of witnessing this beautiful aud highly interesting model, which does great credit to Mr. Brunelli's patient perseverance and talent.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

In noticing this exhibition it is of course, in the short space to which we are confined, impossible to convey any idea of what it contains, or what are the thousand curiosities which constitute its attraction. It would require a number of our magazine properly to deal with a place which so prominently deserves the warmest support from all classes of the public. Here they will find animated specimens of the most elaborate works of art, from the humble spinning machine, up to the intricate processes of printing and steam locomotion. One short visit will only bewilder the visitor's mind, he must therefore return again and again to the investigation of the curiosities here contained, unless he has rendered himself in some sort familiar with them. The greatest practical good of this exhibition is to incite young people to a wish to become acquainted with a great many departments of very necessary knowledge, with which it is desirous they should be familiar to a certain extent. Not the least interesting portion of the exhibition is the lecture upon electricity, which is delivered in the afternoon, with this we were extremely gratified, because the experiments succeeded entirely with one exception, and that a very slight one. The passing of the electricity through long glass tubes, containing as it were chains of metal wound round in a circular form round the inside, with the room meanwhile in total darkness, is excessively fine. The almost deafening hissing of the steam as it rushes forth from the boiler, the sharp click of the wires, the dashing of the blue stream of electricity through the glass, the darkness of the room inspire one with the notion that we have suddenly been transported into one of the private workshops of the very mischievous individuals in old myth, depicted making thunder and lightning, to torture the inhabitants of this world. The only fault in this lecture, however, is that it was scarcely long enough. What is given is most interesting, and we are sure that those persons who could visit the Polytechnic Institution, and fail to to derive both amusement and instruction from the hours spent there, do not deserve to have entertainment supplied them at so moderate a rate.

COSMORAMA, REGENT STREET.

We have been exceedingly gratified by a visit lately paid to this interesting exhibition, which certainly deserves to meet with encouragement from all those who would wile away a pleasant hour in contemplating beautiful reproductions of splendid natural landscapes. The person who goes with an intention of really relishing the entertainment presented to him, must not pass hurriedly from one to another, casting a cursory glance at each, and then depart and say he has seen all. He must on the contrary stand a short time, and look on every picture until memory brings up her store of varied associations connected with each spot; of one we have read, of another we have heard this tale, of another, that. In one perchance we have ourselves been, or some friend has lately visited it. We must suffer our imagination to carry us to the regions and countries, parts of which are presented to us, and fancy that we are gazing from a window upon the scene itself. In some instances the illusion is complete. Mont Blanc, with its snowy peaks glistening in the sunbeams, which seem now to reappear, now to disappear, as the orb is concealed behind clouds (so admirable is the management of the fanciful sun), is a beautiful picture. Then again we are

transported to Siberia, those regions of eternal snow, and through the pearl-strung boughs of the trees, the patches of snow upon the fallen timber, the huts at the hedge side, in which every attempt at comfort has been made—cannot fail momentarily to engage our attention: all is lost in the contemplation of the volcano, which, pouring upward a red column of fire and clouds of smoke, seems to cast on the whole scene a faint lurid glare—the effect of which is really sublime. The Cathedral of St. Guddel at Brussels is a fine painting, but inferior in effect to the scene in Siberia, the reason of which is obvious—we come immediately from contemplating a landscape, in which life appears to be active to one cold and devoid of movement. We cannot reanimate the figures; we feel that we are gazing upon a picture. The worst in the collection is the representation of the accident which lately occurred upon the Great Northern Railway in France. The artist shows himself incapable of his subject, which, to say the best, however, is a frightful one; the effect upon the mind of the looker-on is not so fearful as it would have been, had the position of some of those escaping been less ludicrous. The bank is almost perpendicular, and yet women and men are seen, not scrambling, but walking up, as one would up the side of Primrose Hill. The Ruins of Palmyra must not be omitted, though the eye does not reconcile itself so readily to them; yet, on the whole, it is a striking picture. We have no space to enter here into detail. We strongly advise our readers to visit this exhibition which contains much that will afford them real gratification.

Diorama, Regent's Park.

The two new pictures now exhibiting here, are well worthy the attention of the pleasure-seeking public. They surpass, or at least equal, any we have seen exhibited at the Diorama. Tivoli, with its numberless associations, promises a rich attraction for the lover of Italian scenery. The present view is taken from the terrace of the Temple of Vesta, commonly called the Temple of the Sibyl. From this point the place may be beheld in all its primeval beauty, where the water of the Teverone (the ancient Arno), being confined between the hills as it approaches Tivoli, is driven with increased velocity over the rocks which it there encounters, and falling from an immense height, forms the great cascade, and is afterwards precipitated down a narrow channel, into the abyss called the Grotto of Neptune. The artist has been most successful in reproducing, with startling reality, the aspect of the miniature scenery on the very edge of the stream. The fragments of ancient walls projecting towards the waters, and covered with creeping plants in their tangled masses, the colour of the verdure, the green weeds mingling with other plants below, all seem to be reproduced as vividly as though we were gazing upon the spot itself, leaning, plunged in meditation, over the balustrades round the terraces of the Temple of Vesta. Each blade of grass seems distinguishable; the mild serenity of a summer night broods over the scene, the glow of an Italian sky rests upon all. At length the dawn clears into day, and the soft music breaking upon us ushers it in joyfully. We feel assured that such of our readers as may be tempted to seek amusement here will not be disappointed. The motion of the little cascade is admirably imitated, and the surrounding scenery soft and beautiful in the extreme.

The effect of St. Mark's upon the mind is wholly different. At Tivoli we are won upon by the gentle loveliness of the landscape, in St. Mark's we are struck at the grandeur of the picture we are contemplating. The old church must be remembered by all who have visited Venice. It is one of the most splendid of which Italy can boast, and took nearly a century to complete the building. The decorations in mosaic were chiefly accomplished by Greek artists. The artist has succeeded in displaying before us an admirable reproduction of the interior of the church, with its splendid decorations in marble and gold, the great cross, and the magnificent screen. The eye never wearies with gazing upon the picture, but wanders again and again over it in search of new beauties, and is not disappointed. By day the whole is natural and striking, but soon the scene changes to night, and we find ourselves once more in the church, but now beneath the influence of the spell thrown over us by the consciousness that a mimic service has commenced, our senses are taken prisoner. The cross presents a brilliant aspect, glowing with mellowed light; afar in the dim recesses burn the wax-tapers; near the altar are kneeling forms, while the pavement of the church is all occupied with men and women, mostly in the attitude of prayer. The evening service has begun; and up through the aisles, and down the colonnades, and through the naves, and up to the dome and cupola, swells a sad rich music, which form a faint low murmur in the distance, rises into a grand and glorious peal of sacred melody. This is the aspect under which, again and again, we could wish to view the picture, and such of our readers as delight in grand and effective specimens of art, must assuredly visit the Diorama.

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OF

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Jenny Lind; or, the Idolatry of the Voice.

Nothing could possibly be more superfluous than a technical criticism on the performances of Jenny Lind. Our intention accordingly is to write no such criticism. The thing is done daily by a hundred writers, who appear to be at considerable pains to vary their phraseology, in the hope of imparting freshness to their terms of admiration. This effort of theirs exhibits human nature in an agreeable light, illustrating the facility with which the self-love of a thousand humble individuals may, without entirely losing its own gratification, be rendered subservient to the self-love of one more adventurous and aspiring.

With Miss Lind's merits as a singer or an actress, about which, as we have said, so many rhapsodies are delivered every day, we, on the present occasion, have nothing to do. Our inclination is not likely to betray us into a controversy on such points. Let us, therefore, be supposed to concede to her admirers all they contend for—namely, that she is the first singing woman of the age; and what then? Will that circumstance justify the ludicrous excitement just now prevalent in what is called society? We did not need the testimony of recent experience to prove to us how empty the heads of most people are, and how necessary it is for their diminutive happiness that one trifle after another should come to put their childish sensibilities in motion, and make them conscious as it were of their own vitality. But the unspeakable frivolity, the immeasurable littleness, the systematic and entire absence of all self-respect, which a large portion of the public now seem eager to display, very much exceed the degree of absurdity which we have been accustomed to give the world credit for.

Don't let the reader exclaim, "Ah, I see you are not musical; you have no relish for a fine voice, no partiality for the opera, no appreciation of those mimetic talents the exertion of which we denominate acting." On all these points the reader who should make such observations would be wrong. No man living has a more genuine relish of music, especially of that sweetest of all music the female voice, or experiences greater enjoyment from witnessing a fine opera or play. What we object to is the excess, the extravagance, the ridiculously false appreciation of things. We would make use of some reserve in applying the word "artist" to a cook or a singer—to the person who gratifies your palate or your ear—who produces a delicious ragout, or sings a fine song. Art, however, in all its modifications, is a noble thing, and we are not at all disposed to withhold this praise from the art of singing. It is really a great achievement to sing well, because, through the instrumentality of the senses, it accomplishes, to a certain extent, the purpose of all art—the pleasurable excitement of the mind. But the inferiority of music to the other arts consists in this, that while painting, sculpture, and, above all, poetry, ameliorate the soul, and produce permanent impressions which become, as it were, part and parcel of our experience, music terminates in mere delight, as fleeting as that occasioned by the smelling of perfume.

Perhaps it may be said that the tendency of the effects produced by all kinds of beauty is nearly the same—namely, to soften and relax the mind, to diminish its energy, by supplying it at once with that which it is the object of all energy to attain—pleasure or happiness. But he must have studied his own sensations with little diligence or accuracy, who can confound the results of music with those of poetry, sculpture, or painting. Of all our enjoyments, that of music is the most immersed in sense. It does not directly touch the intellect at all. It is a sort of titillation of the nerves, which it causes to vibrate agreeably, after the manner of all other pleasurable sensations, and in this way acts upon the mind. While the flood of sound fills, if we may use the figure, all those receptacles in our nature which may be said to have been prepared for it, our faculties appear dilated and enlarged, as they do under the pleasing influence of wine, the fumes created by which strongly resemble the delight of music. But when the ebb follows, as follow it must, there immediately succeeds a lassitude which diminishes gradually the vigour of the mind, renders it fastidious and effeminate, and ultimately induces that debility which, when widely prevalent, constitutes national degeneracy.

But, in an age of selfishness, this consideration will have but little weight. People are not in search of that which might strengthen and elevate the national character, but of that which will administer pleasure to themselves. If, therefore, they are gratified, it is enough; and, to a certain extent, they no doubt are gratified by the prevalent idolatry of the voice. People nevertheless are full of fallacies and contradictions; and if they experience little delight in the thing which happens to be in vogue, the delight is by no means little which they have in seeming to agree with their neighbours. If one man begin with the positive, another is sure to rise to the comparative, while a third leaps at once to the superlative. The vulgar have no moderation in anything. They love or hate, without rhyme or reason, to excess; and many who were meant by nature to rise above the vulgar, sink far beneath them by affecting follies which they do not feel, and cultivating weaknesses from which nature originally made them free.

Everybody knows that, as a nation, we are not musical, any more than we are anything else in particular. There is a talent in this country for everything. We can govern ourselves, we can conduct the loftiest processes of civilisation, we can found colonies, we can clothe, house, instruct, and regenerate the most barbarous races of the earth, we can send forth irresistible fleets, manufacture steam-engines and railways, and give birth to poetry which the most literary and refined nations of ancient or modern times might regard with envy—but we are not a musical people, neither are we architectural, or in any other sense of the word artistic. We understand the two master arts of politics and poetry, and, properly speaking, are great in no other. Least of all are we singers or fiddlers. As a people, we resemble the Turks in this, that we relinquish the practice of all such effeminate arts to foreigners, whom we hire for our amusement. The descendants of the Romans who once led their conquering legions to Britain now come hither humbly in search of cash; and the barbarians of the north, the Scandinavians, the Gauls, the Germans, the Iberians, and even the offspring of the fierce and ferocious Huns, flock to London to fiddle, dance, and quaver, for the amusement of the imperial race which has hitherto prided itself in the knowledge of one science only—that of subduing and governing mankind.

But from numerous indications daily becoming more and more striking, we fear it must be acknowledged that our superb and haughty islanders are succumbing to the enervating tastes of the rest of Christendom, and cultivating the inclination not merely to rival the professors of amusement of other lands, but to degenerate into absolute idolators of the mere instruments of pleasure. It is a tendency in human nature, too obvious to be insisted on, to invest a favourite pursuit with undue importance. The man who correctly imitates the crowing of a cock, thinks there is no accomplishment like that of crowing. He will, through excess of liberality, allow there may be some merit in writing a book, or governing a kingdom, or sculpturing a great statue; "But these things," he will observe, "require much less arduous application than crowing." Crowing, therefore, is the

great thing. Just so is it in matters gastronomical. To invent a new dish is more difficult than to write a new epic; so that your successful cook soars naturally far above your poet. They are both useful, in their way; but as men would grow wonderfully thin on chopped lyrics, so the man who administers skilfully to our primary wants, and gives its proper dimensions and rotundity to our physical system, is to be preferred before the mere musical arranger of syllables and the dealer in metaphors and fancies.

All this while, however, we obviously run the risk of being misunderstood. We admire music, and respect those who cultivate it; but we desire to keep our admiration and our respect within due bounds. Hear a singer, if you please, and yield frankly to the influence of the delight which his or her powers of voice may be able to inspire. Do not, however, lose your reason on the occasion. Preserve carefully that which distinguishes man from the inferior animals, and do not run about bleating like a calf, because a young woman of Sweden happens to be gifted with a fine voice, and to have cultivated it with care and success. To a man who has been all day immersed in politics or business, it is a pleasant thing to sit idly in an opera-box, in the company of handsome women, breathing pleasure and perfume, and to listen, perfectly at your ease, to an indefinite series of sweet sounds. Moderately indulged in, this is an enjoyment which recreates and refreshes the mind, and when you return home there is no harm in describing to others who may have been differently, and, perhaps, better engaged, the entertainment you have experienced. And this, in fact, is what rational folks do. It is only the weak, the frivolous, the silly, the mere empty coxcombs, who have not two ideas of their own, who, conjointly with women as ridiculous as themselves, get up a buz in the world about the Swedish Nightingale, the marvel of Scandinavia, the new vocal phenomenon, and so forth. With great propriety people call this sort of feeling the "rage." It is just that. But who that possesses a grain of sense or self-respect, would like to be found under the influence of such a rage? Who would be silly enough to carry about, for example, a Jenny Lind handkerchief in his pocket, or to stick her portrait over his mantel-piece, or to be perpetually repeating her name in all the circles into which he is admitted? Every creature has ears, the least intellectual often the most capacious, and the exercise of the sense of hearing is, we dare say, productive of gratification to all animals. Several species of brutes have some perception of music, because it addresses itself rather to the organic sensibilities of our physical nature, than to those mental faculties peculiar to man. We, therefore, by no means blame the search after musical pleasure, which we enjoy in common with birds and beasts, but in common, also, with the highest intelligencies of which we have any knowledge. But intense enjoyment of all kinds is silent. Happiness fills the heart almost to overflowing, but he who feels it sounds no trumpet to call together witnesses of his pleasure.

The true lovers of music, therefore, are not they who fall ostentatiously into raptures, who deal in exclamations, who ransack and torture language, in order to find expressions for their foolish enthusiasm. There are pleasures far sweeter and more exquisite than those imparted by music. But they are enjoyed silently in the hush and retirement of nature, where the unheard harmony within is infinitely more delicious than any possible combination of external sounds. And yet for these sensations language has no name and nature no voice. The noisy trumpeters of their emotions are they who feel least. He in whose mind music finds a large echo, equal to its greatest force and expansion, gives vent, perhaps afterwards, in melodious language to his delight, when memory strives to collect and link together those fragments of emotion which time has shattered, like a beautiful vase, wasting all the precious perfume it contained. Small and shallow capacities are always running over and pointing to what constitutes their misfortune, as to an evidence of their mental wealth. It is little fancy or sensibility that they possess; but their minds are too narrow to contain even that, so that they must be prating and revealing their helpless feebleness to the world.

We always smile when the name of Jenny Lind is brought up in conversation, for it has become quite as bad as the weather, on which people daily hazard original remarks. When the sky is as

leaky as a sieve, some ingenious persons whom we meet in an omnibus or in a railway carriage will naïvely observe, "It is a very rainy day, sir." You yourself, but for your umbrella, would never, perhaps, have made the discovery; but as you came along the street the pattering of the heavy drops upon the silk—which, by the way, we consider a very pleasant sound—has forced upon you the conviction that what your poetical neighbour avers is a fact. Now the rain and the sunshine have a sort of holiday, and are laid by for future use. You can scarcely notice whether the wind blows from the east or from the west, nor does any one else. It is more interesting to discuss the qualities of Jenny Lind's voice.

Let not the reader fancy for a moment that we would point out this rage as a novel phenomenon. On the contrary, it is older than the siege of Troy. Silly people have always found some silly topic to employ their minds upon. It was once Garrick; it was then Pasta or Siddons; it is now Jenny Lind. It is only the name of the folly that changes. The absurdity itself is immutable, a permanent inflection, as it were, of human nature, which, in certain forms of its development, is always declined in that mood. This may be, in part, accounted for just now by the paucity of overwhelming topics. We have exhausted the war on the Sutlej, and the famine, and the potato rot, and Jenny Lind has come into our aid very opportunely. We were really in want of a change.

The phenomena we witness almost force us to adopt the theory of a poet, himself once a fashionable topic, but now thrown a little into the background by other notabilities, such as fiddlers on one string, professors of mesmerism, and Swedish nightingales. The metrical philosopher to whom we allude, inquires with much simplicity—

"And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze?"

Even, however, should we reject this notion as regards all animated nature, we may adopt it as regards all musical nature—musical, we mean, in the fashionable sense—a thing under the influence of the rage. This multitude, chiefly of the epicene gender, fill drawing-room and boudoir with sighs, and exclamations, and sounds, which not one of the characters in our six and twenty lettered alphabet will represent. Formerly if you looked hopefully into a woman's eyes, you would behold your own image reflected there. But this is no longer the case. Instead, you discover a diminutive portrait of Jenny Lind. The process is quite miraculous. The most transcendental philosophers in petticoats cannot soar above the rage. They think it becomes them to humour their contemporaries, to repeat what they hear, to put on, as it were, the livery of the hour, and deck themselves with those fantastic frivolities which, in their reflecting moments, they despise, or would at least be thought to despise.

We will venture, however, to make a suggestion to these transcendental admirers of what they denominate art. And it is this: whether an inference unfavourable to their reputation for philosophy may not be drawn from their excitement. There is art in painting, art in sculpture, and still higher art in literary composition. How happens it then that neither painter, sculptor, nor author, habitually excites a degree of admiration equal to that excited by some singer or dancer? The picture, the statue, or the book—and more especially the last—may contain within itself a world of thought and passion, and be calculated to awaken powerful emotions as long as it continues in existence. But the professed partisans of art retreat from the artist, *par excellence*, and will have nothing to do with him. He requires in those who enjoy his creations some effort on their part. They must bring along with them understanding, taste, and patience, to observe the gradual development of beauty. They must sit still awhile, and watch, while a procession of ideas passes before them, exhibiting, it may be, every form of grace, every attitude and gesture of refined nature, and breathing forth a freshness equalling that of the spring. But the mob in search of excitement are incapable of effort. What they require is the art which, allowing them to remain utterly passive, will administer to them agreeable sensations. For this reason the statue is dumb and unco-

ciable to them. A glance suffices to reveal all that is intelligible in it to their understandings. They cannot discourse with it for hours. They have no love for its far-off birthplace in the imagination of mythical times, when there were celestial dwellers upon earth, who condescended to hold converse with man, and gave him an insight into an ideal world, utterly invisible to the physical organ. Sculpture, consequently, is not popular, nor can its professors touch the multitude, unless, relinquishing the world of ideal loveliness, they take up with individuals instead of symbols, and represent some thing that has worn broadcloth or muslin, and cloaked or muffed in winter.

Painting commands a wider field of sympathy, because it can more easily vulgarise itself and reproduce those familiar objects which are invested with homely associations—can recall, as it were, to life a favourite horse or dog, and thus interest the good feeling or vanity of patrons in its support. But painting, if it would speak home to the majority, and live comfortably by its productions, must beware of all idealisations, and eschew pure beauty, whether in the human form or in external nature. There is little or nothing in a poetical landscape, or in a sublime scripture piece, or in a felicitous translation into form and colours of one of the exquisite primitive mythes of our species, to recommend it to the majority, who, if questioned, would infinitely prefer the humours of a country fair, a boat, a cow, or a basket of fish.

Music also, like the other arts, has its poetry, its refined and subtle delights, which real sensibility only can appreciate. But to enjoy the most exalted music, it is by no means necessary to possess technical knowledge. You may not be able to describe your sensations, or give the received names to the sounds which produce them, but your enjoyment may be as perfect, and your judgment as true, as those of the most learned professor. It is not, however, as an art that we here speak of music, but as a rage, as a thing which intoxicates the vain and frivolous, sets them gesticulating, chattering, and persecuting their neighbours with perpetual exhibitions of their enormous folly. We are not greatly surprised or much disgusted by the stories related to us of the musical mania which the performances of Miss Lind excited in Stockholm. Those worthy Scandinavians having no part to play in the political drama of the world, may without much reproach abandon themselves to the worship of bars and crotchets. Being in all other points of view utterly contemptible, having never since the beginning of the world had above three great men among them, and being at present utterly destitute of genius and of every thing else which confers distinction on a political community, it is quite intelligible that they should rave about a singer. We think it perfectly amiable in the grotesque hyperboreans. Nature has not qualified them to appreciate high literary merit, otherwise, when their historian Geyer died the other day, we should have witnessed among them some outbreak of popular sorrow worthy of the departed and of a respectable people. Their historian died, however, and was buried: and, so far as we can learn, there was no excitement on the occasion. But then he only endeavoured to instruct them—only described in eloquent language the manners and achievements of their ancestors—only laboured, during his long and valuable life, to cherish and to bring to maturity those few seeds of civilisation which time and circumstances had borne to the North. His abilities and his efforts were consequently little heeded. Could he have fiddled or sung, could he have tickled their ears or excited their enervated passions, he would have been half worshipped by the flaxen-haired barbarians, who discovered a more suitable idol in Jenny Lind, whom they have for some years past looked up to as a personage little inferior to the Odin or the Llama of Tibet. No blame to Miss Lind. It is her business to profit by the absurdities of mankind. Besides, up to a certain point the admiration which she and all other able singers excite is legitimate, and neither she nor any other singer can reasonably be expected to reject the incense which the rabid idolaters around them persist in burning upon their altars. Most likely, therefore, she does not regard the musical rabble of Stockholm as fools at all, neither do the creatures who squeak and jibber in the streets of London appear to her as other than very respectable specimens of humanity. To enjoy music she knows is delightful, and it is not for her to deter-

mine where the delight ceases to be a rational feeling, and degenerates into an ebullition of idiotcy.

Look, however, at the results. Singers such as she realise immense fortunes in a few years, and while engaged in the process are surrounded with every luxury and treated with every mark of extravagant respect which nations in a state of Saturnalian excitement can bestow, while men possessing the noblest intellects of the age, whose works will probably prove a blessing to all posterity, who exercise a humanising influence over half their species, are either treated with cold neglect, or rewarded in a niggardly and grudging manner. The reason, however, is quite plain. With all their affected reverence for the mind an overwhelming majority of mankind infinitely prefer the pleasures of the senses. Wisdom, philosophy, genius, &c., are things calm and quiet, twinkling as it were like stars in the heaven of intellect, and challenging no extravagant admiration or idolatry. A few lone worshippers, scattered over the face of society, offer up to them, perhaps, their adoration in darkness and silence. But the multitude has no perception of their excellence, and is, therefore, quite justified in withholding its admiration. The object of its worship is excitement of the senses or imagination, but chiefly of the former. Give it powerful sensations. Intoxicate it with sensuous exhibitions, fascinate its ears or supply startling exhibitions for its eyes, and it will yield to the allurement with unbounded gratification.

Hence the extravagant idolatry of the voice, which acquires for persons very helpless and imbecile in themselves honours equal to those of a Roman triumph. The man who added a province to the mighty commonwealth of Italy, and who, by his genius and administrative wisdom, called a world of social happiness into existence; who shed the light of freedom and civilisation on ten thousand hearths; who unconsciously, perhaps, but not therefore the less certainly, paved the way for divine truth, was not, on his return to his native city, greeted with more enthusiasm than the young singing woman of Sweden by the inhabitants of Stockholm. Among the Scandinavians, therefore, the power to administer a momentary gratification to the senses is held in the same estimation as the power to wield sagaciously the authority of a great state was by the citizens of republican Rome.

Of course, it would be absurd to expect Roman virtue or taste from the Swedes. Each people prizes what affords it pleasure. To the ancient conquerors of mankind, the sense of dominion imparted the highest gratification; to the dreamy inhabitants of Sweden and Germany, a singer is the greatest impersonation of humanity, In the modern world the people of England represent the Romans, and have by sea and land achieved what even those foster children of the she-wolf failed to accomplish. We would have them persevere in the same track of ambition, and not turn aside or pause in their course, to imitate the enervated rabble of Vienna or Stockholm. In the intervals of political exertion, when neither duty nor business has claims upon them, they may without discredit listen to the shrill-throated foreigners, whom the conviction of our national superiority in wealth and power attracts hither. But let us not convert a trivial amusement into a serious passion. Least of all should women, who have the honour to be the wives and mothers of Englishmen, condescend to become the servile admirers of a singing or dancing girl. It is enough that they pay reasonably the person who amuses them. But they should never lose sight of the distinction made by nature, between that which merely entertains, and that which permanently benefits mankind.

To us Jenny Lind should be a mere incarnate voice. We have nothing to do with her in any other relation. If her friends and acquaintances find her pleasant or good, or kind in private life, that is their affair. They are at liberty to like the woman, as far as she is amiable, and to respect her as far as she is deserving of it. But the public as a whole can neither know nor esteem her. They have, therefore, nothing to do with her character, which, we dare say, is quite as praiseworthy as her admirers assure us it is. In no respect do we blame Miss Lind, who doubtless thinks that people *ought* to admire her quite as much as they do, and is quite persuaded that if they should lavish on her the revenues of a kingdom, the reward would not exceed her deserts. The appetite of singing and dancing girls for praise and pelf has been celebrated from the

first dawn of civilisation, and they ought to have been classed with those four things which, according to the wise man, never cry, "Hold, enough!" It is with the public that our quarrel is—with those who rank agreeable amusement before all things else; who are not ashamed to have the name of a singing girl perpetually in their mouths; who devote to the study of her performances, the time which even in their case might be better employed.

If our readers should themselves be among the Lindians, they will, of course, smile at our notions, and, like the Archbishop of Toledo, will wish we had a little more taste. We ourselves, of course, regret that we cannot in all things go along with our contemporaries whom we naturally esteem, above all the generations that have gone before or may follow after. We are not among those who worship the past or expect miracles from the future. Posterity, we dare say, will have its follies like ourselves, and run after will-o'-the-wisps with equal pertinacity. We are, therefore, not in the slightest degree concerned about its decisions. It may mind its own business as we desire to mind ours. Our whole solicitude is concentrated on the present—we wish the good folks, little and big, with whom we are personally acquainted, to do what is right, to enjoy themselves as they ought, and, as far as possible, to avoid placing themselves in the unenviable position of Dogberry in the play. We have not said all we might on the subject. In fact, avoiding all harshness, we have confined ourselves to gentle admonitions, which, we trust, will produce no discord among the professors of harmony, while they remind people that there are other harmonies superior to any produced by voice or fiddle-strings—the harmonies of intellect and common-sense, which, in certain quarters, have been sadly disturbed for several months past. It will be seen that we have not adverted to any of those innumerable arts which have been put in practise to excite public curiosity—such things being beneath the notice of criticism. We have exalted no rival at Miss Lind's expense, have not even taken occasion to commemorate the achievements of those among her sister singers who have afforded us most delight. Some other time will do for that. We have confined ourselves just now to pointing out some few extravagant features in the Idolatry of the Voice.

"Temper."

Mr. Robert Bell, the author of "Temper,"* is an author possessed of abilities far beyond his reputation. Much that he has written has been anonymous. He is one of those who throw their bread upon the waters with or without the hope of finding it after many days. Now, however, at length the public appear disposed to appreciate him, to give him credit for his wit and vivacity, and for that elegant and urbane style of writing which we reckon among the rarest qualities of an author. In the comedy of "Temper," he has exhibited the failing which it is his object to correct by ridicule, in a manner which is very far from being exaggerated. Lady Tempest is by no means a tempestuous shrew, though she contrives nevertheless to extinguish in her husband the love of home, and drive him to take refuge in frivolous amusements. Under the influence of poetical justice, however, the author attributes a due amount of faults to the husband also, who is restless, vain, and fickle, and, strictly speaking, perhaps more deeply culpable than his wife. It is chiefly under the supposition that ladies should all of them be domestic reformers, that Lady Tempest falls short of the mark of her high calling. She lives perpetually on the verge of hostilities, though her demonstrations are only occasionally violent. Had her husband been what he ought, she might possibly have been reformed; and, on the other hand, had the sense of duty been uppermost in her mind, she might have produced a change in his character, which we at once discover to be very much needed. Circumstances achieved for them what they were unable to accomplish for themselves. They are corrected, reconciled, and to all appearance left happy at the close of the play, by being practically convinced of the necessity of mutual concessions and mutual forbearance.

Florence Wilmot, the unmarried heroine of the piece, supplies another illustration of the evils of a bad temper, as she is on the eve of losing a husband by it, and thus of being rendered as miserable as such a young lady could be, for a certain number of weeks or months. We would say years, but that we might thus run the risk of appearing too sentimental. We live fast in these days, and therefore, in all affairs of the heart, substitute the human for the solar period. Cyril Tempest is a good specimen of the fashionable lover, who thinks

* "Temper," a Comedy, in Five Acts, as represented at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, on Monday, May 17th. By Robert Bell, author of "Mothers and Daughters," "Marriage," &c. London, J. H. Brown.

a good deal of his mistress, but a prodigious deal more of himself. He had rather lose than bend to her. She is wilful and wayward, and he takes her at her word, quarrels with her as soon as she affords him a handle for doing so, and in transatlantic phraseology bolts through the first opening afforded him by fortune. He is then of course immensely sorry, and so is she. They plant themselves out of each other's hearing, and sigh like furnaces, to the infinite amusement of the auditors and spectators. Their follies are exceedingly well managed, and they appear as comical a couple of owls as you could wish to to see on a summer's day.

Among the other characters of the piece, we most admire Mr. Hope Emerson and Sir Marmaduke Topple. The former, admirably performed by Webster, is one of the coolest and cleverest fortune-hunters we remember to have seen on the stage, and the latter, represented with consummate art by Farren, is a remarkably fine specimen of the jocose and benevolent octogenarian. To his love-making, however, we object. It is, we know, in nature that men should make fools of themselves, after this fashion, at all ages; but it is not in nature that, upon having entered into this course of folly, they should abandon it so suddenly and so easily as Sir Marmaduke Topple does. He seems at once to forget all about his fancy for Florence Wilmot, and, with readiness altogether incredible, gets infected with a perfect rage for marrying her to another. The comic effect is possibly heightened by this display of senile extravagance, but in the same proportion the proprieties of nature are trenched upon. Among the other characters, several are very ably imagined and delineated, though we have here no space to enter into their peculiarities. The piece took at once completely with the audience, who were thrown into the best possible humour, and several times applauded enthusiastically the performers, in most cases ably seconding the efforts of the writer. At the close of the piece, the spectators called loudly for the author, who appeared at one of the boxes, and was greeted with warm and repeated cheers. His success was most complete and flattering, and there seems to be every reason to believe that "Temper" will hold possession of the stage. Mr. Bell's style is pointed, terse, and elegant, free from ambitious effort, and therefore seldom disappointing expectation. His ideas and his language are well suited to each other, and there is frequently in both a sparkling vivacity, which must be universally pleasing. We select one short passage, as a striking specimen of his manner:

Sir Marmaduke Topple. There, just as you look now—you remind me of a face, it flits across me, and vanishes.

Florence Wilmot. One that you remember, sir—long ago?

Sir Mar. A life is gone by—the interval is lost—but I remember it like yesterday. I see it sometimes in your eyes for a moment, and years come back, and then it fades—and all is blank again.

Flo. What was it, sir? Some one you loved, who died?

Sir Mar. 'Twas like a child playing in the sun, and suddenly struck blind; he never sees the light again, but he carries it in his memory to his grave.

Flo. And she you loved, died? Perhaps, 'twere better so.

Sir Mar. No—no! What did I say? Strange shadows came between us—but I forget—I forget. People who love each other in their youth should not let clouds fall between them.

TO A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Translated from Malesherbes.

BY HENRY KING, M.A.

Will then this grief, oh Perrier, ne'er be done?
Must the sad plaints which flow
From thy paternal sorrows serve alone
Still to augment thy woe?

Thy daughter's doom—a doom to all that lives,
Assigned by Heaven's decree:
Is it some maze whence Reason vainly strives
Her 'wildered steps to free?

I know what charms adorned her childhood's morn;
Nor would I falsely deign,
His deeming friend, by aught of slight or scorn,
To soothe a father's pain.

But she was of a world with storms most rife
For every fairest flower,
And lived, herself a rose, a rose's life—
A bright, brief morning hour!

Yes! none is like to Death of soul severe—
Death, whom no prayers can turn:
Sternly he closeth his unheeding ear,
And leaveth us to mourn.

The peasant's straw-roofed hut and lowly state
Must his dominion own;
And the armed warder at yon palace gate
Guards not from him the throne.

The Nabob's Arrival.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

" Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as any crow,
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Pins and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel,
Come buy of me, come buy, come buy."
Winter's Tale, Song of Antolycus, act iii, sc. 3.

In one of those far-off country towns, ere no monopolising railroad has yet aded the "quiet tenor of its way," and ich isolated locality we must be allowed designate by the name of Littleperch, a asant party collected in social chat ound a hospitably-furnished tea-table, cussed the small politics of the small vn with infinite glee and *gusto*. The *erie* was entirely composed of ladies; of course a great deal was said: tea-cups ttered, tongues "waxed fast and furis," when suddenly one of them pronounced the name of Hyder Hum Gong! ich appeared to find its echo in the arts of all present; thereby creating, at the newspapers are pleased to denonate, a "sensation." And wherefore ould the bare utterance of that name so gross the undivided interest of that fair embly? for an instant silencing every gue, only to re-echo Gong! Gong! ng! with renewed energy. We will envour briefly to reply to this spiritring Gong. Hyder Hum Gong had in native country accumulated stores of "good red gold" to his heart's content; ich in matters of gold, is certainly say- a great deal. Tho arrival of this lthy nabob to reside at his splendid nsion, Bungalow Hall, was a circumnce that, in a town of narrow circumnces and very limited notions, was atded by the usual demonstrations of ous welcome. The High Street was in te a commotion of small pomposity: v shops were suddenly opened in unected quarters by bold enterprising rits speculating thereon; while one most portant piece of information had been ertained to the satisfaction of the ale portion of the community—Hyder m Gong, Esq., was still a bachelor; re was no Mrs. Gong to respond his ections; so that the hearts of all the gle and disengaged ladies thereabouts med justified in beating little private toos of hope and expectation. He had yet appeared publicly; but, on the ning Sunday, perhaps—and at the nual ball, that was so near at hand—of rse, the rich Indian Squire would romise the ball, and then—who could ?

A chance for you all, girls," exclaimed old well-meaning Mrs. Blunderbolt; "ay, ay, even Miss Wallflower there!"

"Are you speaking of me, ma'am?" inquired that lady, with an aspect by no means flattered or flattering.

Poor Mrs. Blunderbolt was not so dull, but she could perceive that she had somehow said a something that had better have been unsaid; and that "some word there was"—though it is more than probable that the quotation did not just then occur to her: to conceal her confusion, therefore, she deemed it advisable to be seized with a sudden violent fit of coughing, alledging that she was sure something must have gone the wrong way; and this little *ruse* on her part afforded time for the party offended to swallow the unpremeditated affront, contained in the little word "even." Conversation was resumed. Soon the magic Gong again reverberated from the anxious circle, in all its pristine grandeur and importance; yet ere we proceed, a word or two respecting Mrs. Blunderbolt may not be amiss, that lady playing too prominent a part in our little narrative to be passed by without notice. This lady had been many years a widow, and the matronly confidant and adviser of such of her female acquaintance as anticipated becoming wives. To this her frequent cosy tea meetings added additional zest, and did not fail to maintain for her much of the importance of her more affluent days. She continued moreover to weave for herself a sort of halo of respect, by occasional allusions to her connexions in India, thereby conjuring up certain visions of splendour, that whether retrospective or prospective, answered her purpose equally well; and if even non-existent, was a happy hit of Mrs. Blunderbolt. Casual allusions to "friends in India" must always be productive of good effect; and there is no necessity to enter into particulars, as to the object of our reminiscences being a pillau-stuffing mufti or a stuffed monkey. It must be confessed, however, that the good lady's discourse was apt sometimes to be somewhat confused upon her favourite topic, and might render severely criticising auditors a little sceptical as to the accuracy of her details: however, we shall let Mrs. Blunderbolt speak for herself.

"And so, my dears," continued the lady, clearing her throat, and with a furtive glance at Miss Wallflower, "as I just now observed, it is so very fortunate that I should be able to afford you such correct information of the manners and customs of India, now that the arrival of this wealthy single gentleman makes it a matter of importance to you all; and to be sure my having connexions in India—hem! A cousin of mine was a resident:

there for many years, and used to tell me a number of stories about the people there. By the bye, some of them are the greatest story-tellers; ay, and brag of it too! For my part, I think they ought to be ashamed of themselves instead; but every nation has its own customs you know; and to be sure, I thought they must be always making game—quizzing you know, when cousin Humphrey talked so much about their sham-pooing: till he explained to me it meant pinching, and poking, and pommelling people about, when they wanted it; to set them rights you know, and serve them right I think. Ah, it's the only way every where. However, my cousin had an opportunity of seeing a great deal of their ways when he lived in fashionable apartments at Constantinople; the whole of the first floor of course, and use of the kitchen; it was in the Black Hole, I think, or Mount Vesuvius, or somewhere in that neighbourhood; they have such comical names for places abroad, that I dare say you wonder what I am talking about. However, what I was going to say, and wish particularly to point out to you, ladies all—was about their rules in matters of courtship. Ah! my dears, no niggling and higgling with a young woman as is too often the case in this country; no leading her a fool's dance, and then bidding her good morning, just when she thinks he is going to pop the question; no, no, all straightforward and honourable, I will say that for them; a gentleman there behaves as a gentleman; if he is accepted—all very well; if he is refused—he has the object of his affections tied in a sack and put in the—the—Thames, or chops off her head, or——"

Mrs. Blunderbolt paused, probably to recal some other instance of oriental gallantry; nevertheless, her fair auditors did not appear to be particularly impressed with admiration at the latter part of her information, which the narrator observing, quickly added, "But la! isn't it much the same sort of proceeding with us in England? does'nt a man when he's refused, swear that he'll stab himself, or drown himself, or blow his brains out, and all sorts of shocking things? it's only reversing the case you know."

"That's very true, very true indeed," chorussed all the ladies, simultaneously; and, I assure you, seeming quite cheered at the different position of affairs.

"All I wish you to understand, my dears," continued Mrs. Blunderbolt, with a patronising air—"all I wish to impress upon your sensitive minds is, that you musn't any of you be surprised at the method Mr. Gong may think proper to adopt in imparting his sentiments; in respect of which, as there evidently is no Mrs. Gong, affords you all a fair chance that must terminate in a fair choice you know. He! he! he! Heigho! Ah! it isn't often that I say a smart thing, now that my connexions in India—well, that's neither here nor there."

"Dear madam," observed one of the visitors, "Mr. Gong will of course be introduced at the ball, when we may expect that——"

"My love," interrupted the zealous matron, "if he's a true oriental in his ways, he won't wait for the ball, depend on't; their notions of etiquette are so different from ours. Mark my words now, if he sees any one of you by accident, and should take a fancy, I should'nt at all wonder but he pops on his knees in the very streets and makes a formal declaration; or at any rate, leaves a nosegay or a letter at the lady's door. Ay, ay!" continued the old lady, nodding sagaciously, "only let me hope the nabobess will give me due notice, that I may be the first to offer my congratulations. He! he! he!"

And "He! he! he!" was gaily echoed by the fair assembly, that as separating for the evening, found each fluttered member fondly contemplating her own little cherished hope; that of Miss Wallflower being by no means the least flattering. It was this lady who, as may be remembered, expressed herself as slightly irate at the unlucky *lapsus* of her hostess, touching the awkward "even," when alluding to her chance for the golden apple of humanity, thus unexpectedly thrown among them. Now Miss Wallflower, was, it must be acknowledged, still—still Miss Wallflower, which certainly sounds very much as though the lady would have had no objection to some other cognomen, advocating connexions with society of a more responsible position; not that it was so very late in the day (as people phrase it) with Miss Wallflower; her acquaintance had not yet ceased their pleasant jesting about beaux and bride-cake; gentleman's particularities, and gentlemen in particular; her "virgin companions" would still occasionally commence their interesting correspondence, with the pretty significance lurking in, "I know not if I am still to address you as my dear Miss Wallflower;" while the more experienced, and of course more privileged, would yet chime in with the quaint old fashioned distich of "Happy is the wooing, &c." Then the lady herself had not discarded her *chaperon*, or ceased to be solicitous respecting hues promising to harmonise with her complexion—so the state of affairs was evident; the fair Wallflower was in fact a "last rose of summer left *blooming alone*."

It was on a fine morning succeeding the little interesting cabinet council, on the

greatly interesting topic with which we commenced, that this lady might have been seen on her way to a certain point of attraction, that was one of the "bold specs" in the small town rejoicing in the arrival of a wealthy nabob; and that had astonished its inhabitants, as being one of those dashing emporiums of fashionable attire so resistless to female fancy from the age of seventeen to seventy. Thus it was that, drawn by the finest threads, and entangled by the silken fetters of superior British as well as foreign manufacture, Miss Wallflower approached this tempting locality, "on extravagant thought intent."

Littleperch had for many years boasted of one respectable haberdasher's shop; nevertheless, the stately edifice that, immediately opposite, had been so recently thrown open to the public, scorned to be a shop at all; but announced itself to be a "repository," a "magasin des modes," a "temple of taste," &c., while the "company" from London thought the "company" over the way by no means fit company; and the "young gentlemen" of both establishments failed not to glance scissors and packing-needles at each other over their occasional pints of half-and-half. However, notwithstanding the dignified pillared door-way and newly-painted pannels, the expansive glass windows, rich in their multitudinous tints, of Messrs. Tape, Scrape, and Bobbery, old Grabit and Mum deemed themselves too long established to resort to any of the enticements adopted by their pompous rival; and to do the lady justice, she turned into the shop at which she had long dealt, and always been accommodated to her satisfaction. Now the eyes of the fair customer were not so dazzled by the delightfully perplexing combination of shot satin and shaded silk, but that they more than once encountered those of an individual at the "repository" opposite, very intently regarding her. He was, she thought, of very gentlemanly exterior, and was lounging with a sort of airy negligence, near the entrance of the "magasin," that was quite new among country folks; and that struck her as being wonderfully stylish indeed. And his eyes seemed still to watch her at every turn; earnestly, yet most respectfully; ardently, yet with all humility—they were black eyes too—large black oriental eyes! Ah, heavens! perhaps—then such an orange-tinted foreign complexion—might he not be—she started as though suddenly bitten by a swarm of mosquitoes of delightful anticipation! She had read the "Arabian Nights" with pleasure (as who have not?); and though unable to boast of connexions in India, like some people, she well remembered the romantic masqueradings of the renowned caliph, who so delighted to find out in other people's clothes, what he decided upon in his own. A nabobess in prospective, in most delightful flutter, the astounded, and bewildered, the obsequious "young gentleman," about gold and silver muslins, hinted something about a bird of paradise feather, and never before was so fastidious over the gay assortment submitted for her inspection. Resolved upon affording the mysterious stranger sufficient opportunity for the acquaintance he appeared so solicitous of cultivating, Miss Wallflower continued to linger in the shop, more and more difficult to please—for he was still opposite. She tried the effect of the apple-blossom against the French grey; she glanced across the way—he was still there: she tried on several pairs of kid gloves, of course they all proved to be too large, and too small, to her wearied attendant's infinite consternation, but—he was still watching her with apparently the most intense anxiety. At last the lady drew forth her purse, and all the "young gentlemen" began simultaneously to rub their hands; old Grabit himself setting the example, as he stood at the back of the shop, or, as dramatists express it, in the back scene, having retired up the stage, but still evincing, by his bye-play, his attention to the business. Miss Wallflower, ordering her parcels to be sent home, prepared to depart, Grabit himself advancing to hold open the door; and now she obtained a full view of the interesting incognito; and he of course of her; while the lady, in order that he might profit sufficiently thereby, condescended to be unusually chatty with Mr. Grabit, informing him of the state of the weather, with similar diffusions of useful knowledge, and having loitered long enough to drop her gloves, handkerchief, and parasol, one after another, indulging perhaps an incipient notion of the stranger rushing across the way to restore them: this, however, not being the result, Miss Wallflower received the fallen articles from the hands of old Grabit, and walked smilingly away, with all the placid dignity of—what might come to pass.

"It is himself, doubtless," thought the fair one, as she paced onwards, "or why such singular behaviour from a stranger—such marked attention? Mrs. Blunderbolt has afforded us all sufficient information of Eastern customs to confirm some unusual proceedings on his part: he is diffident, no doubt, being a foreigner. He is evidently struck with me, and the next thing I may expect will, no doubt, be a nosegay, or, perhaps, a letter."

Such are her reflections, when she hears a step close behind her—a moment, it is at her side; she looks up, again to encounter

the large black oriental eyes and orange-hued face, while in his hand *is* a letter, that, beseechingly, he presents; agitated, she accepts; with a profound bow he departs, and the letter—oh, that letter! the exulting Miss Wallflower immediately places near her heart. And was it possible, under existing circumstances, to restrain her very natural impatience to peruse this precious document? Scarcely, it must be confessed; and though her home was not far distant, she would, doubtless, had not her way been somewhat too populous a thoroughfare, have torn it open on the spot; a few hasty glances within its folds disclosed a fine copperplate hand, and the words in good English, "immense property," "proudest day of life," "eternal gratitude," served to confirm her most sanguine expectations. In the fulness of her exultation, Miss Wallflower determined to at once hasten to confide her triumph to the friendly Mrs. Blunderbolt. She was not, however, more disconcerted than surprised, at finding that worthy matron surrounded by nearly the whole of the assembled party of the evening before; the countenance of each bearing the same impress of mysterious importance of which she was herself conscious. As she entered, the voice of Mrs. Blunderbolt declaiming loudly, and apparently with much indignation, saluted her ears; and of which, to her additional consternation, she found herself the object.

"And here," continued the angry lady, "here comes another, who has, I dare say, received a letter from him."

"Hush, hush! dear Mrs. Blunderbolt," whispered the flurried damsel, as she drew close to her, "pray don't speak so loud. It's a delicate affair you know; but I *have* just received a letter in a very mysterious way—and I—hem! I wish to consult you in private, my dear madam."

"In private!" screamed the lady, "ay, that's the story with you all: all here have received a mysterious letter—more shame for him! I—I myself have had one."

"*You!* Mrs. Blunderbolt?" was the chorussed exclamation.

"Yes, indeed: found just now under the knocker of the street door."

"He! he! he!" simpered a little pert-looking miss, "well, that *is* strange!"

"Not at all, miss," observed the old lady, tossing her head, "though I certainly havn't youth to recommend me, still you forget, miss, my connexions in India!"

"La! ma'am," replied the tittering maiden, "nobody that knows you can possibly forget that, I'm sure."

"Well, well," replied Mrs. Blunderbolt, "it's nonsense to quarrel. Here you are, all come to me before opening your letters, girls, because you know how well I can explain matters, which, thank goodness, it's well for all your sakes that I can. I havn't opened my own yet; but I can see—I can guess—the base man! I know what he's driving at well enough; but it won't do in this country, I can tell him, an audacious heathen!"

"What—what, can you mean, Mrs. Blunderbolt?" exclaimed several voices.

"Mean, my dears?" shrieked the matron. "Why, it's clear he's following the odious custom of his country, and means to have a sly raree show of us! Pray, miss, what are you laughing at?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," replied the tittering girl; "I thought, perhaps, that you might mean seraglio, and—"

"You thought, miss," sharply interrupted Mrs. Blunderbolt; "pray, do you happen to have connexions in India?"

"No, ma'am; but I—"

"Why then, miss, I can only say that—I have!' replied the indignant matron, "and it's lucky—lucky, indeed, for you all that I happen to be so well acquainted with everything relating to that part of the world. I know all their tricks, and if Mr. Gong thinks to have his sly raree show, it's what won't be allowed in a Christian country, I can assure him. It means, my dears, having a whole gang of Mrs. Gongs! when we all know that, in our civilised country, a man sometimes finds one Mrs. Gong about his ears, one too many. However, ladies, as this gentleman has had the assurance to pay his addresses thus indiscriminately, I propose that we compare his letters, by one of the party reading her's aloud; the rest, meanwhile, each perusing her own in silence. As the elder among you, I volunteer the contents of my own."

Simultaneously an open billet rustled in each fair hand, amid general murmurs of indignation. Here I must be permitted to follow the example of most sentimental writers, and "draw a veil" over the cruel and mortifying elucidation of the matrimonial intentions of Hyder Hum Gong, Esq., as, with an audible voice, the erudite Mrs. Blunderbolt read aloud the following:—

"Messrs. Tape, Scrape, and Bobbery most respectfully beg leave to announce to the ladies of Littleperch and its vicinity, that, having recently purchased the immense London stock of Messrs. Dash, Flash, Smash, and Breakup, they are enabled to offer that valuable property at a sacrifice that must startle and utterly confound their bewildered customers; for whose favours their proudest day of life will be that of their eternal gratitude; and also the first of April.

"N.B.—Please to observe that our shop is not the one opposite!"

Specimens of Petrarca;

SELECTED FROM HIS POEMS ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY T. H. SEALY.
Author of "The Porcelain Tower," "The Little Old Man of the Wood," &c. &c.)

No. III.

The First Canzone.*

[Deprived by the death of Laura of happiness and of hope, the poet drags on life only that he may celebrate her name.]

What course remains? Thy counsel, Love, impart.
Time, time that I were dust!
And I have lingered long, too long in tears.
My love is gone, with whom is gone my heart,
And whom to o'ertake, I must
Stay the dark stream of these malignant years.
Since now no hope appears
To see her more it irks my soul to wait:
Since all my joyous state
By her departure into tears is changed;
Since all its dearest zest is now from life estranged.

Thou feelest, Love, my bitter cause of grief:
I call thee by that token,
And know that to *thy* heart *my* woe will reach;
Rather, *our* woe; for both upon one reef
Our bark of hope have broken,
And the same moment hid the sun from each.
What studious waste of speech
Can sum the misery of my 'mbittered state?
Oh world! oh world ingrate!
Thou should'st lament with me, with me repine,
To have lost in her the treasure that was thine!

Fallen is thy glory; and thou dost not know:
Thou wast not worthy, Earth,
Whilst here she dwelt, such knowledge *should* be given,
Nor that o'er thee her saintly steps should go:
So perfect was her worth,
They needed her sweet state to adorn the heaven.
But I (now she is riven
Away, who nor myself, nor *being*, prize)
Call on her with vain sighs.
No more than this of all my hope remains!
This, only this, that now my withered heart maintains!

Ah me! the earth o'er those sweet features closes,
That gave us easy faith
In heaven, and joys foretold beyond the tomb.
Her viewless form in paradise reposes,
Loosed from that veil, by death,
Which overshadowed here her life's young bloom;
Which yet she shall resume,
Thenceforth for ever and for aye to wear,
When even so much more fair
And rich we shall behold her, as is less
Than *everlasting—mortal* loveliness.

Oh, with still more of grace and sweetness rife,
She comes to me, as knowing
Where her sweet looks will please the most completely;
This is *one* pillar that supports my life;
The *other*—her name flowing
For ever in my heart so still and sweetly.
But memory comes back fleetly
That that dear hope, which, whilst on earth she stayed,
Had root, is now decayed:
And well knows Love how works this thought in me,
And she, I hope, now near the throne of truth, can see.

Maidens, who could her loveliness admire,
And her angelic life,
Whilst with celestial steps she trod earth's clay;
'Tis *I* your pity, *I* your tears require;
I who am left in strife,
Not *she*, who to sweet peace hath found her way.
Though *others* bid me stay
When I would seek the path where she hath gone,
The voice of Love alone
Restrains me, that the bond I do not part;
But thus, with suasive tone, *he* whispers in my heart.

"Bridle this grief that flies from reason's shore,*

* The translation preserves the original form of verse, except in the introduction of Alexandrines at the conclusion of some of the stanzas.

* This stanza, it should be observed, is a direct response of Love to the question addressed to him in the first line of the Canzone:

"*Che debb 'io far?*"
"*Pon freno al gran dolor che ti transporta.*"

For by such mad turmoil
You lose that heaven to which your heart aspires;
Where now she lives, who *seems* to live no more;
And o'er her earthly spoil
Smiles with herself, and but for thee suspires.
And her high fame that fires
So many a breast, won by thy melody,
—Pray that it may not die:
Still in thy verse let that sweet name appear,
If ever to thy heart her eyes were soft and dear.

Fly, fly the calm, the green!
Go not my song where laughter's thrill is heard,
But where the tear is poured:
'Tis not for thee 'mongst joyous crowds to go,
A woeful widow wrapped in weeds of woe.

Deeds of Darkness.

A Sweeping of a Bygone Age.

It was what can be called nothing else but a nasty afternoon about the middle of December. The rain was driving down in fine misty showers, and the pavements were muddy, clammy, and greasy for the footsteps of the passengers. In those days of which we write, the cry of "sweep" had not been abolished. The long drawling scream might be heard echoing from one street to another, and black little boys were not afraid of disturbing the slumbers or business of any man. But now, alas, a change has come over the spirit of our dream.

"No more shall the sweeps of London sing
The lay of a happier time,
Nor cry, 'Sweep Oh' with a lively voice,
Or up the chimney climb."

The promoters of civilisation have insisted that one of its first elements is quietness, and, therefore, are the cries of London to be abolished. But our story tells of a better time, of a time when early with the lark the rich sound of the sweep's voice came borne along the breeze, waking us from delicious slumber, and reminding us that the business of the day had actually commenced. But this was before the new order of things had dawned over the chimneys of the benighted metropolis.

As we have said, however, it was a wet afternoon. Passengers thronged up and down Tottenham-court-road, jostling man against man, poking their umbrellas in each other's faces, occasionally knocking one another down, and never asking pardon. Women, some with long seedy cloaks and very broad collars, with baskets, the thin end of a carrot, or a sheep's head and neck peeping out, might be seen trudging along with a cotton umbrella, which had evidently seen better days; others with little children in their arms, with dirty faces of course, showing out from under a protecting shawl, as if it was very tight round the head, and made them feel slightly uncomfortable, hurried on; then half-a-dozen men or so, needy seedy clerks, shopboys with parcels, people going on business somewhere or other, came jostling to and fro, avoiding the women and children by a dexterous manœuvre of the shoulder, all engaged, and too anxious to avoid the rain to pay much attention to the long string of stalls, with various commodities lining the pavement. But there sat their owners, old women wrapped in tatters, crouching underneath an umbrella to ward off the rain and keep themselves warm; young women looking gloomy and dejected at the prospect of the dismal night; and men sullen and silent, their hands thrust in their pockets, shifting about from one leg to another to keep the vital fluid at work, and occasionally muttering out, "fine oranges," "fine oranges." Mingling among the crowd, and distinguished from the rest by their black apparel, as the long line of lamps now threw their slanting beams upon them, were three sweeps of various ages trudging along silently, with heavy bags of soot on their shoulders, on which the rain settled as it fell and made it glisten again. A little diminutive fellow, also of the sweep tribe, followed after at some distance; they were wet and uncomfortable, and looked as if they had done a hard day's work. The first was a tallish slip of a fellow, about twenty years of age, with a very remarkable twist in the side lock of hair, which gracefully threw itself slantingways across his face. He wasn't a bad looking chap neither, but of course the dark covering of soot streaked with rain imparted anything but a bewitching aspect to his face. The smallest of the four sweeps lagged a little behind; he seemingly more tired because younger, and less capable of supporting his body on his legs.

"Now mind vat I says," said Jim, the eldest, as they halted beneath the projecting eaves of a shop at the corner of one of those dark alleys with which this great metropolis is intersected; "ven ve gets home show no extrar impatience to swallow down our grub this night—cos if we do master 'll be like to suspect we're up to summut. Does you hear me, Ned?"

"Yees."

"But arn't you going to get them things, Jim?" said another sweep, wiping off as he

spoke a handful of rain from his face with his sooty sleeve.

"Vy, in course I ham, but there's one difficulty stands in my way—how the dickins is I to get them in our room?"

"There arn't much difficulty in settling that ere business," said Ned, "just set down these precious bags of soot, and I'll empty mine half into you'rn, and ve'll take a pocket handkerchief and rop 'em round the things and poke 'em into the middle of my soot."

"Capital! ain't it, Jim?" said a broad-faced little chap, named Bill, with twinkling eyes, and short snub nose.

"Aye, that'll do; but whose got a clout about 'em?"

"It ain't me," cried Bill, "for I don't never carry 'em."

"That we all knows, but never mind," said Jim, "arn't you got un, Smith?"

The personage addressed by this cognomen was a long narrow-faced little chap, about seven years old, who hadn't hitherto given utterance to a single observation, and who, to sum up his appearance in a word, looked as if he couldn't help it. He slowly put his hand into his pocket and felt there, but his search appeared to be unavailing in that quarter, so he thrust it next into his breast, and drew therefrom a rag, but so twisted, knotted, stained, sooty and begrimed that the companions looked at each other in despair.

"That'll never do," said Jim, with a sigh, "I shouldn't like to dirt it. I'll tell you what it is," continued he, after a moment's pause, "I'll take off my cap, its quit clean, and wee'l put the soap and sodar at the bottom, and then the eatables wee'l poke at the top, 'cos we can axe whoever serves us for a bit of hextrar paper."

"But there's the candles and matches," remarked Ned.

"Shove 'em in Smith's bosom," said Bill. "He never moves you know, so there's no danger, you don't want much candle."

"No, a penny taller 'ill do, and wee'l stick it in the bottle as stands in the chimney."

"But you've forgot the blacking."

"Get a bottle of Varrens," suggested Bill.

"No, no," said Jim, with a melancholy shake of the head, "I must put up with a penny paste, I can't stand any higher, 'cos I shan't vant to clean my shoes after tomorrow."

"Vell, my notion is you'd better be off, Ned, and get vat ve vants," remarked Bill, "vile ve stays here to vait for you."

"Yes, run quick," said Jim, "and if you fall down don't stop to pick yourself up. Mind vot you's got to get—blacking—cheese, soap, sodar, candles, bread, no butter, Bill, eh?"

"Yes, yes, have some butter."

"Vell, blacking, cheese, soap, candle, bread, butter, hale, two bottles, lucifers, and that's all."

"You forgot the sodar, Jim."

"No, I said that."

"Vell, I knows vats vat, so here goes," said Ned, running off as fast as his legs could carry him down the street. To wile away the time between Ned's departure and return, the three sweeps busied themselves in passing the contents of one bag into another with their hands, and making space for the provender. But they completed their task long ere Ned returned, and were beginning to grow impatient when they perceived him edging his way a long way off, through a crowd, darting beneath people's arms, holding the articles he had purchased snug against his breast.

Jim ran to meet him, and partially to unload him.

"Mind you don't let nuffin fall," said Ned.

"Not I," answered Jim, with much confidence; but alas! the eagerness with which he seized the things caused him to precipitate the small packets of butter into the muddy street.

"Lor, Jim, what hever did you do that for?" ejaculated Bill.

"Never mind, it'll rub out when it's dry," answered Jim, taking up the dirty butter and scraping off the mud with his sooty fingers.

"You'll only make it worser," said Ned, "vy it's quite black as soot now with your hands, it's no use."

"Yes it is," said Bill, "we'll rub it on Jim's air, the outside I mean; when the dirt is scraped off it'll be very good."

"There's one thing wanting now," said Jim, as he assisted in disposing of the treasures within the place allotted to them.

"Vat's that?" asked Ned.

"Mind vat you're at with them bottles, Jim," said Bill.

"But how is we to light a fire without wood, I should just like to know, eh?"

"Vell I vonder I forgot that," said Ned. "There's a place over there; you put in them things. Smith, stretch out your hands—hold 'em tight—I'll be back in a minute."

Away went Ned, and by the time he had returned, the packing of the things was completed.

"Now the sooner we gets in the better," said Ned; "master ain't over fond of vaiting."

"I'm so cold," said little Smith, shaking off the wet from his tiny black arms, "and so sleepy."

"Vell," said Ned, "I tell you what it is. You, Jim, just pitch them two bags on your shoulder, and Bill, you hand that ere little wretch on my back, and then we'll soon be home."

"I don't know as I can carry 'em," said Jim. "I'll try."

"Yes you can," answered Ned. "Now, Smith, up with you—there, put your arms round my neck, just so—now, Bill, what are you viping up the mud with my cap for? give it here."

"Smith knocked it off getting up," said Bill, shaking the cap.

"Vel, it don't much signify." said Ned.

This arrangement being completed, the four companions set out towards home with a lighter foot. Poor Smith soon laid his wet and sooty little cheek on Ned's head, and aided by the jog trot motion of the bearer fell asleep. But these accidents exerted no material influence upon the spirit of the boys—they forgot their wet backs, dripping hair, and cold, in the anticipation of what the night was to bring them. Poor souls, they looked forward with as much enjoyment to their bread and ale, taken together, as the greatest epicure in pleasure ever did to the most brilliant entertainment. At length, after proceeding for some time through streets and alleys, they came to a dark lane, in which the houses seemed inclined to make very intimate acquaintance with one another, and evidently wished to make a connexion with the house over the way. There was no pavement to be seen. Nothing but mud below and dingy habitations rising aloft, with various decorations in the shape of broken windows, some patched with paper, others stuffed with rags. From these loopholes now and then a faint ray of light streamed through the descending rain and fell upon the houses beyond. Before one of these dwellings — above the door of which was a large board, announcing that it was the residence of "Mr. Early, chimney sweeper. Orders obeyed with punctuality and despatch—" the sweeps came to a halt. So Ned gently shook Smith, and set him down, and poked him under his arms, and blew in his face to wake him up, and told him not to walk in asleep, which at last roused up the little sweep, and then Bill handed him his sack, and Jim knocked at the door, and cried—

"Sw—e—e—p," in a sonorous voice.

Presently the door opened, and Mr. Early himself stood upon the threshhold.

"Well, and ain't you a precious set of lazy ones. Here's a pretty time o'night."

"We have been busy to-day, master, that's all," said Ned, doggedly.

"Come in; are you going to sleep out there all night?" said Mr. Early, addressing Smith and Jim, who lingered, lest in passing his master he should shake the bag and rattle the bottles. This danger was at last over, however, and they were soon safe inside the narrow passage. With the light of the rushlight which he held in his hand, Mr. Early might have seen, had he chosen to look, that Bill was stifling a laugh, and that Ned kicked him quietly to silence him, while he, with the other hand, dragged in Smith, and sent him in through a half open door, with a low whisper in his ear—

"Mind, Smith, you don't say nuffin."

"Now, come, don't leave them sacks there; take 'em off, and then come and have your supper."

The order was obeyed with alacrity. Jim was told to go first, and after a little delay, up they came.

"Don't you get giggling and riggling over your supper," whispered Ned, "or he'll 'spect us."

In they walked into the apartment, where Mrs. Early was seen standing up against the fire-place in all the pride of a broad, flushed face, large cap, with a very wide border, tremendous bust, and nondescript apparel. She was the presiding deity of the place, but not the only living being. In a corner was a cradle, with a baby, on a chair was a grey cat, and Mr. Early, pipe in hand, occupied one side of the fire. At one end of the room was a sort of thing resembling a dark pile of rags, which constituted the bed. On a chest of drawers were piled old bonnets, hats, caps, shawls, aprons, dusters, &c., in rich profusion. Across the room, from side to side, stretched a line, on which many a garment was suspended in a half dry state. Over the fire hung various cooking utensils, and on the mantelpiece was huddled a medley of candlesticks, cups, broken saucers, candle ends, jugs, a pewter pot, thimbles, bits of rag, thread, with money, &c. A gridiron had just been clapped on the fire, on which had just also been placed two Yarmouth bloaters—not herrings. On a round table, in the middle of the room, stood four wooden bowls, filled with a kind of porridge, by the side of each stood a piece of bread, laid bare on the table. Jim, Bill, and Ned exchanged glances of disgust, but sat down, nevertheless, while Smith was pouring down the gruel, still half asleep.

"Make haste," said Mr. Early, "we've kept our supper a precious time already. Swallow it down—come, don't gape about."

"It's too hot," said Ned.

"It's too nice to swallow down at that rate," said Bill, in an under tone, at the risk of choking Smith, who couldn't help laughing, though his mouth was full.

Jim meanwhile looked vastly sentimental. He took the porridge up in his spoon, and let it trickle down again. He wasn't in the mood to eat. He looked at

Ned, who, to encourage him, kicked him under the table, then opened his own mouth wide, and poured down a quantity of stuff, which he swallowed with a gulp, and then motioned Jim, by sundry antics, to do the same.

"That ain't good enough for sich chaps as you, I 'spose," said Mrs. Early. "In course not. But all I can say is, you'd better look sharp, I don't want to wait here all night, I can tell you."

"If you please, marm, I can't eat it," replied Jim, poking the basin into the middle of the table.

"You fool," whispered Ned.

"Them youngsters is up to something, I'm sure," said Mrs. Early, in a half whisper, to her spouse.

"Hang 'em, let 'em be off out of our way," answered he, scowling at them from beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows.

Jim rose, and going towards a shelf took therefrom a small candlestick, into which part of a rushlight was thrust. While he was lighting this, Ned busied himself in placing the wooden bowls one in the other, and sought, at the same time, to slip one, without being observed, into Bill's hand, who stood behind him. He would not have succeeded in his attempt, however, had not Jim, accidentally, of course, extinguished the light.

"You great stupid," shouted his master, snatching the candle off the table, and stooping down to light it at the fire. While he was thus engaged, a hurried clattering of spoons and bowls was heard, and when darkness had disappeared, it was found that the bowls had disappeared also, with all the young chimney sweeps, with the exception of Jim, who was waiting for the candlestick in the passage.

"I shall be after you in a few minutes," said Mr. Early; "so you'd better look sharp."

"We shan't be above a minute pealing," said Jim, as he closed the door. The conclave now came to a dead halt in the passage. Bill, who held the bowl, stuffed his fist into his mouth to knock laughter down his throat. Even Smith smiled, and Ned put on a comical expression.

"Hold yer tongues, what are ye laughing at?" said Jim. "How are we to get coals and water?"

"I'll slip out and get the water from the pump, arter the old ooman's a bed," said Ned; "but we must get the coals now, as you know gov'nor locks the cellar at night, for fear of the lodgers. Oh, what a pack of owls you are. Can't you chuck some into my lap as we pass. Lor, what fellers you are, you ain't up to nuffin."

"I don't think I is up to nuffin to-night," said Jim.

"Move on," said Ned, "'cos you know what a precious licking we'll get if we stops here."

The passage was long and dark, and at the further end terminated in a narrow pair of stairs, descending to what in former times served for a kitchen. This now constituted the sleeping apartment for Mr. Early's apprentices. The back kitchen was the place of deposit for the soot bags. Entering this, Jim gave Bill the light to hold, while he opened the one containing their treasures. The appearance of the four boys, as they stood round the sack, was strange to the last degree. The bare walls of the kitchen, through which the damp was oozing, and straggling in long streams to the bottom; the piles of soot, the empty fireplace, a broken pump, all these, we say, seen by the dim light of the candle, which shed its glare only on the faces of the four sweeps, as they bent over their work, and fell in long beams on the walls, suggested an idea of gloomy wretchedness.

When Jim had completed his task, he motioned them all to creep quietly into the other room, which they did on tip-toe, while he himself crossed the passage in the opposite direction, and softly opened the door of the coal-hole, without so much as drawing his breath, for fear of being heard: he slowly deposited several knobs, along with a quantity of small coal, into his lap, and then closing the door with his foot, retreated as softly as he came. Lap, we say, because Jim boasted a sort of long black over-all, which descended like a pinafore to his knees. The room he now entered scarcely deserved the name of one. It looked wretched and comfortless: no vestige of furniture, except one stool, met the eye; the walls were bare, the fireplace empty, while the floor was strewed with straw, evidently the only accommodation in the way of bed which Mr. Early allowed his apprentices. The coverings were old soot bags.

"Mind the straw, Bill," said Jim; "but show us a light where to put this coal."

"You'd best put it under the straw till they're quiet above," said Ned, "where I've put the rest of the thingamys."

Accordingly Jim did as his little Mentor advised him, and they then, without undressing, extinguished the light, put it outside the door, which they slammed violently, in order to convince the governor that they were ready.

"It's precious cold," said Bill, whose back shivered and whose teeth chattered, as he crept under the old coverings.

"That it is," responded Jim, "but it ud be colder if we was undressed—I wish to-morrow was over."

"I don't," said Ned, "but hark, here he comes." As he spoke, the heavy tramp o

Mr. Early was heard descending the stairs, extorting from each step a loud creaking noise.

"That's the best of it," said Ned; "we shall always know when the old chap means to pay us a visit, cos of his heavy foot—"

"Hush," said Jim, "he's sniffin through the keyhole."

"I'll snore," said Bill, with a chuckle.

"No, don't," responded Ned, "in a whisper, "he'll know that's shamming, anyhow."

By this time the receding steps of Mr. Early were heard retreating in the distance, and the four sweeps resolved to remain quiet until time had been allowed for the governor and his wife to go to sleep. In the meantime they carried on a whispered conversation respecting their future proceedings

"Ven that ere old chap's asleep," said Ned, "we'll fust light the fire."

"Fust, afore that, you'd best light the candle," suggested Bill.

"In course I meant that," answered Ned, in the slightest possible degree ruffled by Bill's suggestion. "Smith—Smith—are you asleep, my boy?"

Smith didn't answer, so Ned concluded he was no longer in the land of the waking.

"Vat say you to moving now, Ned?" asked Jim.

"Stop a bit," replied Ned; "don't let us kick up any row till we're sure."

"Let's vait a little longer, then," continued Jim.

A "little longer," consisted in several seconds, employed in listening attentively by Ned, and in kicking about the straw by Bill, who at last starting up, cried—

"Vat's the use of vaiting any more—let's light the candle."

"Vell," said Ned, "mind what you're about. Jim's lying on the candle, and the matches is houtside. Let me find 'em—you keep quiet."

Ned now sedulously set to work to find the things, and put all to rights, as he said—

"Now I do hope that Jim ain't smashed that ere butter up along with the taller; it feels precious greasy down here. I put the firewood up strait, 'cos he shouldn't touch 'em. Come, Jim, turn round—here's the blacking—and here's the candle. Now for it: here goes."

So Ned scrambled out of bed, and soon found the lucifers. Very little time sufficed to procure a light, and then a consultation was held, as to what was the next thing to be done.

"We must have some water, in course," said Bill.

"Course he can't vash hisself if he ain't got vater," answered Ned; "but I tell you vat it is—you, Jim, must hold a light; you Bill, come wid me and snatch up that old thing of a pot out of the other place, 'cos he can't vash in cold vater, and I'll just carry the bowl and pump the water."

"Here's the bottle for the candle," said Bill, "stick it in."

"Mind you don't let it fall, Jim," said Ned, "'cos you know vat a precious row that 'ull make. Now, Bill, don't laugh—'cos vy?"

The handle of the door was now turned with great precision, as though spectres had been at work, and then Ned poked his head out, and listened. All was still above, but on the stairs gleamed two green eyes through the darkness.

"That's the old un," said Bill, from behind.

"Hold yer tongue; it's the cat."

Puss now raised her tail, and gave a plaintive mew.

"You hussy," said Ned; "I'll strangle you, if you says a word more."

Another step was taken; Jim advanced with the light, Bill stood tiptoe, with his finger on the side of his nose.

"Now for it," said Ned, and they strided over the dark passage, and were once more in the dreary back kitchen. Bill seized his treasure. Jim stood at the door with a light, and Ned cautiously began raising the handle of the crazy old pump, which gave a horrid groan, that went echoing through the sepulchral looking place with a dismal sound.

"I wish I could only jist knock this here pump down," muttered Ned, "kicking up such a precious row, 'cos I axed him for a drop of vater. A pretty pickle we shall be in, shan't we, if he refuses to do the civil thing. There comes a drop; now be quiet, there's a good chap."

These consoling expressions appeared not to be without their weight with the pump, for he immediately yielded up some of his treasure, and the pot being filled, Ned instantly clapped the bowl on his head, and carried in his acquisition triumphantly.

But woe is me! Scarcely had they reached the interior of the apartment, if such we may call it, when Jim, hastening to place the candle on the mantelpiece, let the bottle fall with a tremendous crash upon the floor. It was with dire consternation that the poor sweeps listened to each echo, as it went steadily up the stairs, until they felt sure it must have reached Mr. Early's ears, even though he had been sleeping as sound as a rock.

"Here's a pretty go," said Bill, standing with his eyes wide open.

"That won't mend it," said Ned.

"Vat shall we do with the candle now?" exclaimed Jim.

"Vake up Smith, and let'in hold it," remarked Bill.

"You does it on purpose, just to tease me, Bill," said Ned; "I tell you vat we'll do; just give it me; drop a little grease on the mantelshelf, and then stick the candle in it. There now, that u'll make a famous one."

And Ned succeeded at last in fixing the candle as he desired, but scarcely had he done so and finished smiling at his own contrivance, when they heard a sound up stairs which made them creep again with horror.

"Hist! here he comes," said Ned.

"Vathever will 'come of us?" muttered Bill.

"It's him," said Jim.

"Come quick into bed in a moment, and fast asleep," and out went the light, and in they were again into the straw in a moment, trembling lest he should enter with a lighted candle and discover the pot, bowl, &c., which they had not time to remove out of sight. Down he came, treading with all his weight on every step, while at every sound the hearts of the sweeps beat faster and faster. At last he reached the bottom, and opening the door, threw in the light, and listened carefully. The loud breathing of Smith, in his first deep slumber, threw Mr. Early completely off the scent, and satisfied him that there was nothing doing there.

"Hang it; it's the cat, I suppose," muttered Mr. Early, as he went out and closed the door after him.

"The old fool," whispered Ned; "I'll be bound he'll lie awake the whole night after this."

"It was that ere bottle that voke him," said Bill.

"Course it was; but nobody could help that; haccidents vill happen."

"It's my notion that we're precious unlucky this here night," said Jim. "We shall have to wait a long time afore he's asleep agin; he's shut his door, and now he's telling his missis she's a fool, I dare say."

A long time passed ere our young gentlemen ventured to stir again, but at last, taking courage, Ned sprang to his feet, and vowed he would light the fire, which, after some trouble, he did. The sight of this seemed to inspire them all with vigour. Bill got up lazily, and Jim sat on the stool to watch its progress. It soon diffused a cheerful warmth through the room, and Ned proposed to his elder that he should commence operations by "pealing," and giving himself a good wash.

"There's a clean shirt, a white pocket handkerchief, and a neckcloth, in that box," said Jim; "my best coat and trowsers is at the bottom. The shirt will want hairing, I dare say."

"I'll hold it," said Bill, who liked that occupation the best which required the least movement, and placed him also nearest the fire.

Ned drew forth the articles, and laid each carefully on the straw, while Jim prepared to clean himself. But here we must pause a moment, to give the reader a little insight into Mr. Jim Jones's intentions. On the morrow he became of age, and though the term of his apprenticeship had not expired, he thought it quite right to take leave of his master, as he had been given to understand by a friend that he could legally do so. To-morrow, too, he was going to be married to the daughter of a greengrocer, whose only parent, a savage stepfather, was very much in the dark concerning the scheme. He intended to set himself up in business in the same line (that is greengrocery), and the girl's savings and his own were to be appropriated to buy stock. But Mr. Early dreamt not even that his head apprentice was about to leave him; he had, while he had been with him, treated him scandalously, and, therefore, Mr. Jim thought himself partially justified in playing him a trick in return.

"Hand me the soap, Bill; put the towel ready, I shan't be long."

While Ned was busy brushing up the coat and trowsers, Jim continued his ablutions, and while his face was dripping with soap suds and water, he groped about for a towel; taking something up off the straw, he proceeded to rub his face with it, when Ned, turning round, discovered that, instead of the towel, he was scrubbing away with one of the old soot bags.

"Oh, crikey!" cried he, holding up a bit of broken glass, "just look into this, what a fright you've made of yourself. Bill, look at him; he's put on precious more dirt than he's rubbed off."

Poor Jim glanced at his face, and discovered that it was but too true; he had begrimed his visage most awfully with soot.

"Vash again, but be quick, 'cos you know we ain't got too much time, and don't make no more mistakes. There's the towel on the floor. I must go and get the brush ready to do your air."

Ned, the director of everything, was a most active little chap; nothing would go right unless he took part in it; but, alas, his vigilance, even now, was not sufficiently exerted, for Jim, unluckily, caught hold of the clean white pocket handkerchief with his suddy, sooty hands, and had half wiped his face, when Ned again looking round, shouted out—

"Good evens, Jim, what a fool yer are, you're spoilt your kerchief. Oh, my eye Bill, vy didn't you look arter vat he v[illegible]

doing. Here's the towel," continued he, casting it round Jim's face, and scrubbing it with all his might, "how could you be such a stupid?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! What a pity it is to make such a mess," said Jim.

"Pity; never mind," said Ned, recovering his equanimity. "I'll go and get some more vater, and vile I'm dressing, you, Bill, can vash it out, hold it to the fire to dry, and fold it up and sit on it to make it smooth."

"Vat a chap you are, you sets everything right," observed Jim.

Ned was very quick this time in getting the water, and Bill, kneeling down before the fire, prepared to scrub away.

"Your hands ain't clean," remarked Ned, "but you'd better vash 'em ven Bill's done the handkerchief."

"Yes, I s'pose I had. I'll put on my trowsers now."

"Here they are. It won't want much, Bill; just wring it tight, and hold it to the fire, but don't you hold it too near. Now, Jim, are you ready to have your air greased?"

"Yes. I must sit down though. Don't put too much butter, 'cos it don't smell over sweet, you know."

"Oh, but it 'ull look just as if it was Roland's Massaccar Hoil, you know, if I brushes it smooth."

So saying, Mr. Ned rubbed a considerable quantity of the odoriferous pomatum in Jim's hair, and then set about brushing it until it shone again. This operation completed, Jim soon finished the remainder of his toilette, and Ned, looking on him in triumph, exclaimed—

"Don't he look nice?"

Ned now placed the stool before the fire, and told Jim to sit on it, while he cleared away a few signs of the toilette, renewed the fire, drew out the bread and ale, and prepared for their supper, or rather early breakfast, for the night was far advanced. Ned crawled down the straw on all fours to take a peep at Smith, whom he had almost forgotten.

"It's almost a pity to wake him," he said, "but I dare say he won't be sorry to eat something—Smith—here Smith—wake up. Look here—look at me," he continued, half rousing the little sweep, and gently shaking him. Smith began to rub his eyes, and open first one eye and then another.

"Is it time to get up yet?" he asked.

"No, Smith, only you know Jim's going to-morrow. Ain't you hungry?"

At the mention of hunger, Smith remembered that he shouldn't be sorry to eat something, so he opened both eyes this time.

"That's right—here, come along," so saying, Ned took him up and placed him on his feet outside the straw. Bill cast scrutinising glances towards the bread and ale; admired Jim a little, and hoped inwardly that Smith wouldn't take much longer waking up. At last all things were duly settled. Ned sat down opposite Bill, placed Smith by his side, and then prepared to dispense great hunches of bread and cheese.

Jim looked straight at the fire for a long time, and broke little bits of his bread, which he put lazily into his mouth, as if he was eating without exactly knowing it.

"Come, Jim, eat away," said Ned, encouragingly.

"I can't say, Ned, as how I feels pertickler hungry—I ate too much supper, I think."

A deep silence now prevailed. The fire sent up cheering flames, illuminating the corners of the dark chamber occasionally, and then suddenly popping down again, left them in gloom. The walls reflected back this glare somewhat unnaturally, as though they had never been used to it. On one side was scattered the straw which formed the bed; while in a half circle round the fire were assembled the four boys. Jim, of course, forming the centre of attraction, we must mention first, he sat bolt upright on the stool, his well-polished face reflecting back the glare of the fire, and his whole appearance betraying the fact that he had been recently put into clothes, which sat far less comfortably upon him than his sweep's attire. He held his bread and cheese dejectedly in his hand, and still kept his eyes turned straight before him. Ned thought he had never seen them look so bright. Bill crouched on his right hand on the floor, his knees forming pillars to support his arms, his hands being engaged in conveying by turns to his mouth pieces of bread. He looked at Ned sometimes to see how he was carrying himself during this trying scene, and perceiving that he hadn't yet manifested any emotion, thought he had better keep his own within bounds. Ned, on the opposite side, kept his eyes wide open, and his mouth distended in an unnatural grin, ate his bread in hasty sudden fits, and Smith glanced innocently from one to another, and stuffed large pieces into his mouth.

"I hopes," said Jim, kicking in a hot coal, which had just fallen from the fire, "I hope you vont all forget me now I'm going to leave."

"Lor! Jim," exclaimed Ned, with a look of horrid indignation.

"I'm going to quit the sweeping line," continued Jim, tossing Ned a smile and a nod of acknowledgment, "but that ain't no reason vy we shouldn't often meet. I shall have a house of my own, and 'cos I'm

going to be helevated as it were, you won't think I'm going to forget all of you—No. We've lived a long time together in this here Mr. Early's house, and we've been appy ven we've been out of his sight. He ain't been over kind to us, but that's no reason vy ve shouldn't be kind to one another. I'm going to leave you all now. Mind then vat I says. Listen, Smith. Don't never forget that our gov'nor is your gov'nor. If he speaks savage like to yer, don't hanser him. Do your duty—don't stay out later nor you can help, and get up ven he tells you. It ain't a happy prospeck you has before you—I knows that. But hevery man has to make a beginning. I don't mean to say that if you likes the trade you must throw it up—but you vont have to climb chimneys much longer, 'cos you'll grow too big. I made a beginning, and here I is now, going to leave the line and set up on my own account. Vel, now mind vat I says, and you, Ned, take care of little Smith, 'cos he ain't got no mother to be kind to him. Sundays he's lonely like, and maybe he'll feel the vant of some one. I know vat it is not to have no mother; and so, Smith, ven you ain't got no friend, you come to me, and vile I has anything I vont let you want. Come all of you—you Ned and Bill, and if you vants a friend, come to Jim Jones, he von't never be other than glad to see you."

And Jim poked away silently a tear which was winding slowly round his nose. His harangue affected the sweeps. Smith leaned his head on Jim's knee, which turned the current of Ned's thoughts immediately. He reflected only upon the consequences likely to spring from the contact of the little sooty crop of hair with Jim's indispensables, and, accordingly, gently removed it to his own shoulders.

"Let's drink Jim's health," said Bill, quietly.

This was responded to with alacrity by Ned, who gave—

"Jim's health; and may we meet again soon."

Jim shook hands with them cordially, as an answer to the compliment. Round Ned's eyes the soot appeared considerably clouded and streaked, as though some unbidden visitor, in the shape of a tear, had been wandering there. Jim now took out his white pocket handkerchief to wipe his face. Again Ned was on the alert, he started up and thrust the towel into his hand. The night had now far progressed; the bread and ale was finished, and the fire began to burn low. At length the hour stole on at which they were to recommence their labours. The thing now was to get Jim out without being perceived.

"Now," said Ned, "you, Jim, must let me go first with my sack to see it's all right—ven ve comes home to breakfast that u'll be the time for the row. Oh! my eye, vat a towering passion he'll be in—but it don't signify. You, Jim, come next, and Bill and Smith can foller arter. Mind, Bill, you doesn't come across him. I'll clear away the fire, and all the other things."

Jim offered to assist, and rose for that purpose, but Ned insisted on making him keep the stool. They were all very quiet now. Their merriment was gone, and as the hour of parting drew near their hearts felt heavy. Little Smith stood at Jim's knee, with his little face upturned to his.

"Don't stand so near," whispered Ned, gently drawing him back.

At length the important moment came. Jim rose, took out his hat (previously well smoothed down by Ned), and giving a timid farewell glance at the old place, followed Ned noiselessly up the stairs. No danger threatened, all was quiet. Ned's heart beat quicker, as he drew back bolt after bolt in the darkness of a winter's morning, and then holding it wide open for Jim to pass, gave him one impressive command:

"Bolt!"

He shot out of the passage and hurried up the street to the corner, where he was soon joined by his companions with their bags.

"You ain't got far to go, Jim," said Ned, "but I hope she'll be ready."

"Sure to be," said Jim, "if that old feller ain't found us out."

"No fear of that, Jim, I should think," said Ned, encouragingly.

"I hope not."

A few straggling attempts at conversation were made, but somehow they didn't get on at all. They couldn't talk. They walked slow to prolong the time they were together. At last they arrived at the end of a street, and at the corner they came to a halt.

"We must say good bye now, I s'pose," said Jim, mournfully; "I vish you vas all going vith me away from that old feller. You couldn't call at Polly's aunt's by-and-bye—could you—ve shall be there?"

"No, Jim," said Ned, "ve must vork hard ven ve leaves you, 'cos you know ve ain't got nuffin this here morning, and ain't even cried, sweep."

"Give us your hand, Ned, and Bill, and Smith. Good-bye—God bless you all."

And Jim started off down the street, followed by the good-byes and looks of his companions. They stood at the corner to see him safe. Soon he stopped opposite a house, turned round, waved his hat to them, and a very few minutes afterwards a young woman emerged from a door with a bundle in her hand, which she hande[illegible]

to Jim, and taking his arm, they walked on to her aunt's, from whose house she was to be married. So ends the tale of the sweep's elopement with the green-grocer's daughter. Bill, Ned, and Smith went on their work, but cried "sweep" very many times less than was their wont.

SONG.

There is one who above the vain multitude stands,
With thought on his brow and a sword in his hand;
He is firm to a fault—yet he feels as a man;
When he wars, Mercy marches the first in his van,
He loves not himself, he is born for the world,
And tyrants must fear when his flag is unfurl'd.

He owns not the coward, he owns not the slave,
His charter is won by the blood of the brave;
Tho' monarchs may frown, or their minions condemn,
His soul spurns alike their oppressions and them;
He loves not himself, he is born for the world,
And tyrants must fear when his flag is unfurl'd.

He weeps with affliction, he sighs with distress,
His sympathy ever is ready to bless;
He is haught to the proud, but his heart ever bends
To the voice of his country, the cause of his friends;
He loves not himself, he is born for the world,
And tyrants must fear when his flag is unfurl'd.

'Tis the patriot who strives with his whole heart and mind
To gain for the people the rights of mankind;
Who feels that his cause is the cause of the just,
And that baffled awhile, yet that triumph it must—
Who loves not himself, but is born for the world,
Whom tyrants have feared when his flag was unfurl'd.

Notes on Cambridge.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

Cambridge!—what a host of reminiscences does this single word conjure up! with what varied thoughts does each individual reflect upon this name! The mother sighs at the temptations to which her darling may there be exposed—the father's bosom fills with pride, when he brings before his mind's eye the seat at which his son may be toiling, with certain but sure steps, up the hill which alone leads to the highest academical honours. And the patriot too can hardly help contemplating without very pleasurable emotions the school at which the most momentous effects are wrought upon the rising generation. The man of taste, the man of science, finds there, too, much that may instruct. Knowing the deep interest that is felt at the present day on the subject of university education, it has occurred to us that a few remarks on this all-important topic, interspersed with brief accounts of the most notable points of interest connected with Cambridge, will not be misplaced. It is not indeed our purpose to describe at length the various architectural embellishments of our Alma Mater, or to dwell too largely on the philosophical nature of the system of instruction there pursued. We wish rather to be practical than diffuse, instructive than amusing. We would invite the attention of our readers to a "Brief Account of the Government of the University," "The Subjects and Modes of University Teaching," "The Discipline and Expenses of College Life," "The Advantages to be derived from pursuing an Academical Course," and, lastly, we would venture a few opinions on some changes which would most likely tend to increase the utility of our Colleges and Halls, without being attended by the too oft direful effects of sudden and violent revolutions.

Brief Account of the Government of the University.

Cambridge may indeed be looked upon as a "literary republic," consisting of seventeen Colleges and Halls, each of which, however, within its own walls, exercises a certain degree of independent authority over its members. The senate, or house of parliament, is composed of those members who are of sufficient standing, and

who have obtained their degrees in the regular manner; it is "divided into the Regent's and non-Regent's house." Masters of arts of less than five years' standing, and doctors of less than two, compose the Regent, or upper house, or white hood house, from its members wearing their hoods lined with white silk. All the rest constitute the non-Regent, or lower house, otherwise called the black hood house, from its members wearing black silk hoods. But doctors of more than two years' standing, and the public orator of the University, may vote in either house at their pleasure. Besides the two houses, there is an executive council called the Caput, by which every measure must be approved before it can be introduced to the senate. The Caput consists of several officers of the University by virtue of their office, including the Vice-Chancellor, who, in fact, is the "First Lord of the Treasury," the Chancellorship being generally bestowed upon some distinguished personage, who makes the office rather an honorary than an active one. The High Steward (at present Lord Lyndhurst holds this office) also appoints a deputy, by whom in reality every thing pertaining to the important task of taking the trial of scholars impeached of felony within the limits of the University, is done. The peace officers are called proctors. It is their duty to attend to the discipline and behaviour of persons "in statu pupillari;" and though they are armed with the most extensive powers, it is to be feared that they have rather brought down odium upon themselves than succeeded in bringing the moral state of their troublesome customers within reasonable bounds. The proctors must be masters of arts of two years' standing, at the least; and they are elected by each College in turn. It will be almost needless to observe that this University sends two members to the Imperial Parliament, who are chosen by the collective body of the senate. In the several Colleges, there are the following orders:

1. The head, who is generally a doctor of divinity. The head of King's is styled provost; of Queen's, president; and of all the rest, masters.

2. Fellows, who are generally elected from the most distinguished of the commencing bachelors, after a very severe examination. A fellowship generally is tenable until marriage, or till the fellow succeeds to a college living, of which there are many.

3. Noblemen graduates, doctors, bachelors in divinity, and masters in arts. The expense of these persons keeping their names on the boards differs from £3 to £6.

4. Ten-year men, who are allowed to take the degree of bachelor of divinity without having been either M.A. or B.A. They must be twenty-four when they enter, and must keep their names on the boards for ten years, during the major part of the terms of the last two of which they must reside, and perform the exercises which are required by the statutes. It is evident that this mode of taking a degree affords great and commendable facilities to those who, from various causes, have been unable to avail themselves of the advantages of an academical education at the proper age. It is true that many deserving men are thus enabled to obtain a proper position among their brethren, who would otherwise have been prevented from doing so; but it is too true that this admirable arrangement has been abused to a great extent. Men have obtained precedence over the hard-working students, whose abilities have neither warranted such advancement, and whose services to literature should rather condemn them to obscurity. Certainly some reform is here required; surely men should not be allowed to obtain a degree, without having produced abundant evidence of their deserving one. It may be observed, that our bishops are now discouraging as much as possible the practice, and that very few ten-year men are able to obtain holy orders. When a man seeks for academical honours at an age when he is unwilling to bear the wholesome restraints of discipline, he ought not to be allowed to leap over the heads of those who have grown grey in the service of their Church; he ought not to be so placed that he could in the least discourage those who are distinguishing themselves in their several professions.

5. Bachelors of civil law and physic sometimes keep their names on the boards till they become doctors; they wear the habit, and enjoy all the ordinary privileges, of masters of arts, except that of voting in the senate.

6. Bachelors of arts, who remain "in statu pupillari," in order to obtain fellowships, or to become members of the senate.

7. Fellow commoners (called at Oxford gentlemen commoners), who are generally the younger sons of the nobility, or young men of fortune, and have the privilege of dining at the fellow's tables, from whence the appellation arose.

8. Scholars, who are generally on the foundation of the respective colleges, and who enjoy various advantages; in some cases they have their commons paid for them, chambers rent free, and weekly or other allowances. Sometimes they have specific stipends only, in conformity with the conditions of their foundation. They are for the most part elected, by direct examination or otherwise, at different periods subsequent to their commencement of residence at the University, from the most promising and distinguished of the students.

9. Pensioners, who form the great body of the students, and who pay for their commons, chambers, &c., and enjoy generally no pecuniary advantages from their respective colleges.

10. Sizars are generally students of limited means. They usually have their commons free, and receive various emoluments. It is by extending the number of this class of students, we fancy, that a large class of persons would be able to reap the advantages of our Colleges. It is a known fact that there are many young men of the most brilliant talents pining in obscurity, because they have no forge at which to obtain admittance, where their latent abilities may be hammered out. It is no disgrace to be a sizar; a strict examination must be undergone, before an individual can become one. Men too who have shone as stars of no ordinary brilliancy, have thus started into life. Lord Eldon and the present primate of all England were sizars. Kirke White, the amiable Kirke White, was a sizar of St. John's; his talents there shone forth so brilliantly, that his loss was a loss deplored by every lover of talent and of virtue. The sizars at St. John's are chosen by an examination, which takes place early in the October previous to commencing residence. The subjects are—the elements of geometry, arithmetic and algebra, and a few classical authors fixed upon in the preceding January. There are nine sizars at this college called proper sizars, on Dr. Dowman's foundation, who have their commons free, and usually hold exhibitions. They are chosen from the other sizars (after a residence of above three terms) by the master and senior fellows, preference being usually given to those who have ranked high in the classes at the general examination, and by their conduct have obtained the approbation of the College. We must now call our reader's attention to the subjects and modes of University teaching.

University Teaching.

At Oxford, the time is more exclusively devoted to the classics; and till within the last twenty years, Cambridge paid but little attention to anything but mathematics. Though this may have been a detriment to our University, yet it is better to give an almost exclusive attention to mathematical inquiries, than entirely to neglect such important instruments of instruction. For the study of mathematics must necessarily lead to the acquisition of considerable classical lore. Mathematical science exercises an important effect on philology. We are willing to concede that it is absolutely necessary to combine classical with mathematical studies, as subjects for university watching; but we are not willing to allow that the former should usurp the place of the latter. The classics, without the sister study, will only produce a taste, fastidious indeed, but superficial and arbitrary, without any distinct and developed apprehensions of analogies and reasons. However profoundly the classical authors may be studied, as examples of diction, flowing periods, and brilliant thoughts, still they only supply one occasion among many for the cultivation of the more exact operations of the mind. The study of the elementary mathematics will bring into play that class of intellectual faculties which the pursuit of elegant literature alone leaves unexercised. "Every person, of mathematical cultivation," says the accomplished Whewell, in his 'Essay on University Education,' "every person of mathematical cultivation is necessarily an analysist of conditions and connexions; the analisistical power thus awakened will commonly exercise itself upon language as well as upon mathematical quantities." The study of the mathematics is the best disci-

ian the mind can by any possibility

We think that Cambridge has of hown that she has arousel herself; collect with pride that the first ma- atical school of the world has pro- some among the first of modern cs—her Bloomfield, her Kennedy, yttleton, her Donaldson, have tended ce her almost on a par with her rival at Oxford; but it is not to be for- a that it is to mathematical scholars that great moral revolutions are . At the time of Plato, the educa- f the Greeks had been for a long pe- irtually mathematical. We all know moral effects Plato, Hipparchus, and medes, worked upon society. But tunately Greece did not persevere in ursuits of mathematical knowledge; hools of philosophers resounded with ns of old and new, boastings and glings; long too before the northern s poured down their forces upon the ed sects of what had once been tened intellect. It was left for a ridge man, "a Franciscan monk of time," to point to mathematics as ate and key of science: "Harum sci- um porta et clavis est mathematica." *. Bacon*, Spec. Math. cap. 1.

s thus, when we call attention to the ts of University teaching, we call ion to the study of the mathematics; ve most earnestly recommend any person who is about to graduate at ridge to obtain Goodwin's "Course," which he will derive all the informa- e may seek respecting this branch of e reading. In the classics, we will n the words of an old and valued , "Read as many authors as pos- but above every thing make your- aster of the grammar of the Greek atin languages." The mode of teach- Cambridge is strictly practical; no- at the least very little, is said by ofessors, which is not accompanied ch questions as may serve to keep the intellectual faculties, and exer- e mind, in order to accustom it to an tness and rapidity of arranging every n a proper and intelligible form. ust now advance to our next head.

The Discipline and Expenses of College Life.

Cowper, in his *Task*, has said that discipline was fast decaying at his time:

"In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline.

* * * *

If ever it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleap'd
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.
But discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years,
A palsy struck his arm."

Though probably the state of colleges and halls might at that time have warranted the poet's censorious picture, yet we are inclined to think that with regard to morals and manners their condition is better now than it was then. We believe that a student's academical career is no longer a period of unbounded liberty from restraint and responsibility. We know from personal observation that even tempers of great levity and stubbornness, being met by the calm but severe countenance of college rules, are checked in their career of extravagant and self-willed motions. Men who are guilty of breaches of the regulations of their Colleges, are punished in various ways, by being debarred from the privilege of leaving the College gates, by having heavy impositions set them; punishments, in fact, are imposed for transgressions, so long as they can be ascribed to thoughtlessness; but the discipline of the University points continually to the door, if such transgressions be persisted in. Undoubtedly, the rules are most frequently transgressed, when parents allow their sons wherewith to spend their time at College in every fashionable and soul-destroying dissipation; and yet these generally are the persons who complain most loudly of the extravagance of Cambridge or Oxford. They have the power of remedying the evil in themselves. The actual expenses of college life are certainly much less than it has usually been stated; for we know many cases in which

young men of very limited means have been able to get their degree for £200, or at a little more than £65 per annum. We will not hesitate to say that £70 is amply sufficient for a reading man; and a man who is not determined to read, had much better get on in his dissipated course at home.

THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM PURSUING AN ACADEMICAL COURSE.

We shall not scarcely be asked to admit that in our schools the rising generation may be entirely fitted for their various duties in life. If a man starts immediately into the world, leaving either a public or private school, the first few years are consumed in learning to subdue the soul to the authority "of dignities above." The prejudices of the school-boy only become more strongly developed in the man. Arrogancy and pride obtain the mastery over our youths of patrician rank, while our plebeians, if they are thrown upon the world, and "become men before they cease to be boys," too frequently bring into action those feelings of discontent which ultimately rankle into sedition and rebellion. Whereas, on the other hand, it is one of the most important and beneficial functions of an English University for the students to operate upon each other in forming the moral character. Young men, of all classes, from the highest to very low ones, are brought together, and made to feel that a common participation in a liberal education puts them, to a certain extent, on a footing of equality, and establishes an obligation of mutual respect. The peasant's son, who becomes the country clergyman, is thus elevated in feelings to the level of his office; for he is made to feel than he has an equal right to University honours; that he has trod the same path as the duke, who may have been his contemporary at College, and is his neighbour. At the University also the young Englishman receives the most decisive part of that feeling which he is acquiring during his whole education, and which it is one of the most essential offices of education to unfold—namely, the feeling that he is an *Englishman*, a knowledge of the principles by which the actions of his fellow-citizens are regulated, and by reference to which his own will be judged of, joined with a sympathy with their objects, and a habit of balancing himself among their impulses. Likewise, at that crisis when the vigour of manly thought blends with the warmth of youthful susceptibility, engaged in the enjoyments of literature and companionship in competition with his brother collegians, men of his own age, he acquires a number of subjects of common interest, of agreeable retrospect, and of endearing recollections; and these points of union bind together the University men of the same standing by a tie which rarely loses its hold or its charm during their lives.

Another and a great advantage of our Universities is this—men are by them obliged to submit to a proper course of study. Universities and Colleges do not exist merely for the purpose of enabling men to do what they best like to do, or for the purpose of offering rewards for trials of strength in modes selected by the combatants. Their business is the general cultivation of all the best faculties of those committed to their care, and the preservation and promotion of the general culture of mankind. And we think it is an established fact, that of all the persons who derive advantage from an University education, none are more benefited than those who, with a general aptitude for learning, are prevented by the requisitions of such institutions from confining their exertions to one favoured channel. The man of mathematical genius, who is led by the demands of his College to become acquainted with Latin and Greek, becomes thus a man of liberal education, instead of being merely a powerful calculator. The elegant classical scholar who is compelled to master algebra, Euclid, and mechanics, acquires among them habits of thought and connexion of reasoning. He is thus fitted to deal with any subject with which reason is concerned, and is enabled to estimate the beauty and utility of science.

Our space will not permit us to dwell more at large on the preceding points, and we must conclude our article on Cambridge. We wish, however, to recommend one or two things to the notice of our readers, as the changes which would most likely tend to increase the usefulness of our Colleges and Halls. Extravagance must be checked, before a large class of persons will be enabled to enjoy their advantages. We think too that the number of sizarships might with great propriety be augmented.

Although Cambridge abounds with scholarships opened, in nearly every case, to every British subject, yet they require, for the most part, a previous residence in the University. We think many men may be found, whose talents would reflect honour on their professions, but who are unable even to enter their names on the College books from lack of means, much less reside the major part of one whole year. But we must warn all against supporting changes which are not the offspring of decided thought and expediency; above all, we say, that no good can be done for the future, without a proper and reverent regard for the past:

"So may our mother flourish, while the name
Of England holds its proud pre-eminence
Among the nations. In her ancient halls
And venerable cloisters be our youth
Invigorated by salubrious draughts
Of free and fervent thought; and let the mind
Of our great country, like a mighty sea,
Be fed and freshened with perpetual streams
Of pure and virtuous wisdom, from those springs
Gushing unceasingly."

CHARLES B.

THE YOUNG MAID, THE YOUNG FLOWER.

(Translated from Chateaubriand.)

BY HENRY KING, M.A.

The coffin sinks, with young fresh roses crowned,
Which a sire's hands his grief's last tribute shower:
Earth! from thee born, in thee their tomb have found,
The young maid, the young flower!

Restore them never to this world of ill!
Where grief, and anguish, and misfortune, lower,
Where rude winds break, and hot suns scorch and kill,
The young maid, the young flower.

Thou sleep'st, sweet girl, so young! so innocent!
Spared from the heat of noon's oppressive hour,
Their bright brief morning both alike have spent,
The young maid, the young flower.

But o'er these ashes bends thy sire forlorn,
His furrowed brow pale blanched by sorrow's power.
Old oak, whose fairest bough stern Time hath shorn,
The young maid, the young flower.

A Vision of the Night.

BY JOHN EDMUND READE.

(Author of "Italy," "Continental Impressions," &c.)

I had been reading the Phædo of Plato with the best energies of my mind, and I was deeply immersed in his speculations on the immortality of the soul. After many ineffectual attempts to comprehend the full intention of certain passages, I left off abruptly feeling the certainty of never mastering and placing it in a clear light; as well from my own inability to understand him, as from the theme itself being placed beyond the reach of investigation. The words of the poet* were recalled to my memory—"I feel that a contemptuous verdict on my part might argue a want of modesty, but would hardly be received by the judicious as evidence of superior penetration. Therefore utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, I conclude myself ignorant of his understanding." I averted my lamp from the book, and leaned back in the chair to repose myself, and to review again, and pass calmly before my judgment, the chain of reasoning which I had been wandering through. Like all arguments drawn *à priori*, they appeared vague and unsatisfactory. "If," said I, mentally, "if the hopes and yearnings of man towards a future life which have been cherished by him through all ages, and by all nations, should have been given him as the preludes and the presciences of future certainty, and purposely rendered vague and undefined to excite his imagination, always active without gratifying it, yet still inspiring him with sufficient hope to stimulate and keep alive his exertions. If our ideas which we so painfully generate and cultivate with so much care and perseverance, whose fruit at last is but ashes, should prove hereafter, though here we were forbidden to unfold them,

'Hidden seed,
To spring forth glorious to eternity
At the everlasting harvest!' "†

All was quiet, for it was past midnight, and the hour for meditation, but I felt myself fatigued, and my eyes were heavy. My recollection faded by degrees and became confused, and my perceptions dim and indistinct. I made an ineffectual effort to rouse myself, but nature prevailed, and yielding to her influence, I sunk into a profound slumber.

I thought I stood on a waste shore by the brink of what appeared to be an illi-

* Coleridge.
† The Second Maiden's Tragedy.

mitable ocean. I should rather say the phantasm of an ocean, for it was dim and wareless, soundless, and motionless. The sky above was reflected on it a clear dark obscure, without a star or cloud, or vapour: such a sky as we see on earth when night slowly fades away before the morning, or when twilight is deepening into night. The scene was solemn and most impressive; the utter boundlessness and solitude of the scene impressed on the mind the hopelessness of ever comprehending it, and the stillness, and the mystery, weighed on the heart an oppression which it strove to shake off in vain. It was then, while withdrawing my eyes that ached with straining into the distance, and when my attention became less absorbed, which, hitherto, with all the faculties of my being had been swallowed up, as it were, and lost in the immensity before me: that I was aware of a stirring—a passing on—a march, as of innumerable multitudes towards the place where I stood. I turned round, as far as the eye could reach appeared stretched out a level and a sandy desert, covered with a sumless host of living or spiritual beings, thickening and gathering like locusts in all directions along the clear edge of the horizon, and trooping down in solemn order to the shore. The sound of their moving, and the rustling of their robes, for all were clothed in the grey habiliments of the grave, was like the sound of thunder heard far off, or like the autumn leaves sighing to the breeze through the boughs of some ancient forest! All were silent, and appeared wholly abstracted from everything passing round them. There seemed to be no kindred, no recollection, no tie of humanity, binding and drawing them towards each other; each kept his head bent towards the ground, and his hands crossed over his breast, as if wrapt in absorbing meditation, though they moved on a multitude in "numbers without number," each seemed to be as unconscious of the others' presence, as if alone in a solitude where no foot had trodden.

From gazing along the horizon, I turned to the place near where I stood, the brink of an extreme promontory, where the foremost columns were already densed together as if waiting to pass over that abyss of waters. Many raised their heads and looked into the distance as if in anxious hope, but I could not distinguish their countenances; by far the greater number stood immoveable, and seemed to have been impelled thither against their will, by a power and volition not their own. I thought I could perceive an inward shuddering through their frames, but this might have been fancy, for all gesture and sign of earthly passion seemed extinguished in them. I looked into the distance and beheld the approaching object of their hopes and fears. It was a bark, which, under the shadow of a vast spread sail, was close upon the shore; but it was strange that when I had looked, at what appeared to me only an instant before, the horizon and the deep were without a speck, far or near. One shadowy solitary figure was seated at the helm as steersman; it was the phantasm of an aged man, of one, whom I felt had existed from eternity. His grey, shaggy eye-brows hung like pent-houses over his eyes, half hiding the deep furrows of his cheeks, and his broad leaden forehead was bent downwards as if absorbed in profound reverie. As the spirits of the dead thronged by myriads into the bark, for it was of vast dimensions, he heeded them not; it was crowded instantly, but still his hand withheld the rudder as if some one was waited for or expected. I felt impelled forward by an irresistible impulse; my mind was wrought up to a pitch of intensity that rendered it forgetful and insensible to fears; I broke through the multitude, which yielded like mist before me, and stept into the bark. I turned round and looked back for the shore—but it was gone; and yet it appeared as if we had been motionless, and that the bark was fixed like a rock upon the waters. It was that I measured time by the ideas within me, by the changing sensation of my own earthly being in a world where time and life were not. I then considered the crowds around me; but still there was no feeling or sympathy between them; each was wrapt in his own reverie, the hands of all were clasped across their breasts, and their brows bowed down immoveably towards the ground. It was strange, that though among such an awful assemblage, I felt no shuddering, no wavering of purpose; but I was in a dream, and all the ties to life and earth were forgotten, for consciousness and memory were for awhile suspended within me. The most intense hope and desire were awakened, and they only could have preserved me from being chilled and petrified at the situation I was in; the comates round me—my own unprepared state—and the fearful uncertainty of the coming issue.

But so it was. I was unconscious that I had not passed through, or had escaped the gates of death, that I was a breathing being among the breathless; a creature of clay where all were spiritual. The idea absorbing and overwhelming all others in me was, "At length the great mystery will be unfolded, I shall behold the shores of eternity, I shall look into Heaven, perhaps upon the everlasting face of God!" The reflection made me tremble, but not with fear—no, it was with the excitation of a

mind, wrought up by a state of thrilling suspense almost to frenzy, and each instant concentrating its faculties more and more towards the unknown thing which was about to be revealed. But this state of feeling could not endure; the energies wound up to their utmost tension without being acted on, insensibly relaxed; a general pressure succeeded, and they sunk down torpid and heavy, and in the total revulsion which followed, their depression was greater than had been their former elevation.

At length, far athwart the line of the horizon, as far as the eye could reach, appeared the outskirts of a splendour, such as (to compare things of light with darkness) our setting sun leaves in its last track behind the ocean. It extended every way, opening and darting round each moment rays of intense glory. I turned round triumphantly to my comates—and how different was their expression from my own—but even this failed to awaken me. Their foreheads were raised, disclosing features pale and wan but of heavenly beauty, though as cold and fixed as graven marble. They seemed at that moment commencing their immortality; their countenances softened into grace, and purity, and holiness, the reflection of that light on their brows was life acting on them and in them, for the breathing of life came now from their opening lips. Their eyes were gradually lighted up with a mild lambent flame, expressing in some entire faith and love, in others a trembling hope and fear, and in others a feeling of softened joy, as if all their earthly trials and oppressions were now passed, they knew that they were approaching the home they had merited, the haven where they would be.

But they already swam before my sight, for I was overpowered by a lethargy which I strove against in vain. My head drooped, my eyes closed, for I could keep them open no longer, and I sunk back exhaused against the side of the bark. God was the last thought in my heart—can I slumber in such an hour? let me waken now, or sleep for ever! I had scarcely formed the wish when a sound burst forth through space to rouse at once the quick and the dead to the very ends of the creation. It was like the blast of a trumpet, but sound so long, so wild and piercing ear never heard nor thought conceived. I felt that there was triumph, and avengement, and mercy, and justice expressed in its tone; my soul was blank and astounded, and my senses reeled as from the stroke of a thunderbolt. Instantly all the past and present flashed like lightning across my brain. I knew where I was, I felt whither I was going. All the dark thoughts, and hidden deeds—all that I had ever done, felt, designed, inflicted, and endured, lived before my eye; and I wished for mountains to cover me, for oceans to overwhelm me. I prayed to be annihilated at once, to be crumbled into atoms, but not to be judged. I could not endure the test of judgment, I could not endure that purity should look on impurity, that sumless myriads in their brightness should turn away from a creature so inferior to themselves; even the fear of utter condemnation was forgotten in this, for I felt that I had only acted up to the decrees of a more material nature. I preferred sinking into nothingness at once, or even to endure torture rather than to be raised to an instant's comparison with them, and thus to avoid being humbled in seeing and feeling my own measureless inferiority. Unknowing what I did, I threw myself down into the hollow of the bark for shelter; but the rending blast still continued; its sides vibrated to the sound like an aspen leaf, and at length, like a shrivelled scroll, parted asunder! I clung wildly to the fragment I yet held, but it sunk with my weight. I felt the waters gurgling round my head—stifling—and rushing in upon my soul! But even in that strife of agony, while suspended between life and death, I became intensely sensible of what was passing above. I was aware that the peal had suddenly ceased, and that there was a pause. Then I heard rise, like a chorus, deep impassionate voices, as of earthly women, fond, devoted, imploring women, pleading, even in heaven, more for our failings than their own. It swelled upwards like the *Recordare*, in notes low and chastened, and beseeching to be forgiven.

There was another awful pause: I dared not draw my breath: and while I stiffled it in those seconds, which were ages of agony, I heard the pulses of my heart. Then came a rushing sound as of pent-up whirlwinds let loose; as if all the stars and powers of heaven were shaken, and innumerable hosts of living beings were swept away to bliss or bale—to everlasting joy or misery—to heaven, to annihilation, or to hell. The whole horizon, down even to the depths where I lay, was wrapt as if in one sheet of living flame. But all was still: I heard no sound—no voice of wailing—no vain lament. I struggled with desperation to rise; I emerged—and SAW! I uttered a cry of terror—and in that last effort of mortal agony, I awoke.

THE BATTLE OF SEMINARA.*

It was the stout d'Aubigny
  Who led the French to fight,
When Ferdinand of Naples
  Contended for his right,
The best of all the captains
  Who laid in rest his lance,
For the honour of the fleur de lys,
  And the eighth Charles of France.

For the seignory of Naples,
  And all her pleasant lands,
By his too haughty father†
  Late yielded to his hands,
Hoping the young and gallant
  The people's love might gain,
For lack of which he could not
  His royal rights maintain.

Too late, alas! The oppression
  Of that long weary day,
By the brightest smiles of morning
  Could not be swept away:
The o'erstretched bow, though slackened,
  Cannot resume its spring;
The caged eagle cannot
  Employ its sturdy wing.

But now he comes from Sicily
  With mercenary bands,
And many a friend true-hearted,
  To battle for his lands:
O, speed him well, ye heavens,
  'Tis for his native town,
For country and for kindred,
  For kingdom and for crown!

Hark, 'tis the tramp of thousands!
  The battle is begun:
See how the burnished helmits
  Reflect the morning sun;
How gallantly the war-steed
  Disdains his burden bright,
And, snuffing the fresh breezes,
  Darts forward to the fight!

Foremost amid the battle,
  Foremost, but not alone,
Rode Ferdinand of Naples
  Upon a milk-white roan:

Behind him, half a spear's length,
  A youthful warrior rode,
In Milan arms, who fearlessly
  A dappled grey bestrode.

It was the young Giovanni,
  A prince of Capuan race,
Who still was true to Ferdinand
  In danger and disgrace:
In years of happier promise
  To be his page he came,
Before the haughty Bourbon
  Had crushed Alfonso's fame.

But, see, the line is wavering,
  The dastard hirelings fly;
Small stores of real courage
  In heaps of treasure lie:
They have no wives, no children,
  In a foe-invaded land;
They little know the feelings
  That arm the exile's hand.

In vain with frantic gestures,
  With frantic words in vain,
Cried Ferdinand, despairing,
  "Turn, dastards, turn again!"
Behold in broken masses
  The craven hirelings fly;
The conquering French, pursuing,
  Are smiting hip and thigh.

The throng is past—the monarch,
  Giovanni by his side,
Sat motionless, and sadly
  The broken squadrons eyed:
"Alas!" said the young Capuan,
  "This is a weary day;
But see the French returning,
  Escape while yet you may."

"Nay, on this spot I'll perish,
  I'm weary of defeat;
Fly thou, my good Giovanni,
  Life still to thee is sweet:
And shouldst thou e'er see Naples,
  Tell her her monarch bled
Contending for her freedom,
  And bid her bless the dead!"

"Nay, rouse thee, noble sovran,"
  The stripling cried again:
"If thou art saved, the efforts
  Of the French are yet in vain.

* See Roscoe's "Life of Leo X," page 139. 1 vol. Bohn's Standard Library.

† Alphonso, king of Naples, on the approach of the French army, alarmed at the disaffection of his subjects, resigned his crown to his son, and himself took refuge at the villa of Mazara, in Sicily.

Think of the noble ladies
On Ischia's barren waste !*
Think of thy lovely Naples
In slavery disgraced!"

" Nay, cease thy vain entreaties,
'Tis fated I should die,
For even if I wished it,
My charger could not fly;
His snowy flanks defiling,
The blood in torrents flows:
I fall—to thee bequeathing
Revenge upon my foes!"

" Nay, son of great Alfonso,
Thy life is not thine own;
Not fifty such as I am
Could for thy loss atone;
What though thy horse be wounded,
Dear master, here is mine;
Refuse not, 'tis but taking
What at the first was thine!"

" And leave thee here to perish,
So gallant and so young,
Like a morsel to a pack of wolves
By a wily hunter flung?
A pretty recompense forsooth
For all thou dost deserve;
And all for what?—a spirit
Life-weary to preserve!"

So spake the noble Ferdinand,
But still the stripling urged,
And back again in masses
The tide of foemen surged;
" Mount," shouted young Giovanni,
" To Reggio fly with speed,
Where a vessel rides at anchor,
Prepared for such need.

" There is no time for dalliance;
Thou must not tarry here;
Shall it be said that Ferdinand,
O'erwhelmed by dastard fear,
Sought death as a deliverer,
Succumbed to heavy woes,
Betraying friends and country
To their unpitying foes?"

While yet the youth was striving
The monarch to constrain,
The wounded steed rolled headlong
Upon the gory plain;
Like a horse of breed and mettle,
He had borne him to the last,
Though his blood in streams was flowing,
And his life was ebbing fast.

" See," said the young Giovanni,
" 'Tis willed that thou should'st fly;
Without a steed, thou canst not
As a knightly warrior die;
Some churlish hand unconscious
Shall spoil thee of thy breath,
And thou wilt be unburied,
Unhonoured in thy death."

Then heavily sighed Ferdinand,
" Boy, be it as thou wilt;
I go, and may just heaven
Absolve me of all guilt,
And kindly be my witness
That, in my weary strife,
No pang has been so bitter
As the offering of thy life."

He spoke, and, mounting quickly,
O'er the field of carnage fled,
And swift as chaff before the wind
The dappled charger fled,
With hoofs relentless trampling
The dying and the dead,
And scattering the ravens
That on the bodies fed.

Alone stood the deliverer,
Watching the coming foes;
He recks not now how quickly
The tide returning flows;
The snowy steed beside him
Hath sighed away his breath;
He stands alone, awaiting
Inevitable death.

By unknown hands he perished—
Lies in an unknown grave;
No tomb of noble sculpture
Tells of the good and brave;
But his wounded body over
Blossoms the daisied sod,
And his glorious soul is resting
In the bosom of his God!

ACLETOS.

* Ferdinand was forced to take refuge, with the ıdies of his family, in the isle of Ischia.

The Miser's Will;

OR,

Love and Avarice.*

AN ENGLISH TALE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAWYERS.

Mr. Richard Stuart was a young solicitor, though not a young man, and it was with peculiar satisfaction therefore that he sat in his dingy chambers awaiting with interest the result of the advertisement. His room was small and dark. On an old table, which had belonged to many predecessors, and which might without loss have served as their funereal pile, were spread a scanty array of law books, a few papers as like legal documents as possible, a sheet or two of blank bath post, which, with an antique wire whence dangled writs issued, it is probable in the year one, formed, with two chairs, the entire furniture of the apartment.

Mr. Richard Stuart, seated by his empty grate, his spectacles on nose, his prematurely bald head shining but dusty, his wrinkled, sallow, parchment face, shaming the undiscerning spirit of the age, which saw not that he was born to be an attorney, his old black coat well brushed, his pantaloons which had many years' remembrance of the person they covered, his left leg thrown over his right knee, while his eyes were anxiously directed towards the door, might himself have been taken for one of the fixtures by any one who had peered upon him in that grey light which made its way, through antique layers of dust, diversified by silvery lace-like rays which fell across the floor, after passing athwart many an ancient cobweb that adorned the summit of the window.

Presently a heavy step was heard ascending, and the owner paused before Mr. Stuart's door. But so habituated was the poor little lawyer to disappointment, that he stirred not until his bell was rung somewhat violently. He then rose methodically, with however a fixed conviction on his face that it was to be asked when Mr. Peck, his opposite neighbour, would be at home—he opened the door, and Mr. H. Smith, shabbily and meanly dressed, stood before him.

"Mr. Richard Stuart here?" he said in a voice the emotion of which he could not conceal.

"I am Mr. Stuart," replied the little attorney; "walk in."

Mr. H. Smith entered and took a chair, while the other, somewhat excited by the novelty of his position, still resumed his seat, with somewhat of a faint attempt at legal gravity and importance.

"You have some business," inquired Stuart, hesitatingly.

"I call relative to an advertisement," replied Smith.

"Oh!" said the other, drily, after a cautious examination of the other's face.

"You wish to discover the residence of Mr. Hastings?"

"Of Mr. Henry Cartwright Hastings," repeated the lawyer.

"I should like first to know by whom this advertisement has been inserted."

"Sir!" said the little lawyer, rising and warming his back by an imaginary fire, while he was not a little proud at the opportunity given him of doing business; "you are not Mr. Hastings, and my client" —this was said proudly—"has instructed me to give no information to any other person."

"Your client is a fool," said Smith, fiercely, "and will never find any trace of Mr. Hastings without my consent."

"Good!" responded the lawyer, triumphantly, "then you know."

"I may," exclaimed Smith, who saw that he had committed himself; "then you are resolved not to answer my question."

"Most decidedly."

"Will you allow me to take down your address?" said Smith, rising.

"Certainly," replied the attorney, "happy to see you on any other business. Always at home. Here," he said, taking up the back of a letter, "on that you will see my name and number."

The apothecary methodically folded the document, and put it in his waistcoat pocket, after which he wished the other good morning.

His next visit was to the wealthy firm of Paul and Oakam, with whom he remained

* Concluded from page 296.

some time, but without obtaining the least clue to the author of the advertisements.

Furious at being thus baffled, the man of crime, the vulture of terror and doubt gnawing at his heart, walked forth into the busy streets. His mind was a chaos of wild and horrible thoughts. He saw too plainly that a key to his many villanies had been obtained, but how and by whom he could not tell.

It could not be the recluse, for he had no communication, as he thought, with the world, and so far from doubting had made a will in his favour. But then who was it sought to discover Mrs. Hastings, living in his house as Mrs. Cartwright?

It could not be Frederick Wilson, ignorant of his birth, while his cousin Eugenia was equally so. And yet he, like all over cunning men, had himself brought together those whom he wished apart.

It could not be Mrs. Hastings, for until the previous day she had never stirred out, and well he knew no suspicion existed in her suffering bosom.

Was it the Count, who, in the secret of his crimes, had thus plotted to overthrow him?

"Yes!" cried the miserable intriguer of twenty years, "all is lost through my using this dastardly agent. But no, nothing is lost. Come, come, my heart, have courage—all is yet ours, if we will."

With these words the apothecary entered a tavern, and calling for brandy, seated himself in the empty tap-room, and there he stayed for hours.

The sun passed its meridian, sank low, and its shadows played faintly on the wall, until finally it gave way to night, and there still he sat, pale, ghastly, the corroding vulture eating to his very vitals.

Men entered, talked, eat and drank, shrinking instinctively from the livid countenance of the stranger; and still he sat there, ignorant of their presence, and still more ignorant of the notice which his manner had occasioned.

Tumbler after tumbler of brandy was quaffed, as if it had been water, until the waiter hesitated to serve so shabby a person any more, and still he moved not, seeing but not caring for the man's manner.

It was dark, and the room filled, various knots congregated together, and began to enjoy themselves, casting ever and anon strange looks at the man who had been drinking for so many hours; and still he sat there, blasting by his presence all hearty enjoyment.

At length he rose, and casting his eyes round, as if awakening from a deep sleep; he started as the clock struck nine, and paying the waiter, hurried forth into the street.

"A rum fellow that," said a cabman, shaking his head.

"Been up to no good," observed his next neighbour.

"Well! well! it's no business of ours. Tom, another pot. I'm glad he's gone—he made me cold to look at him."

Chapter X.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT AT HOME.

That same evening Mrs. Cartwright and Mary were alone in their chamber, to which Smith, anxious to make them look above Frederick Wilson, had removed them, under pretence of an increased annuity from the husband. They were alone, but by the apothecary's request had asked several friends to spend the evening, and were anxiously expecting them.

Mrs. Cartwright, or rather Mrs. Hastings, was dreaming of those halcyon days, when, in the zenith of her happiness and joy, she had delighted her husband by the grace and ease with which she received his guests; she was dreaming of those hours of bliss, when, by his side, with their infant girl near, they had formed glad pictures for the future, for themselves and for their babe, which had been so rich a source of visionary happiness; and as she gazed on that same babe, now a young and lovely woman, her eyes were dimmed with tears, and she knew that all her projects had fallen baseless to the ground. Poor, deserted, and weighing under a mysterious dispensation, her life had been blighted in its most hopeful hour.

And Mary, she was dreaming, but of him who, though so little known, already filled her heart. Though much in the conduct of Frederick Wilson surprised her, and though the calumnies of Smith had represented him as idle, dissolute, and a professed gambler, while she herself had seen him enter a carriage with one bear-

ing marks of being an opera-dancer, yet did she not wholly fail to his memory. There was a gush of tenderness in her soul as she murmured his name, a lingering hope that he might yet prove worthy, which spoke much for the gentle but earnest love which she bore to the poor youth, whom she had met under such peculiar circumstances.

Miss Cornelia Pointer, with Miss Marino Rhino, invited both at Smith's request, were the first arrivals. The former still dwelling, though somewhat less sanguinely, on her affection for Wilson, viewed Miss Cartwright with some little jealousy, which however the candour, as well as a kindness of manner exhibited by that young lady, speedily dispelled. Still, however, a little of feminine malice appeared in a question propounded shortly after her arrival.

"Have you seen Mr. Frederick since the evening at my house?" said she.

"No," replied Mary, blushing, but speaking gravely.

"Oh, I thought he said he had called," exclaimed Cornelia.

"He did," said Mrs. Cartwright; "but as I have heard but an indifferent character of him, I did not call my daughter in."

"Indifferent character," cried Miss Pointer, indignantly; "why there is not a more worthy or better-hearted young man in London."

"I am assured that he is a professed gambler," continued Mrs. Cartwright.

"Whoever assured it, told you a falsehood. I believe he has played cards at a cigar shop, but not since the first evening when he met Miss Cartwright, and when he was brought home very late by Mr. Smith."

"By Mr. Smith," said the mother, glancing uneasily at her blushing child.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Smith, who, with all his serious ways, is as sly as a fox. Why, he lent him money to play with."

Mrs. Cartwright, much agitated again, looked at her child, while the Count's daughter blushed confusedly—they were speaking of her father's evil genius.

"Miss Pointer," continued Mrs. Cartwright, "it is no use disguising that this young man is smitten by my daughter, and I think the poor child is not indifferent as to him; you will therefore understand my anxiety about him."

"Yes," said Miss Pointer, almost ready to choke, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Then are you sure that he is not as bad as he has been represented?"

"Mrs. Cartwright," replied Cornelia, "Mr. Smith is a deep and deceitful man. But you are pale, you are ill?"

"No! No!" cried Mrs. Cartwright; "but you give shape to thoughts I would fain have kept down. Go on."

"And rely upon it, he would not traduce this young man without a sinister object."

"Child! child!" cried the young mother, "are my awful dreams then true?"

"Mr. Walters," said Emma, the pretty servant, opening the door, while the lively little brunette blushed rosy red.

The unfortunate poet, who was in the very last stage of misery, and who had accepted the invitation sent him by Smith, in the desperate hope of a supper, was evidently agreeably surprised at the presence of his fair friend, upon whom he had already made one or two calls with the consent of her parents. As he completed the number of the expected guests, tea was served, and the cosy little party were about to partake of the refreshing beverage, when a carriage stopped at the door, and a violent knock and ring followed.

"Who can it be?" said Mary.

"Emma is coming up," replied her mother.

The door opened.

"Madam and Miss Berly, and Mr. Maurice Herbert," said the girl.

Mrs. Cartwright rose to her feet, and stood as if petrified.

"Mrs. Hastings," cried Madam Berly.

"My dear madam," said her friend.

"Frederick and the lady of the carriage," thought Mary.

"And you are my niece," said Madam Berly, turning to Mary; "let me introduce you to two cousins, Eugenia and Maurice."

"You the child of my husband's sister," exclaimed Mrs. Cartwright, addressing him she had known as Wilson.

"Yes, madam," replied Maurice, "as I learn but just now myself."

"But what means all this?" said Mrs. Hastings, almost wildly.

"That H. Smith is a villain of the blackest die; that he has used every nefarious scheme that could be devised to ruin a

happy and united family, and that the end of his race is run."

"My God!" cried the wife; "and I have been his dupe. But my husband?"

"He is evidently near at hand," replied Madame Berly; "we have already advertised in search of him."

"He is found," exclaimed the Count's daughter, falling on her knees before them all; "my father, Mrs. Hastings, who has deeply injured you, is now in his service, and to-morrow you shall see him."

"Why not to-night?" cried the wife, with eagerness.

"My father will not return," said Miss Marino Rhino, whom Walters had raised up, "until the morning."

"My dear madam," exclaimed Maurice, who had been pouring forth his heart to Mary, "trust to us, he shall be found, and the doer of all this evil shall be punished."

"God grant it," said Mrs. Cartwright; "but now come, my friends, let me offer you some tea, and then will we all narrate our chequered fortunes."

The whole party complied; Maurice and Mary at once taking settled places one by the other, while Walter and Caroline could not but follow so excellent an example. Eugenia and Miss Pointer, left without cavaliers, entered at once into conversation; while the two elder ladies in lower tones revealed all that they knew connected with the villany of H. Smith.

"He will find me much changed, but not in heart," said, later in the evening, the tearful but hopeful wife; "but how could he leave me?"

"Rely upon it, my dear friend," replied Madam Berly, "you have been foully traduced by this black Iago."

"Yes! yes!" cried the wife, burning blushes suffusing her pale and sweet face, "of foul wrong too; but Henry, Henry, had an angel have calumniated you, I would not have doubted you."

"Be sure some proofs, false and black, have been forged."

"No! no! blind that I was, proofs of my own making. Knowing my husband's dislike to foreigners, I secretly assisted a Count, a Pole, and even saw him privately, to give him money."

"A trick, rely upon it."

"That Count was my father, employed by Mr. Smith," said Caroline, resolutely, but sadly; "he has deeply repented, and is now aiding Mr. Hastings to punish this man."

"I forgive him," replied Mrs. Hastings; "but Smith has come home. What is the time?"

"A quarter to ten," replied Madam Berly; "but courage; keep all we know concealed until to-morrow."

A dead silence followed, for all looked upon an interview with the apothecary with horror. He came slowly up stairs; and, to their inexpressible relief, passed their door, and went towards his bedroom.

"He is discovered," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, "and he knows it. He is ashamed to appear before us."

"I hope it is so; but now, my dear madam, we must leave it. Courage; we will be with you early in the morning, and I hope with good news."

Chapter XI.

THE MURDER.

About ten o'clock the same evening, the house where Smith was in the habit of visiting Mr. Hastings was wrapped in dreary and moody silence. The street, which was not a crowded thoroughfare, was abandoned to the heavy treading policeman, with now and then a stray passer by. The night was dark and tempestuous, so that the lamps gave feeble and scanty light. Not a star was visible in the frowning and murky heavens, against which the pall of London smoke smote in huge volumes, here black and heavy, and then fading away towards the horizon in brown and broken masses. The wind came chill round the corners, as if in search of a comfortable hiding-place, gusty and angry, while a dampness in the air promised speedy rain.

A man who stood concealed by the shadow of the house which we allude to, and who had been thus posted for some minutes, now emerged from his hiding-place, and after hurriedly glancing up and down the street, put a key in the lock of the yard-gate, and entered. Another key, cautiously inserted in the door which led into the back hall, admitted him to the house. Once entered, he trimmed a lamp which he bore about him, and for a [illegible]

ment sat down as it were to collect his thoughts.

Leaning his head on his two hands, Jenkins—for it was him—gazed vacantly at the dim light, exposing to view his ghastly countenance. The villain was hideous, under the influence of terror and avarice. Two ugly fiends were struggling at his callous heart for the mastery. There was the dream of wealth, of enjoyment, the thousand plans for fortune which visit and tempt the evil-doer; there was the coward conscience, preaching not nobly and well, but with cowering pictures of the gallows; and—for no man at such hour but sees the folly of doubting beyond—the dark night in which the future is veiled for the bad.

Jenkins hesitated. His soul, distended in its foul dwelling by the magnitude of the subject which was forced upon his contemplation, peered beyond. Without knowing why or how, the criminal dwelt with fond lingering on days gone by, when innocence covered him, and the lurid path of destruction had been never trod, and to his seered and battered heart came an indistinct and strange wish that he had never stepped aside. But then hiding the past, and rising up above all, came the idle man's hatred of work and the love of gold ill-won, and his fancy revelled in the contemplation of what gold can give, and this hateful lust—of all the most mean, unworthy, and degrading—hid from his eyes God, man, the joys of innocence, the self-denials of virtue, the peace which the bad never know, the chances of an ignominious death, and eternity itself.

Once decided, the midnight murderer acted with a caution and care fitted for a better purpose. With a calm consideration of what risks he thus avoided, he stripped himself, until he stood in his shirt and drawers, and then, barefooted, in his hands a knife and lamp, in his heart Satan and all hell itself, with quiet grey eye, his ears watchful of every sound, the Cain-struck man began his ascent of the stairs.

He knew that Mr. Hastings had retired very early to rest, to prepare for his expected excitement of the following day, when it was his intention to discover himself to his family; while his solicitors were to effect the arrest of Smith on a series of charges of a criminal character, of which the embezzlement of large sums of money formed the principal items, but together ample to secure that worthy's travelling in one of her majesty's vessels to a remote part of the earth.

There was utter silence in the house. Not a breath, not a sound could be detected, save the persevering creaking of the stairs beneath that man's horrid footsteps, as with cat-like but vain caution he crept upwards. Nothing could hide from his ears the constant sound of the wood as it received his weight, and, despite himself, he thought of the swinging of the gallows tree.

He looked back down the stairs, and wild shapes were rising menacingly behind, while myriad eyes of fearful things glared out of the darkness upon him. The very stairs seemed to creak as never stairs had creaked before, with a dull and heavy noise, as of groaning. The man's blood coursed madly through his veins, his hand trembled, but before stood the grinning demon of avarice, pointing with crooked and skinny finger to piles of gold, to revelry, and he as head of the feast, hailed by all king amid the infamous.

He went on, all senses deadened but the thirst which parched his very vitals for the lucre, which burns up and makes arid many a green and fertile spot in the desert of the heart of man.

The chamber-door was reached, and Jenkins again paused—this time to listen. The door was wide open; nothing separated him from his victim.

Placing his lamp upon the middle of the floor, and preserving in his hand nothing but his knife, he stood up.

Again he listened, directing his eye towards the bed on which lay Mr. Hastings. The curtains were drawn, and not the faintest sound of breathing betrayed his presence.

Jenkins trembled like a leaf. The stillness was awful. The dead silence was tremendous, and the murderer's soul fearful, while to his distended nostrils came, with sickening and horrible effect, an odour of blood.

His eyes swam—he reeled—his senses seemed to forsake him, when, rousing his fast oozing courage, he approached the bed, and drew back the curtains.

Jenkins, dead to all intents and purposes for the while, his hands cold, his mouth open, his hair bristling, his knees knocking

one against the other, stood with the curtains stretched out, gazing in a state of temporary mental alienation on the terrible scene before him.

Mr. Hastings, his throat cut, lay bathed in blood upon the bed.

His face was calm and serene, as if he had died without a struggle; while a faint relic of a smile showed that his thoughts had been the happy ones suggested by his expected reunion with his family.

But he was dead, and in his hand was a razor.

The razor was, however, without a stain upon it, and had been put in the hand, it was quite clear, after death.

"Jenkins!" said a voice behind.

The villain saw at once the awfulness of his position. Innocent in deed, but guilty in thought, he was standing by the bedside of a murdered man, with every sign of his having done the deed, and he seemed to feel the very hangman's hand at his throat.

"Who speaks?" he said faintly.

"I," replied Count Marino Rhino, shaking him violently.

Jenkins turned round, and saw his late companion standing close by, armed with a brace of pistols.

"Pity! Pity! I am innocent!" he cried in the most abject terror.

"I know it," said the Count, sternly; "and what you came here for, armed with that knife, is between you and your God. I accuse you not, but mind, depart one tittle from what I shall command, and I hand you over to the police."

"Not an old friend, surely," said Jenkins, whiningly.

"Friend me not," replied the Count, with horror; "but go, dress yourself, and at once go for Dr. Wheeler next door but one."

"Is there hope?"

"None. But I wish him to at once prove this is no suicide. I will go for the police. Depart one word from what I order, and I will not spare you."

"I am quite ready; but shall not we be suspected?"

"We shall, but fear nothing; the guilty will be found."

"But if not, we are hanged."

"I tell you, Jenkins," said the Count, fiercely, "the guilty shall suffer. We shall be kept here by the police to-night, but his lawyers will prove our being in his employ to-morrow, and I will produce the murderer. Go!"

Chapter XII.

THE WILL.

The party which collected at the breakfast table of Mrs. Hastings on the following morning was joyous and hopeful, for the Count's daughter had obtained from her mother the clue to the residence of the recluse, which on the return of the father she was satisfied would be cleared up.

Maurice Herbert was warmly and tenderly welcomed both by mother and daughter, the calumnies of Smith having been fully explained by his knowledge of his real name; and besides, as Mary very justly remarked, were they not cousins, and as such, were not many little things to be forgiven and excused? As for Maurice, he was proud and glad, for he read in her bright eyes many a sweet and tender promise, many a tale of love and joy.

Mrs. Hastings looked blandly on, and never, in the first fresh tide of her passionate love for her husband, had she felt emotions of gladness like those which she now experienced at the thought of again being united to the object of her first, her only earthly affection. Tears suffused her careworn cheeks, and which, rekindling hope, had imprinted already a faint shadow of returning roses.

Madam Berly and her daughter were also happy, for they had been the instruments of diffusing all this hope and promise amid the before wretched group.

"I feel a trembling anxiety," said Mrs. Hastings, "which I can hardly understand. Will my Henry be much changed? will he love me, when all is explained, as once he loved me? shall we again be happy?"

"My dear friend," replied Madam Berly, "the furnace of affliction tries the brittle ware of love; if it be good and sterling, it breaks not; if it be weak, it shivers to atoms. His was of the noble cast; the fire has purified it."

"And I," exclaimed the wife, passionately, "forgive him all; his injustice, his doubts, his credence of this Judas before me

and never will he hear from me a word to remind him of his wrong."

She was, alas! quite right, he would never hear a word again of anything from her; but had he lived, would she have kept her vow made in all sincerity? She was a woman, and women are weak.

A loud ringing below now startled them, and a hasty summons brought the apothecary down stairs. Next minute he rushed up and burst into the room.

He was pale, and his eyes were fiercely bloodshot, but his cheeks grew crimson, as he saw the group which composed the assembled company.

"Mrs. Hastings," he cried, recovering himself by an effort, "compose yourself to be surprised. The residence of your husband is found."

"I know it," replied the lady, calmly.

"I have been anticipated!" he exclaimed, astounded at the quiet which reigned around.

"You have, by my friends here."

"Is it you, Mr. Wilson, to whom we owe this?" said the apothecary, striving to be calm.

"You owe nothing to Mr. Maurice Herbert," replied Madam Berly. "But we know of Mr. Hastings' place of retirement."

"Has the same authority informed you," said Smith, who saw he was among enemies, "that Mr. Henry Cartwright Hastings last night, either committed suicide or was barbarously murdered?"

"Assassin!" said Maurice, "this is your handwork."

And the young man stood with glaring eyes before the apothecary, while the horror-stricken women sat immoveable, struck into icy stillness by the horrible announcement.

"You are free in your epithets, young man," replied H. Smith, whose cheek had slightly blanched, "but rest assured this insolence and your quackish attempt at personating Mr. Hastings's deceased nephew, will not go unpunished."

"Leave this room," said Maurice; "villain, away."

"I am in my own house," exclaimed Smith, taking a chair.

At this instant two coaches stopped before the door, and an officer of police, accompanied by Messrs. Paul and Oakam, as well as Mr. Richard Stuart, entered the room.

"Mrs. Hastings," said Paul and Oakam, one individual, but portly enough to have been two; "I am under very painful circumstances to make your acquaintance."

"I am Mrs. Hastings," replied that lady, faintly, while she closed her eyes to the horror of the scene.

"Then, madam, I have to inform you that your husband saw me yesterday, that he at once and freely acknowledged the folly of the hallucination under which he was labouring, and had made every arrangement to be reunited to you."

"Merciful God!" murmured Mrs. Hastings.

"This morning," said the lawyer, "I received the painful intelligence of his death under suspicious circumstances. I at once flew to the house he inhabited and took possession of every document in his apartment, as if suicide has been committed, these might lead to an explanation. May I examine them at once?" said the bustling lawyer.

"Yes," groaned the miserable wife.

"First a will. Humph—ah—this won't do; ah, yes, quite correct, leaving every farthing in the world to Mr. Habakkuk Smith——"

"My poor child," said Mrs. Hastings, without a thought for herself. He was gone.

"You see, young man," sneered Smith.

"But this document is valueless," cried the lawyer.

"Valueless!" thundered Smith, "you lie."

"Don't put yourself out, Mr. Smith," replied the lawyer, coolly; "this is a year and a half old, and I have one of not more than three weeks' date, in which the name of Maurice Herbert takes the place of yours; every form complied with, witnessed, regular as the bank; ah, sir, do you hear that?"

"My dear cousin," said Maurice, kindly.

"It is a forgery," exclaimed Smith, pale as ashes.

"Sir," said the irate lawyer.

"Where, where," cried the little lawyer, Mr. Stuart, who had hitherto stood back in awe of his rich confrere, and who had been unrolling a blood-stained piece of paper, with which the razor had evidently been wiped, "where was this found?"

"Beside the bed," said Paul and Oakam, the firm, somewhat nettled at not having to ask the question.

"Then this man is the murderer," thundered the little man, collaring Smith.

"Hands off," cried the apothecary, aghast at the accusation.

"Yesterday morning," said the lawyer, "this man took a piece of paper, a back of a letter, off my table to write an address. That address was mine. This is the paper."

"I knew it," exclaimed Count Marino, who with Jenkins were outside in custody of the police, but who now advanced; "I knew—I felt he was the murderer."

"Liar! thief! villain!" shrieked Smith, appalled even more at the fact that his very partners in crime deserted him, than at the awfulness of his position; "you are the man."

"I saw that ere gent," said the policeman of the beat, "leave the house about half-past nine, in a very suspicious manner."

"I was at home."

"You returned at ten," said Maurice.

"Take him away to Bow-street," said Paul and Oakam. "I am busy here; perhaps you will attend to this terrible matter," addressing Mr. Stuart.

"My God! my God! and is this the end," groaned Smith; "of all my visions?"

"Put him in a cab," said Mr. Stuart, authoritatively, and quite big with the unexpected business, "let the witnesses follow."

"But that piece of paper," observed Paul and Oakam, recollecting themselves, "which your acuteness discovered. Ah, I see I must come. You must be a witness, Mr. Stuart; but never mind, we shall put something in your way."

Meanwhile a crowd had congregated round the house, and when the wretched man, tottering between two policemen, came out to go into the cab, a yell of execration saluted him, and up before his eyes arose a scene where he had often been a spectator.

He saw at early morn, amid a sea of faces, his own peering forth, from a window, and again saluted by yells, even more horrible, more threatening, than these, and he fell a senseless mass into the vehicle.

Jenkins, who, with the Count, followed, as witnesses, instead of, as before, as the accused, saw all this, and that man of evil vowed in his soul that he would sin no more, and that if the God of good would forgive his meditated crime, he would never again fly in the face of his precepts.

He saw what every man sees every day, without reading the burning and shining lesson which it conveys, that crime prospers not, and that the evil-doer himself brings about his own punishment.

The sequel is but of little romantic interest, for the drama of life was represented in its most ordinary phase. The finale is most common-place, for the reward of the suffering and the wronged was great.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, the young couple, are, as far as I can see, and I have seen their sixth child, as fond and happy a couple as I know of, and my acquaintance is not small.

Mrs. Hastings senior, blighted in the prime of life, but bowing meekly to the will of heaven, lives but in her child, and longs for the hour when she may hope to be united eternally with him she so much loved.

Ben Jonson Walters, patronised by his friend Herbert, is a thriving man, and has left poetry—he didn't find it pay. He is, however, used to say, that he shall ever bless his Maria for ever, as it won him the heart of a pretty and charming girl, who is now, we assure you in private, as pretty and as charming a woman.

Miss Pointer is still—Miss Pointer.

The Count has retired from public life, and returned to his native Sussex and name, being now plain Mr. Henry Clark, and living on an annuity allowed him by his son-in-law, the maltster.

Jenkins drives a cab, and, doubtless, you have often been tempted to give more than the fare, by the innocence and insinuating character of his physionomy.

Of Mr. H. Smith, full particulars may be found, or ought to be, in that recondite book, "The Newgate Calendar."

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

BY CAPT. H. B.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, which is generally regarded as the Brighton of France, is possessed of natural advantages of no common order. Picturesquely situated, clean, and healthy, it invites with open arms the native and the foreign resident, nor is the call responded to with hesitation or unwillingness. We shall briefly, from the results of a long visit, dwell upon the advantages and disadvantages of a residence in this town, commencing with the material, and diverging thence to the moral considerations, which are neither few nor of little importance.

From the sea, or from the top of the eastern cliffs, the view of the town is striking in the extreme. On the slope of a hill, above which again appear the heights of St. Martin, crowned by Fort Lambert, stands the high town, which, with its ancient fortifications, the summit of which forms an excellent promenade, completely circling the town, with its antique belfry, its unfinished but magnificent cathedral, rising on the ruins of a thousand year old church, its gloomy and dark citadel with deep fosse and bridge guarded by sentries, with its Place d'Armes, Palais Imperial, and other large houses, once the hotels of counts and princes in the days of old—at once strikes the eye, and carries back the imagination to the times when these ramparts were bristling with cannon and small arms, and when English valour thundered at these very walls.

Close by, facing the citadel, which forms one corner of the town, stands the magnificent convent of Maquetra, which can be caught sight of with advantage from the ruins of Caligula's lighthouse, on the very edge of the cliffs. Round the foot of the ramparts runs a walk, and then on all sides stretch the suburbs of great extent—irregular streets, some hilly, some flat, full of the usual amount of unmeaning-looking shops, which, except the jewellers and ivory dealers, are utterly unworthy of the meanest English town. It is in the better streets of this part of Boulogne that dwell the English, in hotels and private houses, of which we shall presently speak.

There is nothing in the whole town, except the antique belfry, and the unfinished cathedral, worthy of architectural notice, while, in addition to the cafés, which are very inferior, there are no places of amusement save the theatre—open chiefly on Sunday—the museum, and balls chiefly attended by the fishermen. In addition to this, subscribers to the Etablissement des Bains enjoy the advantages of balls during the season; there are also concerts in the Rue Sibliquin.

Boulogne is not deficient in the usual features of a French town. On the quays which run along the port a motley multitude is at all hours to be witnessed. Sailors lounging about, with the eternal pipe in their mouths; women in wooden shoes, short striped petticoats, and with cotton handkerchiefs for cap and bonnet, laboriously engaged in carrying huge bundles of nets, or piles of fish, or the luggage of passengers; children in new caps, playing pitch and toss; with occasional better-dressed persons, chiefly English, sauntering towards the pier. The air of Boulogne is exceedingly favourable, it appears, to the moustache, and is much coveted by the refuse of English, whom we all know how ill it becomes; runaway clerks; butchers who have come here to pass stolen notes; stolen goods merchants, who have been unwary; Jews who deny their race, and carry the stamp of the very offscourings of their sect upon their faces; men concerned in custom-house frauds; bankrupts who could pay 30s. in the pound, but who prefer idling on the creditors' money here; gay Lotharios, who have bolted with men's wives and cash-boxes;—such are, at all hours, to be seen strutting, with insolent and audacious mien, amid the crowds, disgracing their country, and making the very name of Englishman a bye-word and a slander. But of these anon.

On markets days, Saturday and Wednesday, the visitor may witness the picture of large bodies of ugly, grasping, cheating French peasantry, picturesquely dressed, and occupied in the praiseworthy and patriotic employment of doing the English, who pay about 3d. where a native would pay 1d. In the matter of poultry, it is advisable to offer one-half what is asked, and to sturdily refuse giving any other price; while for fish a third is ample.

The theatre crowded of a Sunday evening, the dancing rooms, the Ducasses and Tivolis in full play, the shops all open, and traffic of every kind going on, billiards, nine-pins, &c., all remind the Englishman that he is in a Catholic country. This, the strange tongue, with the soldiers in red trousers and grey coats, douans in green coats and grey trousers, policemen with swords, are other little peculiarities which speak of the French monarchy.

Boulogne, we have said, is a clean town; it is moreover situated advantageously. Seated as it were on a narrow plain, through which meanders the Liane, it has on each side lofty cliffs, walking along which the traveller will at every step recognise the handiwork of Napoleon in the forts, the trenches, all now in ruins, which were erected by the grand invading army. On one side of the river is Boulogne, on the other Capicune, a suburb, which con-

tains a vast factory, where about four hundred Scotch lasses are employed in the spinning of yarn, &c. The streets are generally, on both sides, well paved for France, and not too narrow; such streets as the Rue de l'Ecu, the grand Rue, the Rue Neuve Chaussée, being even very superior in their appearance.

Outside the town, numerous villages receive the surplus population of English, who are yearly colonising this place, where a million of English money is at least expended annually. These villages are picturesque and romantic, no town being surrounded with more delicious walks, hamlets of more inviting aspect, hills and valleys of more tempting character, than is Boulogne-sur-Mer. Whether it be the valley Danacre, the hamlet of Trelunchen, where Henry VIII held his court during the siege, Pont Brique, or Mount St. Etienne, or Portel, or Wamille, or Wimereux, this fortunate watering-place is surrounded by charming and inviting localities.

For health, perhaps it is unequalled. Its long jetties carry you out into the very sea, the air of which invigorates and delights, while both the Capicure and other sands offer a delightful and salubrious promenade, as do the lofty summits of the cliffs.

Hotels, boarding-houses, lodgings, swarm in every street, offering accommodation during the season, at most extravagant rates, to the crowds of English who come here to promenade the pier, drink French wine and brandy, be cheated unmercifully, and go back with a conviction that they have seen France, and that its population are all of the same class as the Boulonnais.

This brings us to the consideration of Boulogne as a locality suited to English economisers. In the first place rents are high, even if taken during the dead time; during the season, they are exorbitant; every article of food is a third more expensive than in any other part of France, while all articles for wearing apparel, except boots and shoes, are more than twice as expensive as in London, causing residents to prefer sending to England, and paying a heavy duty, than to submit to purchase here. Women's clothes are frightful; a bonnet worth in London about five shillings, is here ten; cotton dresses from 17 to 18 francs, which in England would be only eight; others worth at home fifteen or sixteen are marked forty francs. The commonest articles are all expensive; and I can only explain the smart appearance of the peasantry and holiday-dressed fishermen, by the coarseness and durability of the articles. Brandy, gin, and wine, are the only cheap articles, if we except jewellery and tobacco, which is, however, vile stuff, as government monopoly articles generally are, with an equally necessary consequence, that the Belgian prohibited leaf is used almost as much as the French articles, being introduced after many ingenious fashions, which everybody knows of, but the police and custom-house officers.

There are two classes of English here, as distinct as possible.

The first is composed of half-pay officers, persons of moderate but certain incomes, who come here to save. As in England their relations in life and connections would almost force them to see and to be seen, to visit and to be visited, they by coming here economise this expense, and they can indulge in brandy at fifteen pence a quart, and port at one shilling and eight pence; claret at the same or less; with billiard rooms and other places, where they can gamble in the open day, at écarté and piquet, Sunday included. But for economy, real and satisfactory, with equal health and none of the drawbacks, some parts of Wales and England are far preferable, while to bring up young families their superiority is undoubted. But France is France, and the English have so long been accustomed to fancy an economy in residing there, that millions are annually expended in this country, which, drawn as they are from our very vitals, would be much better spent at home. In the case of military and naval men, retired government servants, the case is more flagrant, and no pensioner on the hard-worked taxpayers of England, should be permitted to spend his income abroad—this absenteeism being only less felt in England than the same is in Ireland, because England is so much richer than that unhappy island. The swarms of naval and military men who dwell in Calais, St. Omer, Guines, Abbeville, Caen, &c., would hurry back like birds of ill-omen to full salaries at the very scent of war, after years spent in injuring the revenue of their own country, by consuming the products of another.

Another portion of the better class in Boulogne is composed of broken down baronets, petty landholders, and other persons who are great people in a little place, beside whom may be placed several noble, aldermanic, mercantile, and other well-known names, who gaze forlornly at the white cliffs of old England across the slough of despond, where defunct railways, evaporated directorships, vast liabilities to engineers, agents, lawyers, advertising agents, erect their hydra heads and forbid their return. Many most respectable and worthy men, victims to the phrenetic railway mania, are here vegetating, and waiting the chances of fate, having no choice between Boulogne and utter ruin.

Then come the swarms to which we have

before alluded, and who make up the bulk of those who lounge about the streets, or fill the low cafés and English public houses, of which one or two only have any claims to respectability. Their look is that of Newgate let loose, and Newgate in the palmy days of the Turpins and the Sheppards. Receivers of stolen goods, pickpockets who have made a lucky haul, robbers of bank parcels, purchasers of stolen notes, runaway clerks, commercial travellers who have dissipated their employers' money in debauchery, and who fly here to eke out a miserable existence, public officers convicted of fraud, tax-collecting defaulters—such are the very motley class who swarm in the streets of Boulogne, with an insolence and swagger only equalled by their dastard cowardice when a police officer comes within arm's length of them.

So notorious is this state of things, that I have lodged in one house, previously owned by a man who for thirty years carried on the lucrative trade of a pickpocket in London, who then became what is vulgarly called a "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, under the name of a general dealer, and who having being traced and suspected, ended his days as a lodging-house keeper at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Every Englishman should therefore be most cautious, if visiting this lovely town for pleasure, health, or economy, how he forms acquaintance. The black sheep, however, are not difficult to be traced; they bear the stamp of the beast upon their faces, while, though generally with families, they are never by any chance seen walking out with their wives and children, but lounging about in gangs of three or four, sauntering at the corners of streets, sneaking in and out of low public-houses kept by their own set, or filling the low *estaminets*, to which, however, they prefer the *tap-room*, being ignorant of every language, save and except the slang dialect which exposes them more than anything.

Amid the heap of English public-houses, two respectable ones can be mentioned: H. Minter, near the port, and H. Fife, 38, Rue de Boston, where ale and viler liquors are dispensed freely at moderate prices.

As an agreeable bathing place on your way farther inland; as a place to visit for sea baths and good air; as an occasional residence for a few weeks, it is an excellent locality; but to remain in, in dearness it far surpasses London or Paris, while its moral atmosphere vies with Botany Bay.

One phase in French civilisation the unfortunate Englishman who lives beyond his means will rapidly become acquainted with, fully qualifying himself for a report on the state of French prisons. If your creditor thinks proper, and can reconcile it to his conscience to affirm that you are about to leave the country, you are arrested without notice, and consigned to the dirty French prison, whence you emerge only on paying the debt and some hundred francs of costs, as well as five and twenty francs a month paid by your creditor for your maintenance, which you must repay on leaving.

There are several English who have been incarcerated for more than six years, each year £12 being added to the debt.

There are, the reader will observe, therefore, many things to be said for and against a residence in this town, and none should do so without careful reflection whether, as Sam Weller says, it is worth while going through so much to learn so little. The reflection of all who have taken up their abode and pitched their tent in a foreign land is, very soon, "There is no place like old England."

English periodicals and newspapers are to be had here, however, at an advance; *Dombey*, *Tait*, or the "*Mirror*," would be 1*s.* 3*d.*, while a sixpenny paper is charged eightpence.

An amusing instance of what the *Times* properly calls the senility of the aged prince who governs France, is shown in the total prohibition of *Punch*, which is unmercifully seized if sent through the post-office, though it is continually brought over in travellers' pockets, as a stiffener to neckhandkerchiefs, as a soft lining to a man's boot, and after other strange fashions, of which wrapping it round the body as an undershirt is one variety. Mr. Douglas Jerrold has, evidently, alarmed Louis Philippe, whose throne, it appears, is not proof against satire. The *Weekly Dispatch* is another prohibited journal, being also universally captured; while the *Sunday Times* has several times been temporarily suspended when M. Guizot has not been treated in as flattering a manner as he could wish. Even the harmless *Pictorial Times* and *Illustrated News*, most coveted by young ladies and old women in pantaloons, are admitted under a bond, one copy being forwarded to the king for examination, and if there be an approximation to caricature, the paper is condemned.

On how rotten a fabric the existing French monarchy is founded, these are small indications. One thing is clear, that were the electoral lists extended fifty per cent. beyond its present ridiculous limits, the republican king, as he has been facetiously called, would not exist another twenty-four hours. The people were never so resolutely and unmistakeably republican. A remarkable instance of this may be seen in the fact, that with the rich and wealthy electoral body now selecting the

es, a ministerial candidate would, by
)n consent, have no chance, save that
)vernment distribute offices solely
; electors. A high officer here is no-
ɜly ministerial, simply because M.
t, with careful discrimination, has
/ed numerous places, lucrative in the
ne, on his relatives.
/ one who gazes at the mere surface
think the present dynasty strong
npregnable, but never was the un-
'rent of opposition so strong, nor
e so rife for another revolution, as
The middling classes, the trades-
the superior artizans, are either re-
ans, or indifferent; all who think of
s at all are the former. When, on
t of May, the national guard turned
) celebrate the *Fête du Roi*, a vast
ity remained at home, simply to show
lisapproval of the opinions of their
'ch. The English, who mix only
their own country people, and who
the country from the papers, think
Philippe powerful; but mix casually
ınreservedly with the French, and
day will convince an observer of the
superstructure on which stands him
: duplicity, intriguing, and struggles,
ll end in the exile of his race, and
estruction of all his schemes. The
: will not prove me a false prophet.

One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm.

A Tale of the Puritans.

Chapter I.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

ver Cromwell was now Lord Protec-
' England, and his position, apparent-
enviable, was by no means without
orns. Discovering treachery where
ıst expected to find it, beset by con-
ɜies against his life, finding often his
ls, those in whom he had placed the
implicit trust, prove faithless,—his
'orn brow had assumed a deeper as-
)f anxiety, his stern yet striking coun-
ce was overshadowed occasionally by
leepest gloom, as day by day he be-
'alling from around him the friendly
'rts on which he had hoped to lean.
sat one evening in a plain though
'urnished apartment, at a table co-
with writing materials, and bent
close over his work, as though his
ɜpended upon the conclusion of what
d in hand. He was alone. Now and
ıe would raise that pale face with a
sudden start, and gaze abstractedly on the wall opposite, with a frown lowering upon his brow, as if pondering on some important business. Here sat Cromwell—that bold, fearless, ambitious man, his heart overflowing with good intentions, prompted by a stern sense of duty in whatever he performed, never descending to a mean action, but doing honourably to others as he would they should do unto him. Few have been at the pains to understand the character of Oliver Cromwell. He has been blamed for assuming the Protectorate, yet who can doubt that he was guided by a sincere and earnest desire for the well-being of his country? Disappointed in some of his proudest hopes he undoubtedly was, and disappointed too in those whom he trusted to have called his friends. Doubt was now uppermost in his mind, until at length it created little surprise, as day after day his emissaries brought notice of some fresh desertion, some new rebellion, some plot, conspiracy, or intrigue.

He was now interrupted by the entrance of a page, with a small note upon a silver salver, which he laid noiselessly down, and withdrew. Cromwell glanced from his occupation at the address, at first somewhat carelessly, then as his eye seemed in an instant to recognise the handwriting, he started, and, eagerly snatching it up, opened it. A short time sufficed to make him acquainted with the contents of the letter. While he read his countenance assumed an ashy paleness, and leaning back in his chair, he pressed his forehead with his hand, and murmured, "I had not expected this—Mark Phillips."

The Protector's lip quivered; those stern unbending features relaxed for an instant into an expression of agony, and the whole face was lighted up with sorrow. What was there in that name that could awaken so deep a train of thought! Oliver Cromwell's heart was full of hidden impulses—there was a well-spring of natural feelings there concealed by their virtues. Something now appeared to awaken deep and earnest reflection—a chord in his heart had been struck, which quivered and vibrated far back in the recesses of his memory, and communicated with a passage in his past career over which the darkest mystery hung for all but himself, and the echo called up pleasant sounds and awakened pleasant remembrances of things past and gone. Yet there must have been in his communication of to-night something of interest connected with himself, for he now rose, took down his cap, and left the room.

Chapter II.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

Mark Phillips sat at a table near an open window, with a large Bible before him, out of which he was reading aloud to his beautiful daughter Edith, as she sat by his side, leaning her head upon his shoulder, and listening with devout attention to those holy words which every hour seemed to let in fresh light into her mind, and make her more acquainted with the gospel of our Lord. The old man's voice was trembling; but the fervour with which he read, and the meek, pious resignation of that aged face, on which the rays of the setting sun fell, threading through his thin and scattered white hair, almost unperceptibly raised by the wind, rendered him a beautiful specimen of that sincere and zealous class of men, the Puritans. The book was at length closed; and Edith, after remaining some considerable time silent, exclaimed, looking archly up into her father's countenance:

"It was this day six months that Henry Farnham, the rich, the handsome royalist, vowed everlasting vengeance against us both, because I refused his gentle suit; and we are not quite annihilated yet, father, are we?"

"Not yet, my child," said he, gravely; "but still we know not what is in store for us."

They had sat thus conversing for some time, when a servant opened the door, and announced

Oliver Cromwell.

"Oliver—my lord!" exclaimed the old man, rising, and cordially advancing to meet him.

"Nay, Mark Phillips, I do not require that you call me by any other name than that you used to call me when we played together long ago. It is not *such* incense I require. You are surprised to see me here; I am but come to ask you one question, and then to depart. I will sit down. Do not go, unless you wish it," said he, addressing Edith, who was preparing to leave the room. "I would ask of you this simple thing—how to retain a friend? Mark, I, the Lord Protector of England, surrounded as I might be with the pomp of a sovereign, caressed, flattered, indulged, if I but choose it, am come to you to ask how I can secure one faithful friend. Is it by gold? Let him but speak," he said, bitterly fixing his eyes on the calm unmoved countenance of the old Puritan, who watched the Protector, and listened to him as he would have listened to his brother, his equal in all things.

"I do not understand you, Cromwell," he said, at length; "speak more plainly."

"I will. Tell me," continued the stern Lord Cromwell, relaxing in this interview somewhat of his haughty bearing, "tell me how or in what way I have injured you, Mark, that you should be in league with my enemies to destroy me?"

"Injured me? I in league with your enemies? What do you mean? What have you seen in my conduct to suppose me capable of such baseness?"

The Protector bent a searching, scrutinising glance upon the quiet old Puritan, who sat with his Bible still before him, gazing intently upon him; and he paused for a moment.

"Had I no proofs of what I assert, I should believe you, Mark; but——"

"Believe me!—what right have you to doubt me?"

"Circumstances have rendered me suspicious, as every day I make some fresh discovery calculated to destroy my confidence in those around me."

"Before you speak," said Phillips, "or tell me your proofs, Oliver Cromwell, I will tell you one thing, which, if you believe, you will still retain the same position in my mind; if not, then we are henceforth separated utterly. You are Lord Protector of England, I am Mark Phillips, once your playmate and your friend, but still as proud of my position as you can be of yours. You have the whole empire under your control, and its interest to watch over; I have but one treasure, and that lies here," and the old Puritan laid his hand upon the head of the fair creature at his side. "I tell you only plainly, frankly, on my word, my honour, that never in thought, in deed, have I plotted against you—have never exchanged a word with such as I believed to be your enemies. This on the word of a man."

Both were honourable men, and they had been friends in youth. The next moment was one of extreme suspense. There was a struggle going on in the mind of the Protector; he paused for a moment, then rose, and gave both his hands to his friend.

"I believe you," he said; "forgive me." At this moment, a slight fluttering was heard at the window; and turning, Phillips saw a letter fall upon the table.

Cromwell started back; and Mark, taking up the paper, proceeded to open it, whilst his friend stood near, watching his countenance as he read. As the Protector stood, all his former doubts and misgivings returned more strongly than ever, for Mark Phillips did turn pale, and even looked confused.

"Your missive seems not pleasing," said Cromwell, turning to go away, too proud to ask to see what he suspected to be a confirmation of his suspicions.

"No, not pleasing, Cromwell; some ma-

licious person has taken this opportunity of endeavouring to excite your suspicions by putting off this letter upon you. Look, see what it says."

In doubt and mistrust, Oliver Cromwell took the letter and glanced over it.

"We meet to night at the usual place. The final necessaries for the overthrow of the haughty O. C. will then be resolved on. Be *early*. Be cautious. Yours ever, ——"

"It is certainly *very* malicious, and *particularly* unfortunate that this letter should be thrown in thus inopportunely while *I* am here," said Cromwell, somewhat sneeringly, though there was something mournful in his voice; "but it matters little—only one more friend gone. Good night, Phillips."

"Good night, Lord Cromwell," haughtily answered the Puritan.

The Protector was gone.

"Father," said Edith, "who can have done this?"

"Some enemy, my child."

"Evil will come of it, father."

"Nay," said the Puritan, calmly pointing upwards, "God will not desert the just, nor suffer the ungodly to triumph. We have done no wrong. Let us retire to night."

Chapter III.

THE PURITAN'S CAPTURE.

A few days passed, when one evening the old Puritan again sat in that chamber with his daughter; but they were conversing sadly together over late events—a series of circumstances had occurred which apparently implicated the Puritan in treasonable practices.

Suddenly, a knocking was heard at the door; and Edith, starting up, looked out of the window.

"Father," she said, "there are two strangers standing at the door—odd-looking men.

But before they could say another word, they had entered the room.

"Mark Phillips, I believe," said the stranger.

"The same," said the Puritan.

"Here is a paper," continued the first speaker, "which sets you forth as having been concerned in treasonable practices against Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England; and I am come now, in discharge of my duty, to apprehend you as a traitor to your country."

"My father a traitor? No!" exclaimed Edith, rushing forward, and raising her hands imploringly to the stranger. "Do not touch him. It is not true; it is false—indeed it is."

"Nay, Edith, peace," said her father; "I will go with these gentlemen. I am innocent, and ere long my innocence will be made manifest. You must away to your aunt; I shall not be from you long. No tears, my poor child," he whispered, as he folded her in his arms; "will you suffer *them* to witness such weakness? Nay, Edith, it must not be."

And the father kissed her.

"I may come to you to-morrow, father, may I not?"

"Yes, if they will permit you. Now hand me my Bible, Edith."

His daughter, with a swelling heart, advanced, and placed the plain but precious volume in his hand; and without another word, but only one look at his child, the Puritan was led away to prison. Edith flew to the window, and watched her father down the street until he disappeared from view, and then flung herself back in the chair, and burst into tears. She remained long in this position, when suddenly raising her eyes, they encountered those of Henry Farnham peering through the window.

"Edith Phillips," he said, "are you satisfied of my power to avenge myself?"

But ere she could answer, he suddenly disappeared, though by the position he had assumed, leaning with his arms over the window-sill, it seemed as though he had intended longer to occupy his post. But Edith had scarcely time to close the lattice, ere a gentle knock was heard at the room-door, and Oliver Cromwell was again in the chamber.

"Be not alarmed," he said, gently, "at my intrusion. Your father has been committed to prison, and will in all probability be led to the scaffold in a few days. Tell me, are you willing to save him?"

"Save him? Oh, my lord, can you ask me? Tell me how I can do so. But surely you will not let *him* die—your own friend? No! It is in your power to set him free. He is innocent; indeed, my lord, he is."

"Silence, Edith Phillips, awhile," said the Protector, somewhat sternly turning away, for he could not look unmoved upon the streaming eyes of the agitated girl, whose whole form appeared convulsed with terror. "His friendship once existing is his greatest crime. Had he been as other men, only a stranger to me, his desertion had not wounded me thus; but traitor as he is, I will forgive him all on one condition. You must know of all his proceedings. Speak, and tell me the whole truth, and your father is free to-morrow."

Edith paused. She had nothing to tell,

and she felt that she should not be believed in her simple denial.

"You hesitate; do not fear to speak," he said, taking her hand. "You will not surely suffer your father to perish, when a few words will save him."

"You will not believe me," she said, passionately bursting into tears, "if I tell you the truth. My father has never been concerned in any treasonable practice. No, he never leaves me. We sit together, read together, and no one comes near us."

Oliver Cromwell frowned, as he said:

"Do you know one Henry Farnham?"

"Yes——that is——I mean I once did know him."

"Did I not see him quit the window but one moment ago?"

"But——" exclaimed Edith.

"Nay, nay, I will hear no more; it grieves me, maiden, from my heart, to witness one so young so hardened. It is settled your father must die; and remember, Edith, you have pronounced his doom."

Oliver Cromwell quitted the room; and Edith, hastily throwing a hood and cloak over her shoulders, went forth to her aunt's to relate what had happened, and to entreat her to accompany her on the morrow to her father's cell.

Chapter IV.

THE EXECUTION.

It was the morning that was to witness the execution of Mark Phillips. Edith had been his inseparable companion until the last, and with an energy which astonished those around her, she pronounced it her determination to accompany him to the scaffold, that she might receive his last blessing. He sat in his cell, somewhat paler, perhaps, than when he was first introduced to the reader, but with a countenance expressive of a pious resignation. No murmur broke from his lips, no gesture expressed despair. His hands were clasped on his knee, but an observer of the scene might have detected a tear stealing down his cheeks, as he glanced towards that gentle girl who knelt by his pallet with her face buried in her hands.

"Courage, my child," said the old man, soothingly, while his own voice trembled. "Have you no hopes of that home above us, where all the good are to be reunited never to part again? I am very old, Edith, and have not long to live. It does not matter that a few years are taken off my life."

"To die innocent, father—you have not deserved death," she murmured, almost inaudibly.

"It is better thus to sink into the grave than burdened with guilt. I trust I am prepared to meet my Heavenly Father. But read to me once again, Edith; then I will pray for the last time, for the hour is coming and we must part."

"No, father, I will not leave you yet; but what shall I read?"

"The Sermon on the Mount, my child."

In the stillness of that chamber, the poor girl read lowly, her voice choaking with emotion for a little time, but she was unable to endure it long. Suddenly closing the book, she flung her arm round her father's neck, and murmured between her sobs: "I cannot do it, father; I cannot think of what I read at such a moment."

In less than half an hour afterwards the Puritan, accompanied by his daughter, was on his way to the scaffold. Crowds had assembled to view the procession. Old Mark Phillips was beloved by a numerous circle, and many a whisper of pity passed round through the multitude as the white-haired man mounted the platform. There was still a figure at his side, a pale shadow of a girl, who seemed to glide like a spectre round him. It was a custom in those days for the prisoners to sing a hymn previous to the execution, as a preparation for death, the selection of which was left to themselves.

"You will join me, Edith," whispered her father to his devoted child, who refused all entreaties to abandon him in his last hour.

"Let me choose it," she said faintly, as she turned over the pages of the little volume, until she lighted upon the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, the longest in the whole book.

"Is not this prolonging our misery, my dearest child?"

"Nay, father—this once—this last time, do grant me what I ask."

And the hymn was commenced, and the voice of the multitude was hushed. There was a silence like unto death in that erst a while moving, jostling, waving mass of heads, and every eye was riveted upon the two figures standing side by side on that small platform, the black form of the executioner with upraised axe in the background, supported by two or three other men in the rear. A ray of sunshine seemed suddenly to burst from behind a floating cloud, and to illumine the countenance of the condemned old man. There was a dense mass of human beings assembled there—man, woman, and child—awaiting the death of a fellow creature; and amongst them all every heart swelled with mingled emotions of pity for the young suffering girl who loved her father so deeply. Many a tear started to the eye of stern men, who, ashamed of the weak-

ness, brushed it hastily away, as they heard the united voices of the father and daughter blended in that holy hymn, which sounded plaintively clear in that deep hush. It was observed that as they both drew near the last verse, Edith's countenance assumed an aspect like unto death, and had not her father passed his arm round her slender figure, she would have fallen. It was come to the last—her father had but one minute to live—the executioner advanced—her father turned to bid her the last farewell—when, hark! a distant shout rends the air. It enlarges—it spreads—a thousand blended voices give strength to the rolling sound, borne over the heads of the multitude, and gathering force as it advanced, as each fresh roar of voices rose like a wave from the moving ocean of human beings, until at length its meaning burst upon the girl's bewildered brain. The shout is repeated. Hats are waved; and around, on every side, the word "pardon" is echoed.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the fainting girl, as her father, raising her in his arms, hastened to descend from the platform.

Another half hour found them by the side of Oliver Cromwell, who, as he bestowed his free pardon on the prisoner, explained to him that he had repented him of his precipitancy towards his old friend, but that he was as yet unconvinced of his innocence.

"God bless you a thousand times!" exclaimed Edith, as in her gratitude she sank on her knees before him. "You will ere long discover him to be innocent."

"It may be so," said Cromwell, turning away, "and if not—why the death of my friend would ill compensate me for the loss of his regard and his good will."

"Thanks, my Lord Cromwell," said the old man, "for the life you have not taken for her sake. Come, Edith, let us go home."

The Puritan and his daughter many and many a time read and read again that psalm which had saved him from an undeserved death. And Edith never ceased in humble gratitude to offer up her thanksgiving for that Providence which had suggested it to her, and then enabled her father to live to a good old age in humble faith and trust in the goodness of God. Mark Phillips' innocence was ere long proved to the satisfaction of even Oliver Cromwell, who rejoiced in the repentance which had sprung up in his heart, and which had worked so favourably for his friend.

THE WIDOW'S YOUNGEST SON.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

'Twas by the bright streamlet that's turning the mill,
Ellen Lorn, of the cottage just under the hill,
A widow was left in the bloom of her years,
With three orphan boys—her weeds, and her tears.

Our kind-hearted vicar relieved her of Jack,
And Jim went to sea in a tight fishing smack;
"But I'd rather," she pleaded, "keep Edward at home,
He's too young and too ailing the wide world to roam."

Now Time in its course o'er the young Edward flew,
And the neighbours all talked as neighbours will do:
"The boy grows a man, 'tis a sin and a shame
Thus to keep him at home—Widow Lorn is to blame."

"But little they think," said the widow with tears,
"The comfort he brings to my now failing years;
I love both his brothers, my Jack and poor Jim,
But I feel most a mother when gazing on him.

"To those that ask wherefore, I answer—the claim
Of sickness and infancy still is the same;
And I feel that kind heaven in mercy hath left
Each to the other, of all else bereft.

"Oh! may it forgive me; I almost rejoice
To hear him reply in his dear feeble voice,
As the mother responding to each hapless tone,
Makes the widow remember she is not alone."

So Edward still cheer'd her: and Edward still grew,
But, alas! with his years did his ailments grow too,
Till death seiz'd his prey as he sank on her breast,
And look'd as in infancy taking his rest.

"'Tis much to my children's affection I owe,"
Said the widow, "in smoothing my path-way below,
But the task to my youngest, most precious was given,
Whose smile, as he died, lit my path-way to heaven."

The Poems of Alfred Tennyson.

There are existing, amongst many others, two especial classes of critics, the members of one of which seek to extract all the good out of a book they possibly can; while the members of the other, by far the more numerous, sedulously avoiding all a book may contain of a valuable nature, set their wits to work to discover the points in which an author may be wanting, into what errors he may have fallen, taking care to show them up, when discovered, in the worst possible light to the world. Both these classes are to blame. Though the first named may be pardoned to a certain extent on account of the amiable motives by which they are actuated, that critic nevertheless still lies open to censure who represents the works on which he is called upon to pronounce judgment in a wrong light before the world, and enlists its warm approbation in behalf of an author, when in reality that approbation ought to be tempered by a moderate amount of dispraise. The critics who profess allegiance to the other class, on the contrary, call for no excuse from us. They merit none. They write frequently from despicable motives of malice, are often actuated by direct personal enmity, and slash right and left at an author, without being at the pains to consider for one moment how far they are acting either honourably or well.

Injustice is committed by both, as well to the public as to the author himself, but in the first case to the author more especially, since there cannot be a more grievous mistake than to endeavour to persuade a man that because he writes well, and perhaps eloquently, upon one topic, therefore he must write well upon every other topic likewise. No style is suited to all classes of literature. The poet is frequently betrayed into extravagance in prose-writing; the politician becomes severe, stern, and often cold in poetry. Let men confine themselves to that class of composition which has, as it were, become their own, and let each man be awarded his due meed of praise and blame. If he excel in one production, critics will acknowledge his pre-eminence; and if they be manly, will not fear, on the other hand, to blame where, in any fresh attempt, the writer should fall short of his former efforts.

It is the mistake of the age blindly to follow some particular leader, who sets the fashion what to admire, what to hate or despise. Those timid disciples who enlist themselves under a chieftain's banner, come at length to have no voice of their own. They dare not reflect and appeal to the unerring decision of their own judgments, but must bow and worship before the shrine of their leader, and sing with him songs of adulation to each fresh aspirant after fame in the present generation.

Every new arrival at the fane of poesy, be he clothed with commanding intellect, or clad in the humble suit of indifferent ability, is not submitted to the unbiassed judgment of the devotees around, but is passed over to a crew of partial judges, who come forward and point out to whom their disciples are to bow the knee, and from whom to turn derisively away.

The present age is wanting in great men, but above all in great poets. Everything is on a moderate scale, and hence people are satisfied with average merit, admire poor productions, and raise into idols men gifted with ability, but as inferior to those who have gone before as the sun, shrouded in mist, is to that planet revealed in all its sublime grandeur on a summer's day. Never was there an age in which so few master-spirits swayed the destiny of the nation. We do not assert that there are no great men existing, no men gifted with extraordinary poetic talent yet unrevealed, or, if revealed, unappreciated; but let our readers cast an impartial glance around, and give us their names. What orator have we to startle the Houses of Legislature with the thunders of his eloquence? What statesman of commanding energy, capable of swaying the destiny of the nation? What prose writer to dazzle the world? What bard to kindle our souls into lofty admiration of his genius, his noble intellect and grasp of mind? Where are our Shakespeares and our Miltons now?

We boast, it must be acknowledged, of a small group of great men; but it is not now our business here to single them out. It is our firm conviction, also, that there is genius slumbering in the minds of men who, shackled by circumstances, are prevented from stepping forth into the broad light of day. But their sun is destined to rise upon another generation, who will welcome the glad light which dawns upon them, and bask beneath the enduring rays

of a man's intellect, even though they shine from around his tomb, and his spirit may have passed to another world.

Our task is now, however, to estimate the abilities of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, to pronounce impartial judgment upon his writings, to award him his just meed of praise, and to point out in what he falls short of the genuine poet. We desire to place him upon his true level, to raise him in the estimation of some, and to lower him in that of those who blindly admire, who will not be at the pains to examine for themselves, who will not listen to the decision of their own consciences.

We have not only read but studied his productions, and our opinion is not therefore hastily or rashly formed. Mr. Tennyson undoubtedly possesses many poetical attributes. He has at his command great power over language, ease of versification, with abilities for description. But in all his poems we observe an imperfectness. They start into existence, as it were, before us, and pass away as suddenly. They do not steal gently upon the senses, or leave a soothing impression upon the soul. If we are suffered occasionally to bask in a ray of sunshine from the poet's mind, we are all at once rudely awakened from our delight by a quick introduction of some strange conceit, which destroys the whole effect.

If any one could in spirit have presided at the gradual unfolding of Mr. Tennyson's mind, at the moulding of his feelings, his sympathies, and been admitted into the secret training which has made him what he is, they would have discovered that he owes his poetical attributes to art and not to nature. That most assuredly never intended or fitted him for so glorious a position, but having read and studied poetry, he became animated by the desire also to produce something similar to what had constituted for some time the staple food of his imagination. Any impartial reader of Tennyson cannot but acknowledge the truth of this. Hence springs that want of idealism which we observe in all his writings. There are to be met with passing observations on the beauties of nature, elaborate descriptions of her secret haunts; but we feel, while leaning with the poet over his imaginary bed of violets, that we look on man's picture of what the Almighty has created, and cannot realise to our fancy its balmy, refreshing odour, its perfumed uprisings of sweet air, its purple hue, its interlacing of rich green. No. The hand of the artist, intent on reproducing, with scientific minuteness, everything in succession, intrudes before us, pointing out this feature and that, striving to outdo nature, and in reality falling short of it. Again, let Mr. Tennyson extend his fancy to the deep ocean. Let him be endeavouring to dam up the great body of its waters, that our eyes may penetrate and behold the treasures which lie below—what vast, what glorious ideas does he even inspire us with? Do we not, instead, find ourselves compelled to rest satisfied with tiny pictures, pictures such as infancy would love to dwell on, of little pebbles and mosses and mermaids, with no rich glow of the poet's mind thrown over them? This is all very pretty. We are pleased with Mr. Tennyson's descriptions, but never delighted. We never find a poem which engrosses our mind, so that we are compelled to return to it again, to dwell enraptured on its beauties, to linger over it, and lose all thought of all things else while hanging over the inspired lines. No. There is an earthly taint in all; something to remind us of mediocrity, something which will not allow us to look up to the poet with respect and love.

We reverence the name of poet. Around him who can, by his inspired hand, make the spring of poetry gush out of the stern rock of reality, there is cast a fascination and a charm which extends itself beyond the circle of our fancy, and penetrates our heart. We do not feel towards him as to other men. Hanging around the ideal poet are a thousand associations with all that is beautiful in nature and art. He is invested with a grandeur, a sublimity, which kindles our esteem into a kind of devotion. Now he seems to come to us fresh from those lands where angels sing, and beauty, and joy, and peace, and gladness ever reign, laden with a purifying dew, to refresh our spirits, by telling us of what he, in imagination, has beheld. Now he seems to have suffered his soul to penetrate where system round system rolls, where planets are everlastingly travelling through the realms of space, and where nature, in the vast, unknown regions of eternity, is, as it were, engaged in fashioning new worlds, new systems, new planets

His soul is lifted, by constant communing with spiritual things, above the common order. He, by degrees, by association with the spirits of the beautiful, the good, and by dwelling constantly on the glorious laws of the universe, by reflecting on the omnipotence of God, himself becomes refined and spiritualised.

The range of the poet's philosophy is wide. It should embrace every attainable degree of knowledge. He must not be content with common reading, with study in which all men may become his equals. To purify the souls of mankind, his own must have already been purified; and who will deny that the aim of the poet is to idealise the world, to make mankind look through a more spiritual medium at the actions of their fellow-men, at the laws of nature, at the bountiful dispensations of God? The poet, the genuine poet, does not aim at merely amusing his brethren. He refines prose. He makes us look at things in a purer, better light, and elevates our whole mind.

In Mr. Tennyson we discern little of that spiritual yearning after things good and holy, that eager desire to rise on imaginary wings and soar upward, to be above all contact with the vapours of earth, to grapple with things unseen, mysterious, yet glorious in imagination. We perceive no evidence of any lofty ethical notions, of having thought and pondered deeply upon those holy and mysterious laws which knit the universe together, which tend to inspire the reader, to raise him, as it were, above the level of mortality, and make him feel his affinity with spiritual beings.

Far be it from our readers to suppose that we insinuate, in the remotest degree, the want of religious feeling in Mr. Tennyson. On the contrary. His writings speak often the very reverse. What we desire to impress upon them is, the fact that he is a man of some poetic talent, but by no means a sublime poet. He belongs to earth; he soars close along its confines. He selects topics of moderate extension, and keeps our imagination strictly within certain bounds, never permitting us to contemplate anything but what everyone may behold in the course of his career. The most trivial observations are versified, all nature is regarded from the level of town—as it were, from the window of a secluded study. He seems to draw his inspiration, not from association with nature, but from hearsay. Hence arises that cold precision of expression, which limits all things, as it were, with possibility, and refuses to allow us to imagine anything more. We miss that sweet well-spring of tenderness which should gush from the poet's mind over all nature, endearing to us both himself and his productions, and awakening our attention to every the most trivial circumstance in nature, and throwing a halo around us. No. Mr. Tennyson has been courted, flattered, idealised, enshrined in men's minds as a poet, for writing a stanza like the following:

"Sure never yet was antelope
Could skip so lightly by;
Stand off, or else my skipping rope
Will hit you in the eye."

Remarkable—very. But still it strikes one that some one with far less pretension than Mr. Tennyson might have written it. He has, however, produced several pieces of great ability, from the merit of which it is not our intention to detract. "The Two Voices," for instance, breathes a pure spirit of truth through its lines, and the intention of the whole poem is fine. Much of poetry, too, may be met with in its course, but even here, now and then, a repetition from some former pieces smites on our ear. Yet it is freer from conceit, from vagaries, than almost any, and possesses many stanzas of rare beauty. He says.

"I wept. Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men through novel spheres of thought,
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not.

* * * *

"The highest mounted mind," he said,
"Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summit overhead.

"Will thirty seasons render plain
Those lovely lights that still remain,
Just breaking over land and main?

"Or make that moon, from her cold crown
And crystal silence creeping down,
Flood with daylight glebe and lawn?"

These are beautiful; but, to be properly relished, they should be read in conjunction with the remainder, which is full of admirable lines and some fine ideas and sweet touches of feeling. "Locksley

Hall" is another of the kind. Many fine sentiments are to be met with, which touch us to the heart, and strongly stir our sympathies, though it be not, in our estimation, equal to "The Two Voices." We have heard the "Morte d'Arthur" spoken of as a capital poem, full of striking ideas. Having had our curiosity excited, we perused it with the intention of finding out its beauties, and decided, on having finished it, that it was one of the worst of the whole. The introduction, under the name of "The Epic," is prose, cut up into blank-verse lines. And here we are not exaggerating its demerits. In vain does the reader attempt to make it sound either harmonious or poetical:

"Francis, laughing, clapt his hand
On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him;'
'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail bowl.'"

This, it will be acknowledged, is of rare excellence, and we have not by any means chosen the most prosaic part. It would be unfair to our author not to say that from beginning to end it answers completely to the above specimen. There is a sing-song sameness in the account of Arthur's death which palls the fancy, and causes us to turn wearied away from the contemplation of the poet's creation. Mr. Tennyson has written many pretty pieces, but whatever they may contain of beauty is overstrained by the introduction of some strange conceit, some curious licence of the poet's, some outrage of all the laws which regulate poetry. Mr. Tennyson aims at being peculiar; he seems to imagine that extravagance, repetition, and monotony will compensate for the absence of poetic skill. And people admire, read, and talk of pieces which would disgrace a schoolboy as something grand and startling. Tennyson was at one time an universal topic of discussion; he was admitted into the ball-room, the carriage, the drawing-room; it was a pretty subject on which people could display their eloquence, but the rage happily is passing a little away. Ashamed of the idolatry they have showered upon this new planet, people are beginning to view him in sober sense; but still his devotees are too numerous and press too rudely forward when others, his superiors in intellect, talent, capacity, and style, are being brought forward. The lustre which the whole world acknowledges as Byron's is sought to be dimmed for his sake; they cannot, with all their efforts, make Tennyson's to shine like his, therefore must they seek to obscure the brightness of a poet superior to all who have ever entered the arena of poetry, except Milton and Shakespeare. Let not his glorious productions be brought in comparison with those of Tennyson when the merits of the latter are discussed, and we shall then refrain from invidious comparisons. But when we hear the question asked—"Do you not think Tennyson superior to Byron?" we listen with contempt to him who can give utterance to an inquiry so absurd. Tennyson is a clever man, and has acquired a sort of ease in handling versification. Many of his productions are very beautiful. Here, however, we stop: we neither can nor will afford him praise which he does not merit.

The secret of the favour with which women in general regard him lies in the fact that he encourages the sickly taste for the sentimental which unhappily in the present age still lingers around our firesides, only to be obliterated by another generation possessing other and sterner characteristics. Broken hearts, consumption, and forlorn lovers, are the constant theme of Mr. Tennyson's pen; and over the dreary pictures created by him, young ladies linger and hang enchanted, overpowered by a gush of sentimental sorrow awakened by some such verse as the following:

"She only said, 'The night is dreary;
He cometh not,' she said:
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!'"

If these stanzas had been met with once in the course of a long poem, one might pass it off as a fanciful whim of the poet, and say no more; but when it comes to be said over again eight times, the repetition fatigues us, and we feel inclined to exclaim with our author, "We are a-weary, a-weary, we would that we were dead!" And yet in the poem of "Mariana" there are several pretty ideas, the effect of which is, however, lost in our wonder at the absurdity in which the poet permits himself to indulge.

We have proposed in the course of this article to show on what the fame of Mr. Tennyson is founded, and, by giving specimens of what is so much admired, to en-

deavour to carry our readers along with us in the work of stripping this false prophet of his decorations. Mr. Tennyson's imagination has, as he hopes, supplied him with a means of rendering his productions somewhat distinct from all previous writers; and, therefore, in order to avoid the appearance of sameness, coins new words and new expressions, sometimes as entangled as any labyrinth or maze and as difficult to be seen through. We are compelled to pause and think and examine what the writer can mean. But this with some is a great recommendation—the obscure is the sublime; not to know what an author means is to be enraptured with him. At this, then, all writers should aim. Mr. Tennyson writes two songs addressed to the Owl, a specimen from each of which will charm our readers, we are convinced:

"When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Alone and warming his five wits,
The while owl in the belfry sits."

Now, second:

"I would mock thy chaunt anew,
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tu whoo,
Thee to woo to thy tu whit,
Thee to woo to thy tu whit,
With a lengthened loud halloo,
Tu whoo, tu whit, tu whit, tu whoo-oo."

Mr. Tennyson does not give us the date of these compositions; but it strikes us that they must have been written at a very early period of life, before inspiration dawned upon his mind—long before. A solemn dirge has been admired greatly, and that our readers may admire likewise, we give them the following:

"Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form;
Let them rave;
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave;
Let them rave!!!!"

Through seven verses Mr. Tennyson rants in this manner, until we are wearied out, and then he stops short, without telling us what the people are to rave at, or what they have been raving at. Repetition is one of the elements of our author's popularity. In the ballad of "Oriana" he strains this fancy to the utmost, and before we are half through, we are inclined to wish Oriana and Mr. Tennyson in the New World:

"My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana;
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana;
When the long dim wolds are ribb'd with snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana;
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana."

Forty times more, in the course of the ballad, the name is repeated—yes, forty times. Had it occurred at the conclusion of each stanza, what now sounds ludicrous would have had a beautiful effect. As a poem, leaving out the endless repetition of the name, it is a fine thing. At first, persons are pleasingly struck with the affectation; but when they come to hear it read, or to read it aloud, we have heard the greatest panegyrists of Tennyson pronounce it "a little too much." The commencement of the "Merman" is remarkable!

"Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone,
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?"

Not we, surely, after such an invitation.

We do not find fault with persons for merely admiring Tennyson, but for not selecting such pieces as are really worthy of admiration as specimens. But when we hear him extolled as the greatest poet of the age, for writing a few rhymes which a schoolboy might blush at in his riper years, our indignation is roused not so much against the author as against those who can permit themselves to acknowledge the mediocrity of their own intellect, by professing enthusiasm and rapture for assuredly the worst things Mr. Tennyson has written, and those which display, in bolder relief, his peculiar idiosyncrasies, his strange fancies, his absurd conceits. Of all this class of compositions, "The Sisters" is the one for which the most rabid admiration is displayed. But our readers must remember that this poem will not bear reading, like any of Byron's, to one's self. To be properly appreciated,

admired, and raise the proper degree of enthusiasm, one must be careful to select from among the admirers of Tennyson, a person with a loud, rich, and musical voice, who will throw himself into the undertaking with all the fervour and enthusiasm of youth. The room must be under the influence of twilight, mysterious shadows must darken the wall, and the auditor must be prepared to listen to every word, to every intonation of voice, and the grandeur, the mystery, the sublimity of the poem will strike upon his fancy, and rivet his boundless admiration. If there be any sameness, the reader will change his voice to suit it, and thus nothing of this will appear.

"We were two daughters of one race;
She was the fairest in the face;
The wind is (with great force and expression) blowing in turret and tree;
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

In the next stanza the reader must be very careful to raise his voice when he comes to the word "howling," so as to imitate the sound indicated as near as possible.

"She died: she went to burning flame:
She mixed her ancient blood with shame:
The wind is HOWLING in turret and tree;
Whole weeks, and months, and early and late,
To win his love, I lay in wait;
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

We have not space to quote the whole poem. In the next verse, however, the wind is "roaring," then "raging," then "raving,' but with this exquisite morceau in which the tenderness of woman is so admirably pourtrayed, we must present our readers.

"I rose up in the silent night;
I made my dagger sharp and bright;
The wind is raving in turret and tree,
As half asleep his breath he drew;
Three times I stabbed him thro' and thro';
O, the Earl was fair to see!

"I curl'd and comb'd his comely head;
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree;
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet;
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

He looked so grand when he was dead! Well? He looked so grand when he was dead! What of that? We have been told to find sublimity in the line; we have heard it extolled as the finest expression in the language; as something which conveys the impression that Mr. Tennyson is a man of genius. Had he never written anything else, that one line would have been sufficient to stamp him as a poet. "He looked so grand when he was dead!" No, it will not do. Nothing we can say or think will make us understand it in any other light than as a very common-place expression. But yet on this half his popularity depends. Rob him of this and you destroy his fame utterly. What grasp of mind it required to conceive so glorious an expression. "He looked so grand when he was dead." Then follow those subline lines:

"I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet;
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

We leave the poem in the hands of Mr. Tennyson's panegyrists, satisfied that they never will or can convince us of its true worth. We are too dull to appreciate its beauty, too heavy of perception to understand its sublimity.

"O, strengthen me, enlighten me;
I faint in this obscurity."—*Tennyson.*

Occasionally our author selects a subject, and begins to rhapsodise thereon, but we never can tell when he is really approaching it. He never seems to make up his mind to do so, but "raves" on, while we feel ourselves all the time inquiring—"What is he driving at?"—"What does he mean?" In the "Ode to Memory," this is more especially observable. The word memory, it is true, occurs frequently, but what he wants to say about her we do not know, we cannot tell. He addresses pieces to imaginary characters, which, perhaps, may be understood by those more conversant with these mysteries, but they contain allusions of a too mystical nature for us.

"Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair,
With thy floating flaxen hair,
Thy rose lips and full blue eyes;
Take the heart from out my breast:
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?"

The poet concludes by asking the ve[illegible]

question we ourselves were about to put. What is the meaning of poor Adeline's dejection? No explanation is, however, vouchsafed us of the cause of Adeline's lifeless countenance.

"Looking at the set of day,
On a phantom two hours old,
Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold."

The "Dying Swan" is a pretty little piece. Mr. Tennyson occasionally presents us with a short poem of great merit, which he might, perhaps, had he chosen, have rendered very beautiful. There seems, however, to be something ever wanting; we are always struck by some abrupt ending. Our minds are left unsatisfied. In the "Lady of Shalott," a striking poem, full of sweet beauties and many fine descriptions, we painfully feel this. The legend is related but imperfectly, and the reader is left to imagine the meaning of the catastrophe as he pleases. This is a great pity, as it casts a shadow of imperfection over what is really otherwise very beautiful. We would extract from it, but that, in our opinion, unless our limits would permit us to give the whole, we should do Mr. Tennyson injustice, by presenting our readers with only a portion of a very able poem.

Poets are, we suppose, privileged to be in love with every one, or were not this the case we might feel inclined to express some wonder at the successive bursts of passionate admiration which our author lavishes on his imaginary lovers. His object, however, is to show that equal delight may be experienced in contemplating every particular kind of beauty, from the faintest tint of fair, to the darkest tint of the brunette. In this we perfectly agree with our author, and are, therefore, quite disposed to go along with him in his manifest admiration of "Airy Lilian," "Madonna like Isabel," "Poor Mariana," "Frowning Madeline," "Spiritual Adeline," "Imperial Eleanor," "Rare pale Margaret," and all the rest.

But Mr. Tennyson is by no means an impassioned man; it is contrary to his nature; he does not comprehend the true meaning of the word "impassioned." He, therefore, supplies the place with extravagance which he rightly conceived would, by the *oi polloi*, be mistaken by it. Let our readers peruse the following passage, and say whether it does not seem to be the production of a madman rather than of any one in his sober senses.

"Soon
From thy rose-red lips MY name
Floweth; and then as in a swoon,
With dinning sound my ears are rife,
My tremulous tongue faltereth,
I lose my colour, I lose my breath,
I drink the cup of a costly death,
Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warmest life.
I die with delight, before
I hear what I would hear from thee;
Yet tell my name again to me;
I *would* be dying evermore,
So dying ever, Eleanor."

This sounds like frenzy to us, but we never advance an opinion of this kind without saying at the same time that we may be mistaken. Has Mr. Tennyson been dying ever since, and all this time been like the swan, uttering a few notes of rich melody just to give warning of his departure?

In the "Miller's Daughter," our author suffers a little nature to escape him. He throws aside for once his conceits and fancies, and indulges us with a sweet and simple picture of a country courtship and its results. The husband's reminiscences of the past, his deep and earnest attachment to his faithful wife, breathing forth in every line of the poem, the simplicity, the truthfulness of the feelings experienced, constitute its charm. The reader must not seek for grandeur, he must be content to suffer his imagination to dwell on a simple picture, simply yet truthfully sketched. We were greatly delighted with this piece, and only can express our wish that Mr. Tennyson would often break through the strong cords of affectation which bind him, and appear in his own true and natural colours. Man's own heart suggests better feelings than can be inspired by any other influence. The feelings are ever poetical. They spring neither from race nor station; they belong to no class. The beggar feels as keen a thrill of anguish, as she folds her arms round the cold form of her little child, whose spirit has passed away, even though rags have been its death covering, as the mother in a higher station who leans upon a sumptuous death-bed. The beggar's few tears may not linger, they have no business there. Ruder

thoughts and bitter sufferings brush away the more delicate and sensitive emotion of sorrow. If she indulges it she dies. She feels, by instinct, the force of the words—

" The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

Yet who will dare to deny the poetical nature of her feelings—who will venture to scorn the sorrow of the tattered woman, or say that it shall not be reverenced and respected?

The simplest subject may be rendered poetical, and Mr. Tennyson has succeeded in rendering our " Miller's Daughter" a charming poem.

Mr. Tennyson, however, fails when he endeavours to create a female character. He has written a poem entitled, "The Lord of Burleigh," which is as sickly a production as can well be imagined, in which he inculcates the maxim that where a man is born he must remain. To remove a man by gradual processes upward from a moderate station, is not practicable, or if practicable, the effect will be death. Our author supposes a lord in the guise of a village painter to woo a very beautiful girl, and in this incognito to marry her and carry her away. On her progress towards home, he shows her castles and grounds, and at last arriving at his own mansion, announces her as its mistress. Now we can imagine and forgive her feeling surprise at such a piece of information, but Mr. Tennyson says—

" All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within;
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove."

The Lord of Burleigh treats his wife with all befitting gentleness:

" And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much,
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morning,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born."

Certainly, of which she was not worthy. What woman of any capabilities is there who would not in such a time, if she really loved her husband, have risen to his level? Would she not have considered herself the equal of him who had made her by marriage his equal in rank? Would she not have striven to do her duty? And would not her affection for her three children have stirred her to exertion? Undoubtedly. But no, with sickly sentimentality, she pines away:

" So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore them,
Then before her time she died."

The effect produced upon the mind by this poem is completely different from the one desired to be produced. Instead of being moved, we are only vexed with the fair heroine for being so ridiculously alive to false notions of the dignity conferred by mere conventionalities.

To accompany Mr. Tennyson through all his poems would be an undertaking for which we have not space. Our object has been, by passing a few both of the good and the bad in review, to appreciate his abilities correctly, by no means to depreciate his value, but to undeceive, if possible, those who now regard him as an idol, and to prevent others from repeating the absurd opinions so widely diffused amongst us, without reflecting upon the matter for themselves.

Mr. Tennyson has in him poetical germs, but he is not a poet. He will not become one. He displays no evidence of the sublimity and grandeur of soul necessary to the formation of such a man. But he has, perhaps, achieved his own object, and having published his two volumes of poetry, will rest content with the degree of notoriety which they may have procured for him.

Sketch of the Services of Lord Dundonald,

THE FAMOUS LORD COCHRANE.

Many events have occurred since we first sketched this article, which have caused us entirely to alter our plan, as what might have told before, would be superfluous now. We shall, therefore, dwell only on the distinguished services of this able seaman, who, under more fortunate auspices, might have outshone or rivalled Nelson or Blake.

Of his early life, little is known; but we know from his own account that he was rated captain's boy on board of the Vesuvius, bomb vessel. Having acted in the

capacity of able seaman, midshipman, and lieutenant, on board several ships, he returned from a five years' station off the coast of North America, and joined the Foudroyant flag-ship of Admiral Lord Keith, which was about to sail to the Mediterranean. He was then appointed acting captain of the prize-ship Genereux, of 74 guns, and, after surmounting many difficulties, carried her safely into Minorca. His conduct on this occasion was so satisfactory, that he was appointed commander of the Speedy, brig of war.

In this little vessel, Lord Cochrane performed some gallant exploits. Indeed, we feel convinced that no man, with the same means at his command, ever did so much. In the short space of fourteen months, during which time he commanded the Speedy, he took, burnt, or destroyed vessels of war, privateers, letters of marque, gunboats, and merchantmen, mounting together 122 guns; and during the same period he single-handed retook nine vessels from the enemy, and, in company with other vessels, captured eleven more; not to mention numerous other hazardous undertakings, such as the storming of batteries and forts on the coast of Spain.

One action we must dwell on more in detail — a struggle unexampled in the whole annals of naval warfare. But before proceeding, we must remind our readers that the Speedy mounted but 14 small guns, four-pounders, with a crew of only 54 men and boys. The Spanish government, alarmed at the vigilant and energetic conduct of Captain Cochrane, and annoyed at the constant announcements of fresh losses through his means, despatched several large vessels, in order to intercept the Speedy. Among those vessels who were in quest of her was the Gamo, a frigate mounting 32 guns, with a crew of 319 men. Lord Cochrane being upon the look-out, perceived one day in the distance a large vessel; determined to discover whether it was a friend or a foe, he made no effort to avoid it, particularly as with closed ports it appeared to be a merchantman. But on arriving within hail, he was somewhat disconcerted to find that it was the Gamo, which had thus induced him to come within hail. From the peculiar build of the vessel, Lord Cochrane believed it to be of greater strength that it in reality was, and therefore was desirous, if possible, of avoiding an engagement. He, therefore, hung out Danish colours, and having dressed a man up in the uniform of that nation, sent him on deck. In answer to the Spaniards, he uttered some jargon which passed for Danish; but this did not perfectly satisfy the enemy, for it was perceived that they were lowering a boat in order to board our

'. Some new expedient was necessary; and before the boat reached the Speedy, one was found. Before the Spanish officer got alongside, he was very considerately informed that they had just quitted one of the Barbary ports, and should he come on board, the Spanish vessel would be subject to a long quarantine. Grateful for the information, the Spaniards pulled off, and in a short time the vessels parted company.

One would have imagined that the officers and men of the Speedy would have been very grateful for having escaped capture and a prison; but, on the contrary, they were eager to engage their mighty foe. Lord Cochrane, highly pleased with their spirit, promised to oblige them on the first opportunity. That opportunity was not long wanting; early next month the Gamo again came in sight, and the gallant little vessel gave chase. The Spaniards by no means attempted to escape, but bore down, and presently the action was commenced by the Speedy; broadside after broadside followed in quick succession, till at length the Gamo, finding that her opponent's little pieces did more execution than her heavy metal, determined to board. The men seized their swords, and the command was given, but the brig sheered off. Again the guns began to play hard; after forty-five minutes' fighting, Lord Cochrane found that his loss amounted to six or seven. This was serious, in so small a band; and the English captain now conceived the bold idea of boarding the enemy's vessel. The numbers opposed to him were fearful; forty-five marines were showering down their leaden volleys, whilst two hundred and seventy seamen were ranged, cutlass and pike in hand, ready to oppose him. But to board was resolved on; and the Speedy immediately ran alongside of the frigate, which showed with startling effect the diminutive size of the English vessel. Undaunted by the number of the opponents, the tall, powerful British captain dashed into the midst of them; and being ably seconded by Lieutenant Parker and forty men, soon commenced a terrific conflict. For some time, its results were doubtful; till at length the impetuosity of the English prevailed, and the Spaniards were compelled to surrender.

On examining his prize, Lord Cochrane must have been struck with the wonderful success of his own action. The Gamo mounted 22 long twelve-pounders, 8 long-eights, and 2 twenty-four pounders. To serve these, were 274 men, besides 45 marines. Opposed to them was the Speedy, with 14 four-pounders, and 54 men. The Spaniards, however, did not give up without one hour's severe fighting, and until they had lost their commander, and

fifty-three men killed and wounded; while our loss amounted to three killed and eight wounded. Immediately after the conflict, Lord Cochrane was attacked by gun-boats from Barcelona; but in spite of his having prisoners who five times exceeded his own crew, he beat them off, and arrived safe with the Gamo in Minorca.

Soon after the capture of the Gamo, the Speedy and Kangaroo destroyed several forts and batteries, and sunk several armed vessels, superior in metal and men, and captured three or four brigs. These, however, were the last of his achievements on board his little brig, for on the 3rd of July, 1801, it was captured by the Dessaix.

In 1803, he commanded the Arab, of 22 guns, a heavy merchant-vessel, a bad sailer, and totally unfit for use. He was first employed in the blockade of Boulogne, and then sent to protect the northern fisheries.

In 1804, he commanded the Pallas, of 32 guns, and was employed in the blockade of Rochefort. Having observed two French brig-corvettes in the river Gironde, he despatched his boats to cut them out. One was too far up the river, but they succeeding in capturing the Tapageuse, though defended by a strong guard. Whilst the Pallas was waiting the return of her boats, three large ships were seen advancing. Lord Cochrane, although all his officers but the surgeon were absent, and he had no more than forty men on board, gave chase, and drove them on shore, where they soon became wrecks. They proved to be a brig of 18 guns, a corvette of 22 guns, and a frigate-built ship of 24 guns, laden with stores. In the same month, the Pallas was attacked by the Minerve of 40 guns, and three large brigs; but he compelled them to return under the cover of the batteries. He afterwards landed and destroyed in succession five different signal houses, and a battery of three long 36-pounders, spiked the guns, burnt the barracks, blew up the magazines, and pitched the shells into the sea.

After several skirmishes, the Pallas and Minerve came at length to a decisive action. The Pallas mounted 38 guns, and had a crew of 214 men and boys; the Minerve, 44 guns, and 330 men and boys. Nevertheless, although assisted by three brigs mounting 50 guns, and also by the heavy fire of the batteries, the Minerve would have fallen into our hands, had not the French admiral dispatched two frigates to her rescue. The Pallas then bore away, and being almost a wreck, was taken in tow by the Kingfisher.

On the 31st of July, 1808, while in command of the Imperieuse, 44 guns, he attacked the castle of Mongal, and captured it. In the following September, he landed with part of his crew, and attacked and completely destroyed six of the principal French telegraphs on the coast of Languedoc, and burnt and blew up fourteen barracks, a battery, and a strong tower on the lake of Frontignan.

Early in November, a body of seven thousand French troops surrounded and commenced besieging the fort of Rosas. Capt. West, of the Excellent, 74 guns, threw himself with a party of marines and seamen into the citadel, defended it with great success, and made several sorties on the enemy, when our sailors had to contend with cavalry; in all these actions they greatly distinguished themselves. However, being relieved by the Fame, the Excellent left. In two days, the commander of the former ship, thinking it was useless to remain longer, withdrew the marines, and sailed away. The next day, Lord Cochrane arrived in the Imperieuse; he immediately went and examined the defences, particularly Fort Trinidad. He found that it contained a garrison of eighty dispirited Spaniards, who were about to surrender. He immediately threw himself into the fort with eighty men, and commenced repairing the breaches in the walls. The resources of this extraordinary man were boundless. Nothing appeared too difficult for him to accomplish. He astonished the Spaniards by his activity and energy. He filled a thousand bags with earth, and repaired the ditches, making palisadoes where they were required, and repairing breaches with old barrels. Five days after his arrival, the French, 1,200 strong, advanced to the attack; knowing the difficulty of the service, they were all picked men. To repulse these, Lord Cochrane had but 80 Englishmen, and the same number of Spaniards; although everything was there to discourage, shattered walls and exhausted men, he nevertheless repulsed them, killed their commanding officer and all who attempted to mount the breach, and drove them back with the loss of their storming equipage. As usual, Lord Cochrane's crew escaped without the loss of a man. Among those who distinguished themselves on this and several other occasions were Houston Stewart and Frederick Marryat. On the 5th of December Rosas capitulated; and finding that it would be useless and impracticable to hold Fort Trinidad against the whole French army, Lord Cochrane fired the magazines, and re-embarked his men.

The next point on which we shall touch is the important affair of the Basque Roads, which terminated Lord Cochrane's career as a British naval officer. Into the details of the case, particularly those that preceded it, we have no space to enter; but we may mention that the then first lord of

the Admiralty observed, "that Lord Cochrane was the only man that thought the attack on the French fleet practicable without the greatest danger to those who should engage in it." Having received the command to head the attack, the captain of the Imperieuse joined the fleet. The enemy were lying in a strong position, defended by a boom and heavy batteries. There were eleven sail of the line, several frigates, and about seventy-three boats; the latter were sent down to protect the boom. On the evening of the 11th of April, 1809, the Imperieuse weighed and stood in as near as possible to the enemy. Lord Cochrane then took the command of the explosion vessel, which had on board nearly 1,500 barrels of gunpowder, whilst the decks were loaded with shells and grenades. The enemy, expecting the attack, directed their concentrated fire on the fearful vessel that was advancing to the barrier; regardless of the showers of balls that flew around his head like hail, the captain guided his charge close up to the boom; then lighting the train, sprang on board his boat and pulled away: in ten minutes the fearful explosion took place, which burst the boom, and threw the shells around amongst the French vessels. The way was now clear for the remaining fire-ships; in their terror, the French cut their cables and drifted on shore. The scene during the night was of the grandest and most awful description. In the distance lay the formidable English fleet, whilst, protected by batteries and boom, the French lay in fancied security. Presently the igniting of the fire-ships, the bursting of explosion vessels, the constant discharges of the rockets from the rigging, the consternation of the French fleet, all tended to impress it indelibly on the minds of those present.

At the dawn of day, Lord Cochrane perceived that eight sail of the line were aground, in a helpless condition; he immediately communicated this to Lord Gambier. Observing no movement on the commander-in-chief's part, the gallant captain of the Imperieuse signalled that half the fleet could destroy the enemy; then observing that as the tide rose the French ships were righting themselves, he signalled that the frigates alone could destroy the enemy. Observing, however, that no attention was paid to him, and that most of the French ships were escaping, Lord Cochrane, without orders, set sail, and attacked the two remaining line-of-battle ships and the Calcutta of 50 guns. The latter single-handed he took, and so attacked the others that he prevented them escaping for the present; in this he was assisted by some brigs. With his small vessel it would have been impossible to do all the remaining work; our captain, therefore, signalled: "The enemy is superior to the chasing ship," and then, "The ship is in distress, and requires to be assisted immediately." This produced some effect. In the course of the subsequent proceedings, after being joined by a few frigates and two sail of the line, four of the French ships were destroyed. Had Lord Gambier attended to the signals of Lord Cochrane, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt but that the whole fleet might have been taken, or at least the principal part. We feel certain that had Lord Cochrane been the chief in command, he could with the fleet at Lord Gambier's disposal not only have destroyed the fleet in the Basque Roads, but have kept the whole coast of France in alarm, and compelled Napoleon to have recalled large armies to have defended his towns from aggression. For his conduct in this affair, Lord Cochrane was honoured with the order of the Bath—in no other instance, except one, had such honour been conferred on any officer under the rank of admiral.

Whilst speaking of the Basque Roads, we may quote the following from O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile"—"I told Napoleon it was the opinion of a very distinguished naval officer, that if Cochrane had been properly supported, he would have destroyed the whole of the French ships. 'He would not only have destroyed them,' replied Napoleon, 'but he might and would have taken them out, had your admiral supported him as he ought to have done. For, in consequence of the signal made by L'Allemand to the ships to do the best in their power to save themselves, they became panic-struck, and cut their cables. The terror of the fire-ships was so great, that they actually threw their powder overboard, so that they could have offered very little resistance. They ought not to have been alarmed by your fire-ships, but fear deprived them of their senses, and they no longer knew how to act in their own defence.'"

In 1814, his uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane, having been appointed naval commander-in-chief in North America, made him captain of his ship, the Tonnant; but unfortunately for his country and for himself, a fraud was perpetrated at this time on the Stock Exchange, which might for an instant be attached to Lord Cochrane. The ministry eagerly seized this opportunity of revenge, and by the most foul and unworthy means procured a verdict against him. Into this, however, we shall not at present enter. The government have just shown their sense of his innocence, by restoring to Lord Cochrane (now Lord Dundonald, by the death of his father) all the honours of which he was deprived; but nothing can restore to him

the life of neglect. We shall perhaps on a future occasion advert to his services in America, when, slighted by his country, he sought employment for his mighty energies in the wide field opened to him there, where he founded a republic and established an empire. We cannot but regret that his naval ability, inferior to none of England's heroes, was not suffered to be developed; for had he been placed in a proper position, we feel assured that he would have acted with the same decision, promptitude, and success, in great undertakings, as he ever showed in inferior positions. It is now fifty-four years since he first entered the navy as a youth; but he still possesses that vigour of body and mind which are the great requisites for a naval hero. There can be no one who has read of his services, but what must be convinced, as we are, that the government can in no better or safer way repair the neglect which he has suffered, the injuries he has no nobly endured, than by investing him with some important command, where calm and steady courage, joined with immense experience and unrivalled judgment, are required.

Reviews.

Byways of History. By Mrs. Percy Sinnet. In 2 vols. London, Longman. [Second notice.]

The first volume of this work was, as we have hinted in a previous notice, devoted to an explanation of the state of Germany preceding the outbreak of the great popular insurrection, an account of its institutions, castles, &c. &c. We now pass on to the second volume, which contains the descriptions of the war itself, the grievances which gave it birth, and the means by which it was carried on. Mrs. Sinnet remarks, with much truth, upon the cavalier way in which some historians have sought to dismiss the subject of the insurrection, as they would have done a popular tumult which had but lasted a day, and sets them an example by herself going into minute details, which are necessary to the perfect understanding of the origin and causes of the outbreak of the populace—the nobles being spared at the expence of the peasantry. In many relations of what took place, the violence of the latter has been exaggerated to cover the tyranny of the first; but Mrs. Sinnet impartially relates the whole events, though she suffers us to perceive that her sympathies lean to the side of the people, as it is but right they should, since they were the injured and oppressed party. Could it, indeed, have been anticipated that they were patiently to endure a tyranny which ground them to the earth without raising a murmur against it? At the outset, however, they displayed considerable moderation; they made the most reasonable demands, they groaned under the pressure of grievances, and they asked for their redress. Nor did they manifest impatience. They waited the result of protracted negociation, they bore with every delay, until they could endure no more, and tried every method of legal redress open to them, before they took up arms in absolute despair of any other remedy. The peasant war, though not occupying more than six months, arose from causes that stretch far back into the grey dawn of modern history, and was the result of the accumulated wrongs of many ages. The peasantry of Germany, reduced from a free people to a state of servitude, could not be expected tamely to submit at once, and out of this reduction the insurrection sprung. Their amusements were interrupted, opposed, while in the higher classes every kind of relaxation was encouraged and carried to an extraordinary extent. But our space is limited; we can but point briefly to the valuable contents of this book. The second volume is indispensable to the student of history; and as we have in our previous notice most strongly recommended it to their attention, we again repeat our recommendation, and urge it upon our readers' attention. Mrs. Percy Sinnet has proved herself, in the "Byways of History," to be a very able woman. She treats her subject with vigour and masculine energy.

The Three Cousins; a Novel. By Mrs. Trollope, author of "Father Eustace," "Young Love," &c. In 3 vols. London, Colburn.

It is a fatal mistake for writers to suppose that because, whether by the display of their talent in the production of fiction, history, or poetry, they may have succeeded in earning some degree of reputation, therefore, they may go on for ever digging in the same mine, and never give symptoms of having exhausted the store which nature has given them. It is not without regret that we observe symptoms of decay in the power of any writer, who has often excited our warmest approbation; and, therefore, it would be more pleasing to us to ascribe to any cause, rather than exhaustion, the evident failure which Mrs. Trollope has made in the work before us. That it is a failure, no one will attempt to

deny. It is a mere reproduction of former ideas, possessing in its plot no elements of originality, save those which arise out of the most unwarrantable outrages of common probability. We can safely say that there is not one character in the "Three Cousins" which will not be found, in some parts or other of the narrative, wanting in nature, individuality, in distinctness, in able colouring. It is true that with Mrs. Trollope's unlimited command over language, she cannot fail to present something when she sketches an individual, which *seems* to convey the idea of a living person to our imagination, but let the reader pause and examine into the matter, and he will discover that we have, instead of traits of real character, a few deceptive touches from Mrs. Trollope's imagination, the like of which are not to be found in nature. It would have been a far more gratifying task to us, could we have, on the present occasion, awarded to this able authoress the praise which we have before been justified in giving to her productions. But she has, undoubtedly, fallen into the error of imagining that because she has done well she will never be able to do otherwise. Our notice of the book before us will amply testify that we consider her to display symptoms of exhaustion, and our advice is, therefore, that she should cease to write, or only do so at long intervals, after having taken time to perfect a plot, to imagine new *dramatis personæ*, to originate fresh scenes, but within the bound of nature. The chief, we had almost said the only desire of the authoress in the "Three Cousins," is to inspire the reader with a profound interest in the fate and fortunes of the Lexington family, whose chief characteristics and recommendation are, be it remembered, an unerring appreciation of music which the whole world might envy; voices which were never equalled in or out of the globe for sweetness, richness, power, variety, flexibility, ease, &c., and an outline of feature so marked, so *distingué*, so aristocratic, that were two cousins of the hundredth degree to meet midway between the two worlds, or in the wilds of Africa, the deserts of Arabia, or excavating gold in the Ural mountains, having never even met before, they would immediately recognise one another as kindred, and rush into each other's arms, with the mutual exclamation, "Stranger, you are a Lexington!" Sir Joseph Lexington is intended to be a strange character, and Mrs. Trollope succeeds in her attempt to make him one. He is an artful, dogged, mischievous, revengful man, who can be generous, who can be good, who affects to be guided by the strictest principles of honour to a woman whom he has seduced, to whom he sacrifices the good name of his wife, the legitimacy of his only child even after the death of the unfortunate countess he had run off with, and for forty years brings up his son, gives him a superior education, but illtreats him in every possible way, does everything but curse him. Well and why is this? What moral is Mrs. Trollope endeavouring to exemplify? What is the secret spring which governs these actions? We find none. And to make it worse, as the old man approaches nearer the grave, he suffers it to be perceived that he loves the young man—has loved him all the time. Why did he conceal the love? What object, since he also loved the mother, could he have had in ill-treating him? The only real touch of nature which went to our hearts was contained in the paragraph which describes the old man gazing unperceived upon his suffering son, who after a severe accident seems to be at that moment approaching the vestibule of death. We pause awhile to contemplate this picture, pleased and gratified, but are again suffered immediately to lose sight of it in the mass of frivolous nonsense which follows. Laura the heroine is a young lady intended as the type of a true Lexingtonian beauty, who boasts a cream-coloured complexion, with a yellow tinge over it. Whether this is intended as an additional attraction, we cannot tell. Certain it is that she must be supposed—or, as the little children say, we must "make believe," that she is the incarnation of loveliness, the observed of all observers. She possesses, in fact, that peculiar style of beauty which the pen of man or woman either fails to represent, which our imagination must be content to conceive, for writers now-a-days do not condescend to be intelligible or minute on these points, so that, in fact, we perceive only a stray feature or two, like an eye, a nose, an arm, or a splendid portion of apparel, floating through the pages from beginning to end. There is, however, a sort of veil of rapturous language thrown over the whole, so that, dazzled by this, young ladies must imagine that she is a being too far removed in beauty from anything upon this wicked earth, to suffer it to be possible for the fairest amongst the fair to compete with her. It is impossible utterly. We defy any of our fair readers to show us a Lexingtonian eye, or forehead, or nose, or mouth. It could not be done. Having conveyed a pretty accurate account of the person of the heroine, let us now turn to her mental qualifications. The only trait of character she exhibits consists in telling a young lord that he cannot sing properly, which, from a Lexington, was very severe censure, it must be confessed. Charmed with this decision of mind, the young Lord immediately falls in love; and we suppose that

Laura, being satisfied with the conquest she had thus made through the display of her energy and vigour of intellect, resolved to show no more evidence of life; for it is a fact that she remains perfectly inanimate to the rest of the story. But the reader could scarcely anticipate that after such exertions she should again hazard the strength of her constitution. Lord Brittington, who constitutes really the only attempt at a natural character in the book, is a fine fellow, with very noble impulses, in whom we forgive a little youthful sauciness, and his not singing in true Lexingtonian style. Frederic Lexington is a tall, pale, interesting individual, with deep, melancholy eyes, who glides away behind screens, leans against pillars, turns frequently pale as ashes, occasionally ventures an observation, but continues nevertheless to inspire Laura with a vast idea of his intellectual powers. The processes by which he contrived to make her feel this, Mrs. Trollope of course does not attempt to describe. This is carried on in the background. But certain it is that young ladies will be in great danger if they suffer their eyes to dwell long upon the portrait of the pale, long, calm, intellectual Frederic Lexington. Mrs. Cobhurst is a flirt; Mrs. Morrison a good-natured, fussy individual, a little inconsistent; and Harriet Lennox a very pretty, fair girl, at whose characteristics we must also guess, introduced, it is evident, for the purpose of reconciling Lord Brittington to life after the ghost-like Laura has rejected him. The incidents of the novel consist in several dinner parties, an archery meeting, Mrs. Cobhurst's toilette, and two young men leaping over a ditch, in which undertaking one breaks his arm while endeavouring to save the life of his friend. These original incidents have, our readers will perceive, not often been touched on in novels, and of course their originality must greatly add to their desire to peruse the work. The principal excrescence is the introduction of a young child of three years old, who gives utterance to the most revolting blasphemies, while it is self-evident that he could scarcely lisp the words. Never was Mrs. Trollope's want of taste more displayed than on this occasion. How any lady could bring herself to pen oaths and curses so disgusting as she has placed in the mouth of this poor infant, we cannot tell. Certain it is that we turned, as all who read the book must turn, from the picture with horror and silent disgust. Were such children in existence among the classes Mrs. Trollope is endeavouring to describe, it cannot serve any wholesome purpose to present young ladies and young people in general with oaths and expressions of which it were better they did not know the existence. The father of the heroine is a complete failure as a character. He, like Sir Joseph, is as unnatural to his daughter as he can be conceived; so much so, indeed, that he does not know her by sight. We trust that if Mrs. Trollope should attempt another novel, she will find plot, character, incidents, and scenes, of a less cobweb texture.

Ranthorpe. London, Chapman and Hall.

In order that a man's fame, as a novelist, may endure not only through the present passing generation, but until another, it is necessary that he should aim at producing real pictures of life. And not only aim, we may add, but succeed in producing them. To accomplish this, a writer must be in the world, mix in its pleasures and its frivolities also to a certain extent, must be alive to the peculiar idiosyncracies of every man against whom he jostles in the great living mass, must have shrewd observation at work, must possess too a keen relish for the peculiar traits and weaknesses which form the back-ground of every character, and must, in short, never rest content with pictures created in the recesses of the mind, conjured up only by a fanciful imagination, and suggested by no real experience, but that alone which our minds faintly produce for us, by an effort of their own. It is not, cannot be sufficient for any one to portray unsubstantial visions, as is now too much the fashion. In this extremely practical age, the mind, with an appetite rendered keen by laborious undertakings, requires more solid food, and every work betraying any evidence of a capability to supply the necessary nourishment, is welcomed with avidity by the reading public. Hence the success which has attended "Ranthorpe." It is a book which men may read and profit by. It is not addressed merely to the heroines of the scent-bottle and the fan. It will have no charms for them, for though there be true and deep feeling in "Ranthorpe," it is by no means sentimental. We cherish an intense abhorrence for sentimental novels—those, we mean, which, appealing to no real feelings, address themselves to the artificial ones created by the absurd usages of society. From the perusal of the work before us, therefore, we rose with singular pleasure; we were deeply interested in its story, struck with the power and nervous energy of the author's style, and convinced, at the same time, that it is the production of a mind capable of the highest undertaking in this department of literature. The author has studied the world, or rather the phases of society, acutely, and made the most of his observations; he has

pierced its hollowness, glanced through its deceptive illusions, and has learned to look upon it from the level of a philosopher. His experience has been widely extended, and his descriptions of life bear, therefore, the impress of truth upon them. And this is saying a great deal. For what endures longer than truth? The author of "Ranthorpe" possesses the power of conceiving many varied shades of character. Having once imagined a certain idea of a person, he endeavours to bestow on him a consistency, which individualises him throughout the work; and the resemblance to nature is thus preserved. His *dramatis personæ* are not shadows, unsubstantial and unreal, distinguished from one another by names alone; but in "Ranthorpe" every man is distinct in himself—each is alive, each moves and breathes through the pages, performs his allotted part, and though the characters are grouped in every possible way, we never run any danger of confounding one with the other. The hero, Ranthorpe himself, is a powerfully portrayed character, whom the author, however, is far from intending to be a perfect specimen of human nature. We can imagive such a person, understand the influence under which he acts; but he frequently loses our affection by his wavering, and, we must call it, selfish conduct. He is sketched a poet at the outset, yearning for fame, and certain that his desire will be accomplished, if his productions be ever enabled to see the light. The peculiarity of his position, the misfortunes which overtake him, the bitter lessons which adversity teaches, his struggles with circumstances, the dangers which threaten him, and which creep quietly at his heels, menacing to overtake him at last—all create a powerful interest, which presses us on until we learn the catastrophe. We are hurried on, by the course of events, with breathless rapidity. Every fresh scene ministers to our enjoyment, and bespeaks, as it were, fresh power in the mind of the author. We are anxious for the hero's fate, but are almost inclined to exclaim that he did not deserve it. Yet if we come to reflect upon the matter, we shall perceive that the author has very felicitously balanced the position of both hero and heroine. Neither comes up to the ideal perfection which ordinary novelists are so fond of proposing as their models, without reflecting that the nearer they approach to that standard, the farther they are removed from nature. Ranthorpe and Isola, however, are human, and possess many of the faults incident to humanity. From the outset, we feel that our hero is far from being the person on whom we could feel at once deep affection. We could derive pleasure from his society, feel gratified by his conversation, admire his genius, but having obtained the insight into his heart afforded us by our author, we perceive too much of self, too great a stoicism when others are suffering, too fluctuating and too undetermined a will, to enable us to afford him the deep respect with which we could have wished to look upon him. We have to learn to love him. And yet we find, on examination, that in vanity originates his every fault. In the worship of self we discover the key to each feeling. Vanity renders him even heartless on some occasions. Having, however, passed through his trials, having been purified in the crucible of adversity, if we can imagine him rising superior to his besetting sin, and shaking off the mist from his eyes, which permits him now only to observe narrowly those things moving within the small circle of self, and does not suffer his gaze to penetrate to those thousand other circles ever forming on the great ocean of life, which rise and spread until their confines are lost in the boundless universe of space—if, we say, we imagine him thus emancipated, we then come to the conviction, that having been tried, he will have learnt from his bitter lessons, that to be happy and to confer happiness, the soul of a man must yearn after something more than mere self-love. Such, indeed, would we conceive our author's intention to have been. The object with which he plunges the too ambitious Ranthorpe into every kind of misfortune, seems to be, by the conclusion, to show such men how shallow is the breath which buoys them up, and that it will not lead them to any true haven, but suffer them at last to sink to the same level from which they rise. True genius cannot be restrained to any particular point. It must and will rise and place its possessor in his real position at last. We felt that Ranthorpe was destined, at the outset, to enlist our patience rather than our love. He requires our forgiveness many times. And yet he commits no crime. He will do nothing mean. His faults spring out of his weakness rather than his will. It was a bold venture in the author to create such a hero, and he deserves infinite credit for having succeeded in the manner he has done. Isola is a beautiful, enthusiastic, and generous-minded girl, who wins greatly upon us in all the glimpses we obtain of her. Yet in one instance she falls short of our ideal of such a woman's mind. Strongly as she had loved and did love Ranthorpe, it is impossible for us to reconcile to our imagination the fact of her accepting the advances of another. No doubt the author had a purpose to serve in this, but in our conception

Isola would have retained in a greater degree our admiration, excited by many fine traits in her character, had she rejected Harry Cavendish. A pure, lofty-minded woman, such as Isola is intended to be, would never, could never have been betrayed into the contemplation of a *marriage de convenance*. As it is, however, the author suffers us to console ourselves with the reflection that there is on both sides something to forget in the past. Both have swerved slightly in their allegiance, and are thus rendered equal. The husband cannot contemplate with the same remorseful feelings his affection for Florence Wilmington, and his consequent faithlessness for a time to Isola, as he would have done had she remained in that perfect and strict seclusion from participation in the world's feelings, which we conceive that, at the period of her first separation from Ranthorpe, she intends to adopt. We have been engaged hitherto with the hero and heroine, and have scarcely therefore permitted ourselves full space to speak of the remaining characters. Some of them are original and bold conceptions, pourtrayed we feel from life. We almost fancy that we recognise their very originals amongst the limits of our own circle. Harry Cavendish, dissipated and idle as he is pourtrayed at the commencement, is nevertheless a person whom we are disposed at once to like from the charming frankness and openness of his character, and that sort of instinctive love of virtue which is only sufficient at first to keep him from the commission of glaring sin, yet is developed afterwards as he grows in years, until at last it enables him to rise above the petty pleasures of sense, and find delight in the discharge of the nobler duties belonging to the condition of man in society. The scene in which he figures after the murder, and the determination he evinces to track the true culprit, the novel and admirable manner in which he sets to work, are most skilfully pourtrayed; and we never in fact remember to have perused in any novel for years passages of greater vigour, and possessing greater vitality, if we may so speak, than all those connected with the murder and its consequences. If there be a dash of improbability, it lies in the escape of the murderer, and the manner in which it is effected. A powerful interest is here awakened in the fate of the suspected assassin, who is no other than our hero Ranthorpe. But how he is saved from his impending fate, our readers must learn for themselves. The author excels no less in those parts where he touches upon domestic scenes, and the interior economy of those homes where all outwardly seems but peace and happiness. The graphic little episode connected with Florence, the flirt, and her husband, in which he remains lingering in the room determined to read a letter she is writing, and she as resolved that he shall not see it, is really admirable. This we should, did our limits permit, be inclined to extract. Our author is again at home describing the struggles of Ranthorpe as a dramatist to obtain a hearing for his play; indeed, it would be difficult to say in describing which kind of life he best succeeds. The conviction, however, impressed upon our mind, on rising from the perusal of the work is, that its author possesses in him the germs necessary to make a great and powerful writer of fiction. He will most undoubtedly succeed, if such be his aim, bearing in mind the recollection that to have done well is not to do well. It will be necessary to sustain the reputation once gained, and not only to sustain, but make it spread and enlarge. And this can only be done by bestowing upon each several production the same care, the same amount of reflection and patient investigation of the peculiarities of the human character, as the author of "Ranthorpe" gives evidence of having now done. We have felt inclined to enlarge our critique to a greater length than we are accustomed to, because of the interesting nature of the work on which we are engaged in pronouncing judgment. We have seldom perused a novel possessing deeper interest for a reflecting mind than "Ranthorpe." Every one will read it, almost all will admire, and its success is therefore in a measure secured. To our own circle of readers, we can only say that if they have not already done so, they must procure the book, as they will infallibly derive more gratification from this one volume than from a dozen or two of others lately published of a kind we could mention.

Notes of the Month.

Use of Flowers.

There is nothing in the whole paraphernalia of a lady's ball, opera, or dinner-dress, about which we are more fastidious than her bouquet, since there is nothing which imparts a greater finish, if we may use the term, to the whole.

We love flowers; and no splendid jewel, no coronet of pearl, no diamond tiara, ever conferred on a woman's head a finer charm than that bestowed by a few natural flowers carelessly dispersed amongst clustering chesnut curls, or jetty braids of hair. We could wish it were more the fashion to resort to these ornaments, fresh from the hand of nature, laden with

choicest perfume, which no art can emulate. and displaying a bloom and glow unrivalled by all the united efforts of the most exquisite *artistes*, beautiful as their productions often are. These remarks have, however, been suggested by some specimens lately submitted to us of a new style of bouquet, either for the hand, the hair, or the bosom, invented by Mons. Ragonot. They are really surprisingly beautiful in their effect. The flowers are arranged with such regularity, the colours of all harmonise so well, the united perfume is so delicious, that one cannot fain to admire the taste of the inventor. The principal novelty, however, of this style of bouquet consists in the fact that, instead of fading, as most of them do, the instant they are exposed to the confined atmosphere of a ball-room or theatre, they preserve their freshness unimpaired during the whole evening. The secret of their preservation lies, of course, with Mons. Ragonot, but on examination we discovered each leaf to be actually threaded, as it were, upon a wire, which is connected again with a stalk or branch. But the whole is so delicately contrived that so far from betraying the mechanism which supports it, we seem to gaze upon a nosegay which had sprung into existence of itself as it were. We trust that the bouquets will meet with the patronage they deserve, since the idea does infinite credit to the taste and imagination of the inventor, Mons. Ragonot.

Persian Painting.

We have just made another visit to the studio of Mr. T. R. King, of Islington, the inventor of a new and highly interesting style of painting; and as we are frequently asked what is meant by "Persian Painting," we think it right to lay before our readers some of the observations we made. Mr. King's invention is one of the greatest importance to those who wish to embody their ideas on canvas or paper; he has succeeded in simplifying the art of colouring to such a degree, that any one with a taste for the art, seeing him produce one of his beautiful pictures, can have no difficulty in reproducing a *fac simile*. His paintings in this style possess all the depth of oil, with the clearness, brilliancy, and transparent peculiarity of water colours, without the dirt and disagreeable smell of the one, and the difficulty of execution inseparable from both. Some of the subjects we said were of large dimensions, others so small as to be enclosed in lockets and brooches; and the perfect success which is manifest in both extremes, proved to us that Mr. King's invention is not only adapted to large works when effect only is required, but is capable of the most minute and elaborate finish. In short, the Persian Painting secures that which in art has long been a desideratum, viz., breadth of light and shadow with perfect smoothness. We saw also many specimens which had been produced by Mr. King's pupils of great merit, which fairly convinced us that he could in three lessons teach the art of colouring *fairly and legitimately without any mechanical process*. Before we went we had our doubts on this point, but after seeing what has been done by those who have been under his instruction, we can no longer retain our scepticism. As we have not space to go into more lengthy description, we can only refer our readers to Mr. King himself, who, we have no doubt, will be happy to give them every information on the subject.

Madame Tussaud.

Pope Pius IX.—Madame Tussaud is, almost without exception, the most indefatigable manager we remember. No sooner does any person come before the public, and engage its attention, than she instantly gives us a representation of the man. The curiosity of the whole civilised world is at present excited by the conduct of Pope Pius, and all enlightened men are looking forward with anxiety to the ultimate result of his reforms. For ages Rome has groaned beneath a terrible ecclesiastical tyranny, and few have been the moments of enlightenment. Now, however, a brighter era appears to be opening, and we sincerely hope that we may not be disappointed in the character of the new reformer. The movement has commenced, which, if judiciously supported, may ultimately place Italy in its right position, and enable her to rank in the scale of nations. Every reform must tend to weaken the withering influence of Austria. These remarks have been suggested by a visit to Madame Tussaud's exhibition, which is certainly one of the most interesting in the metropolis. The figure which particularly interested us was Pope Pius; his face exhibits much of his character; there is so much ingenuousness and firmness expressed in his countenance—he almost looks himself. His dress is of the most magnificent description. The lace drapery is of the most exquisite quality; indeed, his whole appearance is striking, and cannot fail to arrest the attention of the visitors. The best time to visit the exhibition is in the evening, when the brilliancy of the lights sheds a lustre round the figures, and shows to advantage the noble dimensions of the vast hall. Those who have often visited the exhibition will agree with us, that every time there is something to interest, some feature which we did not before observe, or something new to attract our attention.

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